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CLARENCE COOK · ART EDITOR

THE COLONIAL PRESS
NEW YORK · LONDON

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Cy commence le iij^e livre du regime et gouvernement des princes

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## *A PRINCE RECEIVING AN ENVOY.*

*From the "Gouvernement des Princes," written about 1490.*

The "Régime et Gouvernement des Princes," a text-book of statecraft for young kings, was written for Charles d'Angoulême between 1480 and 1490. The illustration here reproduced belongs in its character to the new Flemish School, with but a trace of the now fast disappearing Gothic. The elaborate backgrounds of the new school are here, lending an air of completeness to the picture, and the improvement in drawing necessitated by the use of the *camaïeu* method is visible.

# CLASSIC MEMOIRS

BY

EARL OF CLARENDON; JOHN EVELYN;
SAMUEL PEPYS; GRAMMONT-HAMILTON;
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN;
HORACE WALPOLE; AARON BURR;
MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI;
JOHN HENEAGE JESSE

WITH SPECIAL INTRODUCTIONS BY
ANDREW LANG, LL.D.
AND
EDWARD EVERETT HALE, S.T.D.

REVISED EDITION

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# SPECIAL INTRODUCTION

THE term "memoirs," according to a writer in the old "Tatler," is synonymous with "novels," and all French memoirs ought to be translated and published as romances. The truth is that many so-called memoirs of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and of the nineteenth, too, were practically historical novels, "founded on fact." The so-called memoirs of D'Artagnan were compiled by a clever man of letters. What basis they may have had in papers by the celebrated captain of musketeers, or in his table-talk, we do not know. As it stands, the book is a romance of considerable merit, and lent the idea and a good deal of the material which Dumas used in "The Three Musketeers." Again, the memoirs of Madame de Créqui, covering much of the eighteenth century, are a conspicuous forgery. The worthy lady tells, with much pathos, the story of her undying love for the good Earl Maréchal, brother of Marshal Keith. But the dates in the case make the whole history quite impossible, unless Madame de Créqui yielded her heart to the exiled Jacobite, and was separated from him on grounds of religion, when she was about four years old. Nevertheless, the forgery is so sympathetically done that, if we did not know the dates, we might mingle our tears with those of the feigned Madame de Créqui. Such are the memoirs which the "Tatler" justly described as novels. There may be grains of actual truth in them, but they lie under grave suspicion.

A much more reputable and valuable class of memoirs would now be called "reminiscences." A man or woman sits down, probably in advanced years, to write recollections of a life passed, perhaps, among great events, at court, or in the society of famous people, political or literary. Such *mémoires pour servir* are of high historical interest and value. The writers have been behind the great scenes of history; have seen

princes and statesmen in their hours of ease, or in moments of passion, all unguarded, and the memoirs lend to history its human life and color.

But memoirs of this class need to be taken with abundant allowances. First there are the defects and the hallucinations of memory. Especially in old age do men come to think that they witnessed occurrences of which, in fact, they only heard. Then they are usually writing down stories which they have already often told in conversation. The odds are that they have unconsciously improved the tales as time went on, or perverted them under the dictation of their own prejudices. They may intend to be accurate, but their narratives need to be verified by accounts written down at the time, in letters and despatches, and in public documents. The author of some very interesting memoirs (1680–1710), unluckily extant in only a few copies, Lord Ailesbury, frequently admits the uncertainty of his recollection. On the other hand, that lively Scottish memoir-writer, Sir James Melville, never seems to doubt his own accuracy. He wrote in old age, after a life spent in the tortuous diplomacy and violent deeds of the courts of Mary Stuart and Queen Elizabeth. He had intimate personal knowledge of Elizabeth, of Mary, of Bothwell and the Regent Moray, and of other actors in the mysterious treacheries of the age. He left the vivid pictures of Elizabeth dancing "high and disposedly," of her tickling Leicester's neck as she made him Earl, of Mary's utter misery on the day of her marriage to Bothwell, and so forth. When we can verify Melville's recollections by letters and other documents contemporary with the events, we sometimes find that he is corroborated: sometimes that his error of memory amounts to invention. "Melville's credibility is a very open question," says Mr. Froude. We therefore find that historians accept his evidence when it suits them, and disparage it when it contradicts their theories.

This is a fair specimen of the memoirs that are written long after the events recorded. They are usually picturesque. They are vivid sketches of things as the author remembers them. But they are not drawn from the life at the moment. The author is apt to make himself more important than he really was; vanity and prejudice increase the defects of recol-

lection. The vast collections of French memoirs are delightful reading, from Guibert de Nogent, in the ages of faith, to St. Simon and Madame Campan. These collections are picture-galleries as vast as those of the Louvre, full of wit, full of anecdote, rich with the veteran sagacity of Sully, or infamous for the prurient falsity of Casanova. They retain the fragrance as well as the odor of blood of the court of the Valois, in Brantôme and his contemporaries. They are panoramas of splendor and of revolution. While we are ignorant of them, we do not know history. But much is told at third or fourth hand, much is legendary, and the historian ought to use memoirs of this kind with double and triple caution. The reader for amusement, however, if once he tastes the pleasures of memoirs, is apt to find novels comparatively tame. For memoirs, in their minute and often unfriendly analysis of actual characters and observation of the incidents of the private life of historical personages, trench on the realm of the novel, with the advantage, often, of authenticity. We see the real Louis XIV or the actual Elizabeth, without the peruke and ermine.

The next class of memoirs is even more valuable. It consists practically of journals daily composed, while events had all the vividness of visual "after-images" in the memory. The most famous of such memoirs is the journal of Mr. Samuel Pepys. Other "confessions," such as those of St. Augustine and Rousseau, are intimate and interesting, but not strictly contemporary. Rousseau never stole the ribbon; he only confesses to the fault. Antiquity has not left us many memoirs. Some of the dialogues of Plato, such as "The Symposium," "The Apology," "The Phædo," are reminiscences, in a highly colored and poetic vein, of the great Athenian philosopher. More like actual memoirs are the "Memorabilia" of Xenophon, also dealing with Socrates and his times. Almost in the nature of contemporary memoirs are the letters of Cicero, the richest private correspondence which classical times have bequeathed to us. The "Thoughts" of Marcus Aurelius also trench, though slightly, on the region of the memoir. But the "Confessions" of St. Augustine are unexampled as memoirs of a young man's life in the age of struggle between paganism, philosophy, and Christianity. Loaded as they are with theology, and written long after the wildness of youth, and from a

changed point of view, they remain the most intensely human of the memoirs of antiquity. What would they not have been, what would they not have told us, had St. Augustine, like Mr. Pepys, kept a journal! But, like many parts of Mr. Pepys's journal, that of the saint would have been unedifying.

Editor after editor has dared more and more, and lifted fresh folds of the veil from Mr. Pepys's cipher. I could wish that the latest revelations had been withheld. Naughty Mr. Pepys, with his *fond* of Puritanism. But in the latest edition he appears mean and tyrannical, taking cruel and base advantage of his official position. He alone among men has told everything about himself, and, even now, some passages are too bad for his editors.

Like other people, Pepys may occasionally be untrustworthy when he only reports what he heard. But as to all that he saw in the revel of the Restoration, all that he ate and drank and wore and purchased and liked, or hated or made love to, he is absolutely trustworthy. From him and Evelyn, and from Grammont's memoirs, we know the aspect and essence of the Restoration at court, as in Bunyan we know the age out of court and among the pious poor better than we know any other period of our past. Yet with all this wealth of memoir and of state papers, the history of the Restoration remains to be written as it ought to be written, a task for a new Froude or Macaulay. Thackeray, too, who is said to have dreamed of a history of the age of Anne and the Georges, would have found memoirs, letters, journals enough to his hand—Swift, Walpole, Hervey, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and scores of others.

The memoir, in all its forms, flourishes best in ages when society most controls politics. The old kings lived much in public; everybody saw them walking in parks and gardens, hunting, feeding the ducks, dining, playing cards; what were they *not* seen doing? The modest muse of criticism hides her face and dares not describe the amazing publicity of royal life in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Access to princes was very easy and open. They had, among all classes, the queerest and least reputable intimates. Persons the humblest and most unexpected had direct acquaintance with and influence on public affairs, in a manner and to a degree unknown in

democracies and modern limited monarchies. Women, naturally adepts in memoir-writing, had such recognized political opportunities as do not now come in their way. Almost anybody, man or woman, *might* become a favorite, and a Chifney might know more than a Buckingham, a lady-in-waiting might be more potent than a prime minister. When the boudoir and the alcove and the card-table were so powerful, scores of people knew or guessed a great deal about the *arcana imperii.* The ante-room, the *levée,* the bedroom bubbled with gossip of the most serious matters; a girl like Fanny or Anne Oglethorpe had her hand on the pulse of the State and was certain to talk. Thus, in these old, easy, social days of Europe, the richest materials for memoirs lay about profusely. A citizen of Paris might succeed as a memoir-writer as well as a minister like D'Argenson or a courtier like De Luynes. With valets and chambermaids and grooms and less reputable ministers of pleasure everywhere; with adventurers and card-players and led captains, all claiming *noblesse,* and practically in touch with the august George or Louis, every detail of politics, of favor, of disgrace, of intrigue of state, or intrigue of love, must have been, in a more or less distorted form, matter of general knowledge. In the perpetual and public sale of offices, military, civil, or judicial, in the lack of ready money, and in the contrivances by which ready money was to be got, all the mud of society was stirred, came to the surface, and was material for the gossiping authors of memoirs.

Now, despite society journals, the time is infinitely less propitious to private knowledge of public persons, such as makes the staple of memoirs. Conversation, too, that source of memoirs, is avowedly an art almost lost. The old audacious wit does not prattle of everything everywhere. Much as we denounce modern publicity, it is relatively reticent. All this condition of affairs is unfavorable to the memoir-writer of the stamp of Brantôme. He knows that his work, if really full of intimate personal detail about living historical persons, must lie unpublished for long after his own decease—may, perhaps, be burned, like Byron's memoirs. All this is discouraging, and, though I do not know, I doubt if many St. Simons or Brantômes are now at work in European courts. Our authors of reminiscences are usually dull dogs, and either remember

little of interest or decently decline to make it public. They may tell us (they do) that they dined with Carlyle, Thackeray, Mr. Gladstone, or the P—— of W———; but they do not tell us what was said, or at best they record some feeble epigrams probably already familiar. Our descendants will know whether our age bequeaths any memoirs worthy of the great age of the art, say the period from 1550 to 1820. But it does not seem probable that, in memoirs, our descendants will be much richer than ourselves.

Andrew Lang

ANDREW LANG.

*Photogravure from a recent photograph.*

# SPECIAL INTRODUCTION

A WELL-KNOWN critic has said that if the one indispensable essential of the memoir be egotism, then Anglo-Saxon writers should reign supreme in that branch of literature, since the English-speaking races possess a full allowance of that sometimes disagreeable and sometimes delightful characteristic. The assertion may be true in the abstract, but the general opinion is that French writers lead mankind in begetting that pleasant and pungent mixture of history, comment, and personal recollection known as memoirs, though they in turn lack the virile quaintness and simplicity which run quicksilver-like through the veins of the English diarists and memoir-writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Forming the door-posts of the stable-yard of the Three Kings' Inn in Piccadilly, London, there stood, until a short time ago, two tattered, old, yet still imposing Corinthian pillars. These pillars were all that remained of the magnificent structure reared on that site by the famous Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, Lord High Chancellor of England during the reign of Charles II. The palace was erected shortly before the fall of the great cavalier, who did not dream that fate had doomed his magnificent building to decay, and himself to disgrace and a second exile, to the end that out of dark and wellnigh hopeless days should come a book destined to preserve his name for posterity in better fashion than could his statesmanship or his unswerving devotion to his King.

Clarendon's memoirs were begun in the period of his first exile, after the death of Charles I. When the Restoration came with its pealing bells and scattered flowers, Hyde, now created lord chancellor, became for seven years the ruling spirit in English politics. Then came charges of treason, disgrace, flight, and exile, during which this prince of historical

portrait-painters, like his contemporary, the poet Milton, in poverty completed his great work. The memoirs are a part of the "History of the Great Rebellion," and are adorned with passages of the most glowing eloquence, though at all times his style is that of the speaker and actor, not of the writer. But when he sets himself to paint in words some celebrated character, one gradually acquires the conviction that it is a master's hand that traces the growing form.

John Evelyn's diary or memoirs will ever mentally go hand in hand with the diary of Samuel Pepys. Born a rich man, he not only actively interested himself in science and agriculture, but entered public life, and even found time, according to Horace Walpole, to excel as an engraver. The diary, like that of his contemporary and fellow public servant, Pepys, gives a very clear and interesting view of English public life in the reign of the Merry Monarch, and a minute and valuable account of all the great public events in which the writer had any part or interest. His simple, unaffected notes on the Great Plague and Great Fire are invaluable. Evelyn was the unwilling host of Peter the Great at his house, Sayes Court, during the visit of that monarch to England in search of shipbuilding knowledge, and it is curious to note that the diarist was the recipient from Parliament of the sum of £150 ($750), to compensate him for the damages wrought to Sayes Court by the half-civilized Muscovite Emperor.

The son of a London tailor, Samuel Pepys, prince of diarists and quaintest of *bons vivants*, rose, by the help of his cousin, Montagu, to be secretary to the admiralty under Charles II and James II. His diary deals with that part of his official life comprised in the years 1659-1669. Pepys was only thirty-seven years of age when he closed his diary, and of the remainder of his life we have no regular account. He was a bibliophile, a musician, and a judge of art; and the collection of naval memoirs, prints, and ancient English ballads that he left to Magdalen College, Cambridge, is unrivalled in its field. Shorthand was the original form of Pepys' Diary, and he would surely wonder if he could but know that twentieth-century readers are smiling over the secret memoranda of dinners, laces, coat-buttons, and other such trivialities, and sympathize with the little vanities and lapses that he displays

with such comical unconcern. In his public life Pepys was distinguished for his ability, diligence, and integrity, and for the cool courage and presence of mind he displayed in many trying situations.

The memoirs of Grammont are unique; there is nothing like them in any language. For knowledge of the world, satire, vivacity of composition, and pleasantry of the best sort the book stands alone. Count Anthony Hamilton, Grammont's brother-in-law, probably collected and compiled the memoirs, though we know that it was Grammont himself who sold the manuscript for 1,500 livres. Curiously enough, it happened that when the manuscript was submitted to Fontenelle, the censor of the press, he refused to sanction it, on the ground that the character of the Court was traduced therein. Whether Grammont formally dictated the events of his younger days or not is of small consequence, but that he read the memoirs and approved of them is beyond doubt, as is also the fact that he pocketed the whole of the money paid for them.

No great and lasting literary fame has ever owed less to the appreciation of its contemporaries than that of Benjamin Franklin, for his reputation as a writer must always be attributed to publications which were never issued until years after his death. Franklin's account of his early printing experiences, at home and in England, are intensely interesting. The shrewd and self-reliant simplicity of his character stands forth in every sentence, especially in that part which deals with the customs of English journeymen printers.

As a wit, a virtuoso, a bibliophile, and a man-about-town, endowed with extraordinary powers of satire and expression, Horace Walpole had every opportunity of leaving to posterity a most interesting series of memoirs, and he availed himself of his chance to the full. As a letter-writer he stands alone, and his correspondence with that brilliant Frenchwoman, Madame du Deffand, is a witness to the claim. In youth and early manhood he was the friend of Thomas Gray, from whom, however, after a Continental tour, he parted. He befriended Chatterton, "the marvellous boy, the sleepless soul," and though estranged from that erratic genius at the time the latter died, retained "a sincere and sorrowful re-

membrance of him." Walpole's twenty-six years in Parliament were wasted. Strawberry Hill, with its Gothic outlines, its garden and its printing-press, absorbed his attention, and it was there that he penned those memoirs of the closing years of George II that give him rank among his fellow memoir-writers.

The stormy character of Aaron Burr's career, and his unfortunate rivalry with the ill-fated Hamilton, endue with a profound and melancholy interest the memoirs gathered in letters and private papers after the death of Colonel Burr on Staten Island in 1836. Burr's many brilliant qualities, his undoubted military talent—marred, alas, by insubordination—and his reputation as a lawyer, invested him with an attractiveness for the fair sex which was only revealed in its fullest extent, after his death, in his private papers. The sorrowfully romantic death of his daughter, Theodosia, following as it did the obloquy and persecution heaped upon him after the duel, embittered the remainder of a life that till then had promised great and lasting distinction. Burr's unswerving firmness—his enemies called it obstinacy—was never more evident than in the period preceding and following the fatal duel with Alexander Hamilton.

No more pathetic recollections were ever penned than those recorded (in letters) by Margaret Fuller of her sojourn in Italy and Rome. It was not alone the period of her marriage, it was the time of her deliverance from the cark and strain of the unfathomed problems of existence. She had passed through the discipline of study, of self-denial, of tolerance, and in patience perfected had learned to possess her soul. Her spiritual and mental attitude was ripe for the advent of the love of Ossoli, who had been attracted to her by her attachment to the republican principles of Mazzini, who was her enthusiastic friend. Her letters, at this period, breathe a restrained intensity of joy, but a joy born of the knowledge of peace within and an unfaltering reliance on the goodness of Providence, and unmarred by the pecuniary stresses encountered ever and again. Her continually expressed wish that her child, her husband, and she might never be separated found fulfilment in the tragedy off Fire Island within hail of home.

John Heneage Jesse, the author of the "History of the Pretenders," declares that he was incited to his task by the remark made in his hearing that had the adventures of the Stuart pretenders occurred in connection with the French instead of the English throne, they would have been made the subject of many memoirs by the actors concerned, implying that English writers seemed either unable to recognize the peculiar value of memoirs or were unable to write them. Jesse has endeavored, with much success, to refute both these views. He found much latent material at his command, and his unwearying diligence brought to light a mass of tradition and information till then non-existent in writing, with the result that in coherent and dignified form we now possess a series of historical memoirs of a most critical time in English history.

As the range of memoirs in English literature covers, at present, only the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, it has been necessary, in order fully to represent that field of letters in England, to offer more than one memoir concerned with the age of Charles II. But that epoch was so rich in material, so prolific in events, and so pregnant with possibilities, that were there a dozen more writers on the same epoch space could profitably be found for all.

Robert Arnot

# CONTENTS


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| EARL OF CLARENDON | 1 |
| Intrigue at the Court of Charles II | 3 |
| JOHN EVELYN | 55 |
| The Great Plague and the Great Fire | 57 |
| SAMUEL PEPYS | 79 |
| The Return of Charles II | 81 |
| GRAMMONT-HAMILTON | 129 |
| The Court of Charles II | 131 |
| BENJAMIN FRANKLIN | 169 |
| Printing Experiences | 171 |
| HORACE WALPOLE | 225 |
| The Closing Years of George II | 227 |
| AARON BURR | 279 |
| The Burr-Hamilton Duel | 281 |
| MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI | 339 |
| Sojourn in Rome | 341 |
| JOHN HENEAGE JESSE | 385 |
| Advance of the Pretender | 387 |

# ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

A Prince Receiving an Envoy . . . *Frontispiece*
Fac-simile illumination of the Fifteenth Century

Andrew Lang (Portrait) . . . . . viii
Photogravure from a recent photograph

Bassanio's Choice . . . . . 54
Photogravure from the original painting by Lionel Royer

The Merry Wives of Windsor . . . . . 224
Photogravure from the original painting by C. Achille Fould

Page from the Florence Virgil . . . . . 338
Fac-simile manuscript of the Third Century

# INTRIGUE AT THE COURT OF CHARLES II

BY

Edward Hyde

(*Earl of Clarendon*)

## EDWARD HYDE, EARL OF CLARENDON

### 1608—1674

Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, an English historian and statesman, son of a private gentleman, was born at Dinton, Wiltshire, February 18, 1608, and educated at Oxford. He studied law under his uncle, Nicholas Hyde, Chief-Justice of the King's Bench; was a member of the Long Parliament, and for some time spoke and voted on the side of the popular party; but on the breaking out of the civil wars in England he attached himself to the royal cause, and in 1642 was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, knighted, and sworn of the Privy Council. Accompanying Prince Charles (Charles II) to Jersey, he remained there for two years, and began his "History of the Rebellion" (London, 1702–1704; continuation, with "Life," 1759), and also wrote the various papers which appeared in the King's name, as answers to the manifestoes of the Parliament, and which far surpassed in vigor and elegance the productions against which they were directed. In May, 1648, he went to Paris, and in November, 1649, was sent on an unsuccessful mission for assistance from the Spanish Court. He afterward proceeded to The Hague, where, in 1657, Charles II appointed him High Chancellor of England. At the Restoration he was confirmed in that office, and elected Chancellor of the University of Oxford. In November, 1660, he was created Baron Hyde, and in April following Viscount Cornbury and Earl of Clarendon. In 1663 the Earl of Bristol accused him of high treason in the House of Lords; and though this charge failed, public indignation was excited against him by the ill success of the war with Holland and the sale of Dunkirk to the French. The victim also of some court intrigues, he was deprived of his offices; and he secretly withdrew to Calais, whence he sent his apology to the Lords; but this writing was ordered, by both Houses of Parliament, to be burned by the common hangman. After living six years in exile, he died at Rouen, December, 1674, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His daughter, Anne Hyde, became the wife, in 1659, of the Duke of York, afterward James II, and was the mother of Anne and Mary, both of whom became Queens of Great Britain.

Clarendon was, on the whole, both well-intentioned and wise. There can be no doubt that he loved his country sincerely, and was humanely and liberally disposed. He was too moderate for the troublous times in which he lived. Lacking enthusiasm, he failed to appreciate the position of the Puritans; and after a brief period spent in their service, he passed over to the camp of the Royalists, but was never a bigoted partisan. His firmness, however, was not equal to his sagacity, and hence arose the perplexities which ultimately occasioned his fall. Clarendon's private character was excellent, in an age when virtue was utterly unfashionable among noblemen. His memoirs are impartial in tone, and evince a statesmanlike grasp of the significance of events and a wise optimism. They possess both the mosaic quality of the memoir and the broad chiselling of history.

# INTRIGUE AT THE COURT OF CHARLES II

THE King came seldom into the Queen's company, and when he did he spake not to her; but spent his time in other divertisements, and in the company of those who made it their business to laugh at all the world, and who were as bold with God Almighty as with any of his creatures. He persevered in all his resolutions without any remorse; directed the day for all the Portuguese to be embarked, without any considerable thing of bounty to any of them, or vouchsafing to write any letter to the King or Queen of Portugal of the cause of the dismission of them. And this rigor prevailed upon the great heart of the Queen, who had not received any money to enable her to be liberal to any of those who had attended her out of their own country, and promised themselves places of great advantage in her family: and she earnestly desired the King, "that she might retain some few of those who were known to her, and of most use, that she might not be wholly left in the hands of strangers," and employed others to make the same suit to the King on her behalf.

Whereupon the Countess of Penaboa, who had been bred with her from a child, and who, by the infirmity of her eyes and other indisposition of health, scarce stirred out of her chamber, was permitted to remain in the court; and some few inferior servants in her kitchen and in the lowest offices, beside those who were necessary to her devotions, were left here. All the rest were transported to Portugal.

The officers of the revenue were required to use all strictness in the receipt of that part of the portion that was brought over with the fleet, and not to allow any of those demands which were made upon computation of the value of money, and other allowances, upon the account; and Diego de Silva, who

was designed in Portugal without any good reason to be the Queen's treasurer, and upon that expectation had undertaken the troublesome province to see the money paid in London by what was assigned to that purpose, was committed to prison for not making haste enough in the payment and in finishing the account; and his commitment went very near the Queen, as an affront done to herself. The Portuguese ambassador, who was a very honest man, and so desirous to serve the King that he had upon the matter lost the Queen, was heart-broken, and after a long sickness, which all men believed would have killed him, as soon as he was able to endure the air, left Hampton Court, and retired to his own house in the city.

In all this time the King pursued his point: the lady came to the court, was lodged there, was every day in the Queen's presence, and the King in continual conference with her, while the Queen sat untaken notice of; and if her Majesty rose at the indignity and retired into her chamber, it may be one or two attended her, but all the company remained in the room she left, and too often said those things aloud which nobody ought to have whispered.

The King (who had in the beginning of this conflict appeared still with a countenance of trouble and sadness, which had been manifest to everybody, and no doubt was really afflicted, and sometimes wished that he had not proceeded so far, until he was again new chafed with the reproach of being governed, and was commonly provoked with it most by those who intended most to govern him) had now vanquished or suppressed all these tendernesses and reluctances, and appeared every day more gay and pleasant, without any clouds in his face, and full of good-humor, saving that the close observers thought it more feigned and affected than of natural growth. However, to the Queen it appeared very real, and made her the more sensible that she alone was left out in all jollities, and not suffered to have any part of those pleasant applications and caresses which she saw made almost to everybody else; an universal mirth in all company but hers, and in all places but her chamber; her own servants showing more respect and more diligence to the person of the lady than toward their own mistress, who they found could do them less good. The nightly meeting continued with the same or more license; and the

discourses which passed there, of what argument soever, were the discourse of the whole court and of the town the day following; while the Queen had the King's company those few hours which remained of the preceding night, and which were too little for sleep.

All these mortifications were too heavy to be borne: so that at last, when it was least expected or suspected, the Queen on a sudden let herself fall first to conversation and then to familiarity, and even in the same instance to a confidence with the lady; was merry with her in public, talked kindly of her, and in private used nobody more friendly. This excess of condescension, without any provocation or invitation, except by multiplication of injuries and neglect, and after all friendships were renewed, and indulgence yielded to new liberty, did the Queen less good than her former resoluteness had done. Very many looked upon her with much compassion, commended the greatness of her spirit, detested the barbarity of the affronts she underwent, and censured them as loudly as they durst; not without assuming the liberty sometimes of insinuating to the King himself "how much his own honor suffered in the neglect and disrespect of her own servants, who ought at least in public to manifest some duty and reverence toward her Majesty, and how much he lost in the general affections of his subjects.

"Beside the displeasure of God Almighty, he could not reasonably hope for children by the Queen, which was the great if not the only blessing of which he stood in need, while her heart was so full of grief, and while she was continually exercised with such insupportable afflictions." And many, who were not wholly unconversant with the King, nor strangers to his temper and constitution, did believe that he grew weary of the struggle, and even ready to avoid the scandal that was so notorious, by the lady's withdrawing from the verge of the court and being no longer seen there, how firmly soever the friendship might be established. But this sudden downfall and total abandoning her own greatness, this low demeanor and even application to a person she had justly abhorred and worthily contemned, make all men conclude that it was a hard matter to know her, and consequently to serve her.

The King himself was so far from being reconciled by it,

that the esteem, which he could not hitherto but retain in his heart for her, grew now much less. He concluded that all her former aversion expressed in those lively passions, which seemed not capable of dissimulation, was all fiction, and purely acted to the life by a nature crafty, perverse, and inconstant. He congratulated his own ill-natured perseverance, by which he had discovered how he was to behave himself hereafter, and what remedies he was to apply to all future indispositions: nor had he ever after the same value of her wit, judgment, and understanding which he had formerly, and was well enough pleased to observe that the reverence others had for all three was somewhat diminished.

The Parliament assembled together at the same time in February to which they had been adjourned, or prorogued, and continued together till the end of July following. They brought the same affection and duty with them toward the King which they had formerly, but were much troubled at what they had heard and what they had observed of the divisions in court. They had the same fidelity for the King's service, but not the same alacrity in it: the despatch was much slower in all matters depending than it had used to be. The truth is, the House of Commons was upon the matter not the same; three years sitting, for it was very near so long since they had first been assembled, had consumed very many of their members; and in the places of those who died, great pains were taken to have some of the King's menial servants chosen, so that there was a very great number of men in all stations in the court, as well below stairs as above, who were members of the House of Commons; and there were very few of them who did not think themselves qualified to reform whatsoever was amiss in church or state, and to procure whatsoever supply the King would require.

They who, either out of their own modesty or in regard of their distant relation to his service, had seldom had access to his presence, never had presumed to speak to him, now, by the privilege of Parliament, every day resorted to him, and had as much conference with him as they desired. They, according to the comprehension they had of affairs, represented their advice to him for the conducting his affairs; according to their several opinions and observations, represented these

and those men as well affected to his service, and others, much better than they, who did not pay them as much respect, to be ill-affected and to want duty for his Majesty. They brought those who appeared to them to be most zealous for his service, because they professed to be ready to do anything he pleased to prescribe, to receive his Majesty's thanks, and from himself his immediate directions how to behave themselves in the House; when the men were capable of no other instruction than to follow the example of some discreet man in whatsoever he should vote, and behave themselves accordingly.

To this time the King had been content to refer the conduct of his affairs in the Parliament to the chancellor and the treasurer, who had every day conference with some select persons of the House of Commons, who had always served the King, and upon that account had great interest in that assembly; and in regard of the experience they had, and their good parts, were hearkened to with reverence. And with those they consulted in what method to proceed in disposing the House, sometimes to propose, sometimes to consent to what should be the most necessary for the public, and by them to assign parts to other men, whom they found disposed and willing to concur in what was to be desired: and all this without any noise or bringing many together to design, which ever was and ever will be ingrateful to parliaments, however it may succeed for a little time, will in the end be attended with prejudice.

But there were two persons now introduced to act upon that stage who disdained to receive orders or to have any method prescribed to them; who took upon them to judge of other men's defects, and thought their own abilities beyond exception.

The one was Sir Harry Bennet, who had procured himself to be sent agent or envoy into Spain, as soon as the King came from Brussels, being a man very well known to the King, and for his pleasant and agreeable humor acceptable to him; and he remained there at much ease till the King returned to England, having waited upon his Majesty at Fontarabia in the close of the treaty between the two crowns, and there appeared by his dexterity to have gained good credit in the Court of Spain, and particularly with Don Lewis de Haro; and by that short negotiation he renewed and confirmed the former good inclinations of his master to him. He had been

obliged always to correspond with the chancellor, by whom his instructions had been drawn, and to receive the King's pleasure by his signification; which he had always done, and professed much respect and submission to him. Though whatever orders he received, and how positive soever, in particulars which highly concerned the King's honor and dignity, he observed them so far and no farther than his own humor disposed him.

In some cases he flatly disobeyed what the King enjoined, and did directly the contrary, as in the case of the Jesuit Peter Talbot, who, having carried himself with notorious insolence toward the King in Flanders, had transported himself into England, offered his service to Cromwell, and after his death was employed by the ruling powers into Spain, upon his undertaking to procure orders by which the King should not be suffered longer to reside in Flanders: of all which his Majesty having received full advertisement, he made haste to send orders into Spain to Sir Harry Bennet "that he should prepare Don Lewis for his reception by letting him know that though that Jesuit was his natural subject, he had so misbehaved himself that he looked upon him as a most inveterate enemy and a traitor; and therefore his Majesty desired that he might receive no countenance there, being, as he well knew, sent by the greatest rebels to do him prejudice."

This was received by Sir Harry Bennet before the arrival of the man, who found no inconvenience by it; and instead of making any complaint concerning him, he writ word "that Talbot had more credit than he at court; that he professed to have great devotion for the King; and therefore his advice was that the King would have a better opinion of him, and employ him in his service," and himself received him into his full confidence, and consulted with no man so much as with him; which made all men believe that he was a Roman Catholic, who did believe that he had any religion. But he had made his full excuse and defence for all this at the interview at Fontarabia, from whence the King returned with marvellous satisfaction in his discretion as well as in his affection. And until, contrary to all his expectations, he heard of the King's return into England, all his thoughts were employed how to make benefit of the Duke of York's coming into Spain

to be admiral of the galleys; which he writ to hasten all that might be.

Though he continued his formal correspondence with the chancellor, which he could not decline, yet he held a more secret intelligence with David O'Neile, of the bedchamber, with whom he had a long friendship. As soon as the King arrived in England, he trusted O'Neile to procure any directions from the King immediately in those particulars which himself advised. And so he obtained the King's consent, for consenting to the old league that had been made between England and Spain in the time of the late King, and which Spain had expressly refused to renew after the death of the late King (which was suddenly proclaimed in Spain, without ever being consulted in England), and presently after leave to return into England without any letter of revocation; both of which were procured or rather signified by O'Neile, without the privity of the chancellor or either of the secretaries of state, nor did either of them know that he was from Madrid till he was in Paris, from whence he arrived in London a very short time after. So far the chancellor was from that powerful interest or influence, when his credit was at highest.

But he was very well received by the King, in whose affections he had a very good place; and shortly after his arrival, though not so soon as he thought his high merit deserved, his Majesty conferred the only place then void (and that had been long promised to a noble person, who had behaved himself very well toward his Majesty and his blessed father) upon him, which was the office of privy purse, received him into great familiarity, and into the nightly meeting, in which he filled a principal place to all intents and purposes. The King very much desired to have him elected a member in the House of Commons, and commanded the chancellor to use his credit to obtain it upon the first opportunity; and in obedience to that command, he did procure him to be chosen about the time we are now speaking of, when the Parliament assembled in February.

The other person was Sir William Coventry, the youngest son to a very wise father, the Lord Coventry, who had been lord keeper of the great seal of England for many years, with a universal reputation. This gentleman was young while the

war continued, yet he had put himself before the end of it into the army, and had the command of a foot company, and shortly after travelled into France, where he remained while there was any hope of getting another army for the King, or that either of the two crowns would engage in his quarrel. But when all thoughts of that were desperate, he returned into England, where he remained for many years without the least correspondence with any of his friends beyond the seas, and with so little reputation of caring much for the King's restoration that some of his own family, who were most zealous for his Majesty's service, and had always some signal part in any reasonable design, took care of nothing more than that nothing they did should come to his knowledge, and gave the same advice to those about the King, with whom they corresponded, to use the same caution.

Not that anybody suspected Coventry of being inclined to the rebels or to do any act of treachery; but that the pride and censoriousness of his nature made him unconversable, and his despair that anything could be effectually done made him incompetent to consult the ways of doing it. Nor had he any conversation with any of the King's party, nor they with him, till the King was proclaimed in London; and then he came over with the rest to offer his service to his Majesty at The Hague, and had the good-fortune to find the Duke of York without a secretary. For though he had a Walloon that was, in respect of the languages of which he was master, fit for that function in the army, and had discharged it very well for some years, yet for the province the duke was now to govern, having the office of high admiral of England, he was without any fit person to discharge the office of secretary with any tolerable sufficiency: so that Mr. Coventry no sooner offered his service to the duke but he was received into that employment, very honorable under such a master, and in itself of the greatest profit next to the secretaries of state, if they in that respect be to be preferred.

He had been well known to the King and duke in France, and had a brother whom the King loved well and had promised to take into his bedchamber, as he shortly after did, Harry Coventry, who was beloved by everybody, which made them glad of the preferment of the other; while they who knew

the worst of him, yet knew him able to discharge that office, and so contributed to the duke's receiving him. He was a sullen, ill-natured, proud man, whose ambitions had no limits nor could be contained within any. His parts were very good, if he had not thought them better than any other man's; and he had diligence and industry, which men of good parts are too often without, which made him quickly to have at least credit and power enough with the duke; and he was without those vices which were too much in request, and which make men most unfit for business and the trust that cannot be separated from it.

He had sat a member in the House of Commons from the beginning of the Parliament, with very much reputation of an able man. He spake pertinently, and was always very acceptable and well heard; and was one of those with whom they, who were trusted by the King in conducting his affairs in the lower House, consulted very frequently, but not so much, nor relied equally upon his advice, as upon some few others who had much more experience, which he thought was of use only to ignorant and dull men, and that men of sagacity could see and determine at a little light, and ought rather to persuade and engage men to do that which they judged fit than consider what themselves were inclined to do, and so did not think himself to be enough valued and relied upon, and only to be made use of to the celebrating the designs and contrivance of other men, without being signal in the managery, which he aspired to be.

Nor did any man envy him the province, if he could indeed have governed it, and that others who had more useful talents would have been ruled by him. However, being a man who naturally loved faction and contradiction, he often made experiments how far he could prevail in the House, by declining the method that was prescribed, and proposing somewhat to the House that was either beside or contrary to it, and which the others would not oppose, believing, in regard of his relation, that he had received newer directions; and then if it succeeded well (as sometimes it did), he had argument enough to censure and inveigh against the chancellor for having taken so ill measures of the temper and affections of the House: for he did not dissemble in his private conversation (though his

outward carriage was very fair) that he had no kindness for him, which in gratitude he ought to have had; nor had he anything to complain of from him, but that he wished well and did all he could to defend and support a very worthy person, who had deserved very well from the King, against whom he manifested a great and causeless animosity, and desired to oppress for his own profit, of which he had an immoderate appetite.

When these two persons, Sir Harry Bennet and Mr. Coventry (between whom there had been as great a league of friendship as can be between two very proud men equally ill-natured) came now to sit together in the House of Commons—though the former of them knew no more of the constitution and laws of England than he did of China, nor had in truth a care or tenderness for church or state, but believed France was the best pattern in the world—they thought they should have the greatest wrong imaginable if they did not entirely govern it, and if the King took his measures of what should be done there from anybody but themselves. They made friendships with some young men, who spake confidently and often, and upon some occasions seemed to have credit in the House. And upon a little conversation with those men, who, being country gentlemen of ordinary condition and mean fortunes, were desirous to have interest in such a person as Sir Harry Bennet, who was believed to have great credit with the King, he believed he understood the House, and what was to be done there, as well as any man in England.

He recommended those men to the King "as persons of sublime parts, worthy of his Majesty's caressing; that he would undertake to fix them to his service; and when they were his own he might carry what he would in the House of Commons." The men had parts indeed and good affections, and often had resorted to the chancellor, received advice from him, and thought themselves beholden to him; being at that time entirely governed by Sir Hugh Pollard, who was himself still advised by the chancellor (with whom he had a long and fast friendship) how he should direct his friends, having indeed a greater party in the House of Commons willing to be disposed of by him than any man that ever sat there in my time. But now these gentlemen had got a better patron; the new

courtier had raised their value, and talked in another dialect to them, of recompenses and rewards, than they had heard formerly. He carried them to the King, and told his Majesty in their own hearing "what men of parts they were, what services they had done for him, and how much greater they could do." And his Majesty received and conferred with them very graciously, and dismissed them with promises which made them rich already.

The two friends before mentioned agreed so well between themselves that, whether they spoke together or apart to the King, they said always the same things, gave the same information, and took care that both their masters might have the same opinions and judgments. They magnified the affections of the House of Commons, "which were so great and united that they would do whatsoever his Majesty would require. That there were many worthy and able men, of whose wisdom the House was so well persuaded that they commonly consented to whatsoever they proposed; and that these men complained that they had no directions given to them which way they might best serve the King; they knew not what he desired, but when they should do, it would quickly appear how much they were at the King's disposal, and all things which now depended long would be hereafter despatched in half the time."

The King wondered very much "that his friends in the House were no better informed, of which he had never heard any complaint before, and wished them to speak with the chancellor"; for neither of these men were yet arrived at the confidence to insinuate in the least degree any ill-will or prejudice to him, though they were not united in any one thing more than the desire of his ruin, and the resolution to compass it by all the ill arts and devices they could use; but till it should be more seasonable, they dissembled to both their masters to have a high esteem of him, having not yet credit enough with either to do him harm. They said "they would very willingly repair to him, and be directed by him; but they desired his Majesty himself would first speak to him (because it would not so well become them) to call those persons, whom they had recommended to him, to meet together with the rest with whom he used to advise; which the persons they named they

were sure would be very glad of, having all of them a great esteem of the chancellor, and being well known to him," as indeed they were, and most of them obliged by him.

The King willingly undertook it; and being shortly after attended by the chancellor, his Majesty told him all that the other two had said to him, and did not forget to let him know the great good-will they had both professed toward him. He asked him "what he thought of such and such men," and particularly named Mr. Clifford and Mr. Churchill and some other men of better quality and much more interest, "who," he said, "took it ill that they were not particularly informed what the King desired, and which way they might best serve him," and bade him "that at the next meeting of the rest, these men might likewise have notice to be present, together with Sir Harry Bennet and Mr. William Coventry"; for Harry Coventry (who was a much wiser man than his brother, and had a much better reputation with wise men) was constantly in those councils.

The chancellor told him "that great and notorious meetings and cabals in Parliament had been always odious in Parliament; and though they might produce some success in one or two particulars till they were discovered, they had always ended unluckily, until they were introduced in the late ill-times by so great a combination that they could not receive any discountenance. Yet that they, who compassed all their wicked designs by those cabals, were so jealous that they might be overmatched by the like practices, that when they discovered any three or four of those, who were used to concur with them, to have any private meetings they accused them to conspire against the Parliament. That when his Majesty returned, and all the world was full of joy and delight to serve him, and persons were willing and importunate to receive direction how they might do it in the convention, care had been taken without any noise, or bringing any prejudice upon those who were willing to be instruments toward the procuring what was desirable and to prevent what would be ingrateful, that little notice might be taken of them, which had good success.

"That since this Parliament the lord treasurer and he had, by his Majesty's direction, made choice of some persons eminent for their affection to the Crown, of great experience and

known abilities, to confer with for the better preparing and conducting what was to be done in the House of Commons, but the number of them was not so great as to give any umbrage. Nor did they meet oftener together with them than upon accidents and contingencies was absolutely necessary; but appointed those few who had a mutual confidence in each other, and every one of which had an influence upon others and advised them what to do, to meet by themselves, either at the Lord Bridgman's or Mr. Attorney's chambers, who still gave notice to the other two of what was necessary, and received advice. That there were very few of any notable consideration who did not frequently repair to both of them either to dine with them or to perform some office of civility, with every one of whom they conferred, and said what was necessary to inform them what was fit for them to do.

"That two of these who were named by his Majesty, Mr. Clifford and Mr. Churchill, were honest gentlemen, and received the advice they were to follow from Sir Hugh Pollard, who had in truth a very particular influence upon all the Cornish and Devonshire men. And that his Majesty might know that he had not been well informed, that the others named by him took it unkindly that they did not know his pleasure, who were leading men (as indeed they were), he assured his Majesty that there was not one of these who was not particularly consulted with, and advertised by some person who was chosen by every one of them for that purpose; and that they would by no means resort to any meeting, fearing to undergo the odious name of undertakers, which in all parliaments hath been a brand; but as they had never opposed anything that related to his service, so upon any private insinuation they had been ready to propose anything which would not have been so acceptable from any who had been known to have relation to his service or to depend upon those who had."

He besought his Majesty to consider "whether anything had hitherto, in near three years, fallen out amiss, or short of what he had expected, in the wary administration that had been in that affair," and did not conceal his own fears "that putting it into a more open and wider channel, his Majesty's own too public speaking with the members of Parliament, and believing what every man who was present told him passed in

debates, and who for want of comprehension as well as memory committed many mistakes in their relations, would be attended with some inconveniences not easy to be remedied." The King was not dissatisfied with the discourse, but seemed to approve it; however, he would have Sir Harry Bennet, Mr. Clifford, and Churchill called to the next meeting; and because they were to be introduced into company they had not used to converse with, who should let the rest know the good opinion his Majesty had of those who were added to the number.

By this means and with these circumstances this alteration was made in the conduct of the King's service in the Parliament; upon which many other alterations followed by degrees, though not at once. Yet presently it appeared that this introduction of new confidants was not acceptable to those who thought they had well discharged their trust. Sir Harry Bennet was utterly unknown to them, a man unversed in any business, who never had spoken nor ever was like to speak in the House, except in his ear who sat next him to the disadvantage of some who had spoken, and had not the faculties to get himself beloved, and was thought by all men to be a Roman Catholic, for which they had not any other reason but from his indifference in all things which concerned the Church.

When they met first at the chancellor's chamber, as the King had directed, they conferred freely together with little difference of opinion; though it appeared that they, who had used to be together before, did not use the same freedom as formerly in delivering their particular judgments, not having confidence enough in the new-comers, who in their private meetings afterward took more upon them, rather to direct than to advise; so that the other grew unsatisfied in their conversation. And though the meetings continued at one of the places before mentioned, some always discontinued their attendance; so that by degrees there were less resolutions taken than had been formerly; nor was there so cheerful a concurrence, or so speedy a despatch of the business depending in the House, as had been.

However, there appeared nothing of disunion in the Parliament, but the same zeal and concurrence in all things which related to the King. The murmurs and discontents were most in the country, where the people began to talk with more license

and less reverence of the court and of the King himself, and to reproach the Parliament for their raising so much money, and increasing of the impositions upon the kingdom, without having done anything for the redress of any grievance that lay upon the people. The license with reference to religion grew every day greater, the conventicles more frequent and more insolent, which disturbed the country exceedingly, but not so much as the liberty the papists assumed, who behaved themselves with indiscretion, and bragged as if they had a toleration and cared not what the magistrates could do. The Parliament had a desire to have provided against those evils with the same rigor; but though there would have been a general consent in any provision that could be made against the fanatics and the conventicles, yet there would not be the like concurrence against the papists; and it was not possible to carry on the one without the other. And therefore the court, that they might be sure to prevent the last, interrupted all that was proposed against the former, which they wished provided against and chose to have neither out of fear of both; which increased the disorders in the country, and caused more reflections upon the court, so that the session of Parliament produced less of moment than any other.

And the King, after they had given him four subsidies, which was all the money they could be drawn to give, that he might part as kindly with them as he used to do, and upon discovery of several seditious meetings among the officers of the disbanded army, which he could best suppress when he had most leisure, he resolved to prorogue the Parliament. And so sending for them upon the twenty-seventh of July, he thanked them for the present which they had made to him of the four subsidies, "which," he told them, "he would not have received from them if it were not absolutely necessary for their peace and quiet as well as his; and that it would yet do him very little good, if he did not improve it by very good husbandry of his own, and by retrenching those very expenses which in many cases might be thought necessary enough. But they should see that he would much rather impose upon himself than upon his subjects; and that if all men would follow his example in retrenching their expenses (which possibly they might do with much more convenience than he could do his),

the kingdom would in short time gain what they had given him that day." He told them "he was very glad that they were going into their several countries, where their presence would do much good: and he hoped their vigilance and authority would prevent those disturbances which the restless spirits of ill and unquiet men would be always contriving, and of which his Majesty did assure them they promised themselves some effects that summer; and that there had been more pains and unusual ways taken to kindle the old fatal fears and jealousies than he thought he should have ever lived to have seen, at least to have seen so countenanced."

He told them "that he expected to have had some bills presented to him against the several distempers in religion, against seditious conventicles, and against the growth of popery; but that it might be they had been in some fear of reconciling those contradictions in religion into some conspiracy against the public peace, to which himself doubted men of the most contrary motives in conscience were inclinable enough. He did promise them that he would lay that business to heart, and the mischiefs which might flow from those licenses; and if he lived to meet with them again, as he hoped he should, he would himself take care to present two bills to them to that end. And that, as he had already given it in charge to the judges, in their several circuits, to use their utmost endeavors to prevent and punish the scandalous and seditious meetings of sectaries, and to convict the papists, so he would be as watchful, and take all the pains he could, that neither the one nor the other should disturb the peace of the kingdom"; and adding many gracious expressions of his esteem and confidence in their affections, he caused them to be prorogued toward the end of March, which would be the beginning of the year 1664.

The King had an intention at that time to have prepared against the next meeting two such bills as he mentioned to them, and was well enough content that the Parliament had not presented such to him, which he well foresaw would not have been such as he would have been pleased with. He would have liked the most rigorous acts against all the other factions in religion, but did not think the papists had deserved the same severities which would have been provided against them with the other, it being very apparent that the kingdom generally

had resumed their old jealousies of them, provoked by the very unwary behavior of that people, who bragged of more credit in the court than they could justify, though most men thought they had too much; and that was the reason that he had commanded the chancellor to require the judges, who were then beginning their circuits, to cause the Roman Catholics to be convicted, which he believed would allay much of the jealousies in the country, as for the present it did; and then he resolved to cause two such bills to be prepared for several reasons, of which the principal was that he might divide them into two bills, presuming that when he had sent one against either, they would not affect reducing both into one, which was that which the Catholic party most apprehended.

His Majesty was himself very unsatisfied with the imprudent carriage of the Catholics, and thought they did affect too much to appear as if they stood upon the level with all other subjects; and he received very particular and unquestionable information that some priests had made it an argument to some whom they endeavored to make their proselytes, "that the King was of their religion in his heart, and would shortly declare it to all the world"; with which his Majesty was marvellously offended, and did heartily desire that any of those indiscreet persons might be proceeded against with severity. Yet he had no mind that any man should be put to death, which could hardly be avoided if any man should be brought to trial in the case aforesaid, except he had granted his pardon, which with these circumstances would have carried scandal in it. Beside, he did think the wisest of that party had not carried themselves with modesty enough, with what was good for themselves and for his Majesty's honor. And therefore he had, without imparting it to any friends of theirs, given that direction to the judges for convicting them, as the best means to reclaim them to a better temper; and he had a purpose that the bill he meant should be prepared should more effectually perform that part, without exposing them to any notable inconveniences in their persons or their fortunes, if they behaved themselves well and warily.

He did believe that it was necessary for his service that they should all be convicted, that it might be evident to himself what their numbers consisted of and amounted to, which he believed

would be found much inferior to what they were generally computed, and then the danger from their power would not be thought so formidable; and it could be no prejudice to them without a further proceeding upon their conviction, which he had resolved to restrain, as he well might, and had done hitherto; resolving within himself that no man should suffer under those penal laws which had been made against them in the age before if they lived like good subjects, and administered no occasion of scandal. And as he was not reserved in declaring that his gracious purpose toward them (as hath been said before), so hitherto it had not been attended by any murmurs; and yet he was not without a purpose of keeping such a power over them as might make them wholly depend upon him.

His Majesty did, in his judgment and inclination, put a great difference between those Roman Catholics, who, being of ancient extraction, had continued of the same religion from father to son without having ever been Protestant, among whom there were very few who had not behaved themselves very worthily; and those who since the late troubles had apostatized from the Church of England to that of Rome, without any such evidence of conscience, as might not administer just reason to suspect that their inducements had been from worldly temptations. And he did resolve in his bill to make a distinction between those classes, and to prevent, or at least to discourage, those lapses which fell out too frequently in the court; nor did men believe that they need make any apology for it, but appeared the more confidently in all places. He did resolve likewise to contract and lessen the number of ecclesiastical persons who upon missions resorted hither as to an infidel nation (which was and is a grievance that the Catholics would be glad to be eased in), and to reduce them into such an order and method by this bill that he might himself know the names of all priests remaining in the kingdom, and their several stations where they resided; which must have produced such a security to those who stayed, and to those with whom they stayed, as would have set them free from any apprehension of any penalties imposed by preceding parliaments.

But this design (which comprehended many other particulars) vanished as soon as it was discovered. The King's own discourse of a bill that he would cause to be drawn against the

Roman Catholics awakened great jealousies; nor did they want instruments or opportunities to discover what the meaning of it could be. Nor was the King reserved in the argument, but communicated it with those who he knew were well affected to that party, and to one or two of themselves who were reputed to be moderate men, and to desire nothing but the exercise of their religion with the greatest secrecy and caution, and who often informed him and complained "of the folly and vanity of some of their friends, and more particularly of the presumption of the Jesuits." And such kind of factions and divisions there are among them, which might be cultivated to very happy productions; but such ingenuity, as to be contented with what might gratify all their own pretences, there is not among them.

These moderate men complained already "that the King was deceived by their enemy the chancellor," who indeed was generally very odious to them, for no other reason but because they knew he was irreconcilable to their profession; not that they thought he desired that the laws should be put in execution against them; and some of the chief of them believed him to be much their friend, and had obligations to him. But they all lamented this direction given to the judges for their conviction, "which," they informed the King, "was the necessary preamble to the highest persecution the law had prepared against them. That till they were convicted they were in the same predicament with the rest of his subjects; but as soon as they were convicted" (which the judges now caused to be prosecuted throughout the kingdom) "they were liable to all the other penalties, which his Majesty was inclined to protect them from." They presented to him a short memorial of the disadvantages which were consequent to a conviction, in which they alleged some particulars which were not clear in the law, at least had never been practised in the severest times.

Though the King had well weighed all he had done before he did it, and well knew, after all their insinuations and allegations, that none of those inconveniences could ensue to them if he restrained any further prosecution, which he had always intended to do, yet they wrought so far upon him that he was even sorry that he had proceeded so far; and though it was not

fit to revoke any part of it, yet he cared not how little it was advanced. And for the bill he meant to present in the next session, they said, "all their security and quiet they had enjoyed since his Majesty's happy return depended upon the general opinion that he had favor for them and satisfaction in their duty and obedience as good subjects, and their readiness to do him any service, which they would all make good with their lives and all that they had. But if he should now discover any jealousy of their fidelities, and that there was need of a new law against them, which his purpose of providing a bill implied, what mitigation soever his Majesty intended in it, it would not be in his Majesty's power to restrain the passion of other men; but all those animosities which had been hitherto covered and concealed, as grateful to him, would upon this occasion break out to their destruction; and therefore they hoped that whatever bitterness the Parliament might express against them when they came together, they should receive no invitation or encouragement by any jealousy or displeasure his Majesty should manifest to have toward them."

These and the like arguments, or the credit of those who urged them, made that impression, that he declined any further thought of that bill; nor was there ever after-mention of it. The Catholics grew bolder in all places, and conversant in those rooms of the court into which the King's chaplains never presumed to enter; and to crown all their hopes, the lady declared herself of that faith, and inveighed sharply against the Church she had been bred in.

During the interval of that Parliament there was not such a vacation from trouble and anxiety as was expected. The domestic unquietness in the court made every day more noise abroad; infinite scandal and calumnies were scattered among the people; and they expressed their discontents upon the great taxes and impositions which they were compelled to pay, and publicly reproached the Parliament, when they were in truth vexed and grieved at heart for that which they durst not avoid, and did really believe that God was angry with the nation, and resolved to exercise it under greater tribulations than he had so lately freed them from. The general want of money was complained of, and a great decay of trade; so that the native commodities of the kingdom were not transported. Yet both of these

were but pretences, and resulted from combinations rather than from reason. For it appeared by the customs the trade was greater than it had ever been, though some of our native commodities, especially cloth, seemed for some time to be at a stand; which proceeded rather from the present glut, which in the general license the interlopers had irregularly transported in great quantities, by which the prices were brought low, and could only be recovered by a restraint for some time, which the merchant adventurers put upon themselves; and would have put upon the interlopers, who were at last too hard for them, even upon the matter to the suppressing the company that had stood in great reputation for very many years, and had advanced that manufacture to a great height; and whether it deserved that discountenance, time must decide. How unreasonable the other discourse was of want of money, there needs no other argument but the great purchases which were every day made of great estates; nor was there any considerable parcel of land in any part of England offered to be sold but there was a purchaser at hand ready to buy it.

However, these pretences, together with the sudden bringing up all the money that was collected for the King, in specie, to London, which proceeded from the bankers' advancing so much present money for the emergent occasions, for which they had those assignments upon the money of the country, did really produce such a sudden fall of the rents throughout the kingdom as had never been known before; so that men were compelled to abate generally a fourth part of their annual rents at the least, or to take their lands into their own hands, for which they were as ill provided. All this mischief fell upon the nobility and greatest gentry, who were owners of the greatest estates, everybody whose estates lay in land undergoing a share in the suffering, which made the discontent general; which they thought the best way to remedy would be to raise no more taxes, which they took to be the cause why the rents fell. In the meantime the expenses of the court, and of all who depended upon it, grew still higher, and the King himself less intent upon his business, and more loved his pleasures, to which he prescribed no limits, nor to the expenses which could not but accompany them.

There was cause enough to be jealous of the public peace,

there being every day discoveries made of private meetings and conferences between officers of the old army; and that correspondences were settled between them throughout the kingdom in a wonderful method; and that they had a grand committee residing in London, who had the supreme power, and which sent orders to all the rest, who were to rise in one day, and meet at several rendezvouses. Thereupon several persons were apprehended and committed to prison; and the King himself often took the pains to examine them; and they confessed commonly more to his Majesty himself than upon any other examination. Proclamations issued often for the banishing all officers who had ever borne arms against the King twenty miles from London, which did more publish the apprehension of new troubles.

There can be no doubt but that there were many seditious purposes among that people, of which there often appeared so full evidence; that many were executed for high treason, who were tried and condemned by the judges at their general sessions at Newgate; yet there was often cause to believe that many men were committed who in truth had not been more faulty than in keeping ill company and in hearing ill discourses. Informing was grown a trade, which many affected to get money by; and as the King's ministers could not reject in a time of so much jealousy, so the receiving them gave them great trouble, for few of them were willing to be produced as evidence against those they accused, pretending, sometimes with reason, "that if they were known they should be rendered useless for the future, whereas they were yet unsuspected and admitted into all councils."

All the sects in religion spake with more boldness in their meetings, and met more frequently than they had used to do in the times when Sir Richard Browne and Sir John Robinson had been lord mayors; and the officers who succeeded them proved less vigilant. A general despondency seemed to possess the minds of men, as if they little cared what came to pass; which did not proceed so much from malice as from the disease of murmuring, which had been contracted above twenty years, and became almost incorporated into the nature of the nation.

There happened about this time an alteration in the court

that produced afterward many other alterations which were not then suspected, yet even at that time was not liked in the court itself, and less out of it. The keeper of the privy purse, who was more fit for that province than for any other to which he could be applied, did not think himself yet preferred to a station worthy of his merit and great qualifications. Some promises the King had made to him when he was at Fontarabia, and had long much kindness for his person and much delight in his company: so that his friend, Mr. O'Neile, who was still ready to put his Majesty in mind of all his services, had nothing hard to do but to find a vacancy that might give opportunity for his advancement; and he was dexterous in making opportunities which he could not find, and made no scruple to insinuate to the King "that the abilities of neither of his secretaries were so great but that he might be better served." Indeed, his Majesty, who did not naturally love old men, had not so much esteem of them as their parts and industry and integrity deserved, and would not have been sorry if either or both of them had died.

Secretary Nicholas had served the Crown very many years with a very good acceptation, was made Secretary of State by the late King, and loved and trusted by him in his nearest concernments to his death; nor had any man who served him a more general reputation of virtue and piety and unquestionable integrity throughout the kingdom. He was a man to whom the rebels had been always irreconcilable, and from the end of the war lived in banishment beyond the seas; was with his Majesty from the time he left France (for while the King was in France with his mother, to whom the secretary was not gracious, he remained at a distance; but from the time that his Majesty came into Germany he was always with him) in the exercise of the same function he had under his father, and returned into England with him, with hope to repair his fortune by his long sufferings and banishment. He had never been in his youth a man of quick and sudden parts, but full of industry and application (which it may be is the better composition), and always versed in business and all the forms of despatch. He was now some years above seventy, yet truly performed his office with punctuality, and to the satisfaction of all men who repaired to him; and the King thought it an envious as

well as an ill-natured thing to discharge such an officer because he had lived too long.

The other secretary was Secretary Morrice, whose merit had been his having transacted all that had been between the King and the general, which was thought to be much more than it was. Yet he had behaved very well, and as much disposed the general as he was capable of being disposed; and his Majesty had preferred him to that office purely to gratify and oblige the general; and he had behaved himself very honestly and diligently in the King's service, and had a good reputation in the House of Commons, and did the business of his office without reproach. He had lived most part of his time in the country, with the repute of a wise man and a very good scholar, as indeed he was both in the Latin and Greek learning; but being without any knowledge in the modern languages, he gave the King often occasion to laugh at his unskilful pronunciation of many words. In the Latin despatches which concern all the northern parts he was ready, and treated with all those ambassadors fluently and elegantly; and for all domestic affairs no man doubted his sufficiency, except in the garb and mode and humor of the court.

And the inducement that brought him in made it unfit to remove him, lest it might grieve the general, whose friend and kinsman he was, so that there was no expedient to provide for Sir Harry Bennet but by removing Secretary Nicholas by his own consent, for the King would not do it otherwise to so old and faithful a servant. And his Majesty was more inclined to it, because it would give him the opportunity to bring another person into the office of the privy purse, of whom he was lately grown very fond, and toward whom he had, when he came into England, a greater aversion than to any gentleman who had been abroad with him; and that was Sir Charles Berkley, who was then captain of the Duke of York's guard, and much in the good grace of his Royal Highness.

While this intrigue was contriving and depending, great care was taken that it might not come to the notice of the chancellor, lest if he could not divert the King from desiring it, which they believed he would not attempt, he might dissuade his old friend the secretary, with whom he had held a long and particular friendship, from hearkening to any proposition or

accepting any composition, which they believed, not unreasonably, that the other would be very solicitous in, as well to keep a man in, whom he could entirely trust, as to keep another out, of whose abilities he had no esteem and in whose affection he had no confidence; and it was thought by many that the same apprehension prevailed with the good old man to cherish the secrecy. Certain it is that the whole matter was resolved and consented to before ever the chancellor had a suspicion of it.

O'Neile, who had always the skill to bring that to pass by others which he could not barefaced appear in himself, insinuated to Mr. Ashburnham—who pretended, and I think had, much friendship for the secretary—"that the King thought the secretary too old to take so much pains, and often wished that his friends would persuade him to retire, that there might be a younger man in the office, who could attend upon his Majesty at all hours and in all journeys; but that his Majesty always spake kindly of him, and as if he resolved to give him an ample recompense"; and in confidence told him "that the King had an impatient desire to have Sir Harry Bennet Secretary of State."

Ashburnham was well versed in the artifices of court too; and thought he might very well perform the office of a friend to his old confidant, and at the same time find a new and more useful friend for himself by having a hand in procuring a large satisfaction for the old and likewise facilitating the way for the introduction of a new secretary, who could not forget the obligation. So he told O'Neile "that all the world knew that he had for many years professed a great friendship for Secretary Nicholas" (they had been both servants at the same time to the Duke of Buckingham when he was killed), "and that he should be much troubled to see him displaced in his old age with contempt; but if his Majesty would dismiss him with honor and reward, that he might be able to provide for his wife and children, he would make no scruple to persuade him to quit the employment." O'Neile had all he looked for, and only enjoined him secrecy, "that it might not come to the King's ear that he had communicated this secret to any man; and he did presume that before any resolution was taken in it his Majesty would speak of it to the chancellor."

Within a day or two the King sent for Ashburnham, and told him "he knew he was a friend to the secretary, who was now grown old, and not able to take the pains he had done; that he had served his father and himself very faithfully, and had spent his fortune in his service; that if he were willing to retire, for without his consent he would do nothing, he would give him £10,000, or any other recompense he should choose," implying a title of honor; but intimated, though he referred all to his own will, "that he wished, and that it would be acceptable to him, that the office might be vacant and at his Majesty's disposal."

He undertook the employment very cheerfully, and quickly imparted all that had passed from the King, and all that he knew before, to the secretary, who was not fond of the court, and thought he had lived long enough there, having seen and observed much that he was grieved at heart to see. He considered that though this message was very gracious, and offered a noble reward for his service, it did withal appear that the King did desire he should be gone; and having designed a successor to him, who had already much credit with him, if he should seem sullen or unwilling, he might in a short time be put out without any consideration, or at most with the promise of one.

Thereupon he wished his friend "to assure the King that he would very readily do whatsoever his Majesty thought necessary for his service; but he hoped that, after above forty years spent in the service of the Crown, he should not be exposed to disgrace and contempt. That he had a wife and children, who had all suffered with him in exile until his Majesty's return, and for whom he could not make a competent provision without his Majesty's bounty; and therefore he hoped that before his Majesty required the signet he would cause the recompense he designed to be more than what he had mentioned, and to be first paid."

This province could not be put into a fitter hand, for it was managed with a notable skill. And as soon as it was known that the secretary would willingly resign, which was feared, and that only a better recompense was expected, everybody was willing that the King should make the act look as graciously as might be, that the successor might be attended with

the less envy. And Mr. Ashburnham cultivated their impatience so skilfully that it cost the King, in present money and land or lease, very little less than £20,000 to bring in a servant whom very few cared for in the place of an old servant whom everybody loved; and he received all that was promised before he resigned his place. And if the change had been as good for the King as it was for the good old secretary, everybody would have been glad. And thus Sir Harry Bennet was at the King's charge accommodated, even to the satisfaction of his own ambition; and his Majesty was as well pleased that he had gotten Sir Charles Berkley into the other office about his person, whom he every day loved with more passion, for what reason no man knew nor could imagine.

And from this time they who stood at any near distance could not but discern that the chancellor's interest and credit with the King manifestly declined: not that either of these two pretended to be his rival, or appeared to cross anything in council that he proposed or advised; on the contrary, they both professed great respect toward him. One of them, being no privy counsellor, made great professions and addresses to him by himself and by some friends who had much credit with him; protested "against meddling at all in business, and that he only hoped to gain a fortune by his Majesty's favor, upon which he might be able to live"; nor did it appear afterward that he did to his death wish that the chancellor's power should be lessened; and the other made all the professions imaginable of affection and respect to him, and repaired upon occasions to him for advice or for direction. Nor in truth could either of them have done him any prejudice at that time with the King by pretending to do it; but by pretending the contrary, by degrees got power to do it.

His Majesty did not in the least degree withdraw his favor from him, heard him as willingly, came as often to him, was as little reserved in anything; only in one particular he did with some solemnity conjure him never to mention it to him again, in which he did not yet punctually obey him, nor avoid seasonably saying anything to him which he believed to be his duty, and which his Majesty never seemed to take ill. And whenever he spake to him of either of the other two gentlemen, which he frequently did with much kindness, he always added

somewhat of both their respects and esteem for him, as a thing that pleased him well; and said once "that it concerned them, for whenever he should discern it to be otherwise, he should make them repent it." Yet, notwithstanding all this, from this time counsels were not so secret, and greater liberty was taken to talk of the public affairs in the evening conversation than had been before, when they happened sometimes to be shortly mentioned in the production of some wit or jest; but now they were often taken into debate, and censured with too much liberty with reference to things and persons; and the King himself was less fixed and more irresolute in his counsels; and inconvenient grants came every day to the seal for the benefit of particular persons, against which the King had particularly resolved and at last by importunity would have passed. Lastly, both these persons were most devoted to the lady, and much depended upon her interest, and consequently were ready to do anything that would be grateful to her.

There was another mischief contrived about this time, that had a much worse influence upon the public, except we shall call it the same, because it did in truth proceed from it. Though the public state of affairs, in respect of the distempers and discomposures which are mentioned before, and that the expenses exceeded what was assigned to support it, whereby the great debt was little diminished, yielded little delight to those who were most trusted to manage and provide for them, and who had a melancholic and dreadful apprehension of consequences, yet while the nation continued in peace, and without any danger from any foreign enemy, the prospect was so pleasant, especially to those who stood at a distance, that they saw nothing worthy of any man's fear; and there was reasonable hope that the expenses might every year be reduced within reasonable bounds. But all that hope vanished when there appeared an immoderate desire to engage the nation in a war.

Upon the King's first arrival in England, he manifested a very great desire to improve the general traffic and trade of the kingdom, and upon all occasions conferred with the most active merchants upon it, and offered all that he could contribute to the advancement thereof. He erected a council of trade, which produced little other effect than the opportunity of men's speak-

ing together, which possibly disposed them to think more, and to consult more effectually in private than they could in such a crowd of commissioners. Some merchants and seamen made a proposition by Mr. William Coventry, and some few others to the Duke of York, "for the erection of a company in which they desired his Royal Highness to preside" (and from thence it was called the Royal Company), "to which his Majesty should grant the sole trade of Guinea, which in a short time they presumed would bring great advantage to the public, and much profit to the adventurers, who should begin upon a joint stock, to be managed by a council of such as should be chosen out of the adventurers."

This privilege had before the troubles been granted by the late King to Sir Nicholas Crisp and others named by him, who had at their own charge sent ships thither; and Sir Nicholas had at his own charge bought a nook of ground that lay into the sea, of the true owners thereof (all that coast being inhabited by heathens), and built thereon a good fort and warehouses, under which the ships lay; and he had advanced this trade so far before the troubles that he found it might be carried on with very great benefit. After the rebellion began, and Sir Nicholas betook himself to serve the King, some merchants continued the trade, and, either by his consent or Cromwell's power, had the possession of that fort, called Cormantine, which was still in the possession of the English when his Majesty returned, though the trade was small, in respect the Dutch had fixed a stronger quarter at no great distance from it, and sent much more ships and commodities thither, and returned once every year to their own country with much wealth. The chief end of this trade was, beside the putting off great quantities of our own manufactures according as the trade should advance, to return with gold, which the coast produced in good quantity, and with slaves, blacks, which were readily sold to any plantation at great prices.

The model was so well prepared and the whole method for governing the trade so rationally proposed, that the duke was much pleased with it, and quickly procured a charter to be granted from the King to this company with ample privileges, and, which was more, to assist them for the first establishment of their trade with the use of some of his own ships. The duke

was the governor of the company, with power to make a deputy. All the other officers and council were chosen by the company, which consisted of persons of honor and quality, every one of which brought in £500 for the first joint stock, with which they set out the first ships; upon the return whereof they received so much encouragement and benefit that they compounded with Sir Nicholas Crisp for his propriety in the fort and castle, and possessed themselves of another place upon the coast, and sent many ships thither, which made very good returns, by putting off their blacks at the Barbadoes and other the King's plantations at their own prices, and brought home such store of gold that administered the first occasion for the coinage of those pieces, which from thence had the denomination of guineas; and what was afterward made of the same species, was coined of the gold that was brought from that coast by the Royal Company. In a word, if that company be not broken or disordered by the jealousy that the gentlemen adventurers have of the merchants, and their opinion that they understand the mysteries of trade as well as the other, by which they refuse to concur in the necessary expedients proposed by the other, and interpose unskilful overtures of their own with pertinacity, it will be found a model equally to advance the trade of England with that of any other company, even that of the East Indies.

From the first entrance into this trade, which the duke was exceedingly disposed to advance, and was constantly present himself at all councils, which were held once a week in his own lodgings at Whitehall, it was easily discovered that the Dutch had a better trade there than the English, which they were then willing to believe that they had no right to, for that the trade was first found out and settled there by the English; which was a sufficient foundation to settle it upon this nation, and to exclude all others, at least by the same law that the Spaniard enjoys the West Indies, and the Dutch what they or the Portuguese possessed in the East. But this they quickly found would not establish such a title as would bear a dispute; the having sent a ship or two thither, and built a little fort, could not be allowed such a possession as would exclude all other nations. And the truth was, the Dutch were there some time before us, and the Dane before either; and the Dutch, which was the true griev-

ance, had planted themselves more advantageously upon the bank of a river than we had done; and by the erection of more forts were more strongly seated, and drove a much greater trade, which they did not believe they would be persuaded to quit. This drew the discourse from the right to the easiness, by the assistance of two or three of the King's ships, to take away all that the Dutch possessed in and about Guinea, there having never been a ship of war seen in those parts; so that the work might be presently done, and such an alliance made with the natives, who did not love the Dutch, that the English might be unquestionably possessed of the whole trade of that country, which would be of inestimable profit to the kingdom.

The merchants took much delight to enlarge themselves upon this argument, and shortly after to discourse "of the infinite benefit that would accrue from a barefaced war against the Dutch, how easily they might be subdued, and the trade carried by the English. That Cromwell had always beaten them, and thereby gotten the greatest glory he had, and brought them upon their knees; and could totally have subdued them if he had not thought it more for his interest to have such a second, whereby he might the better support his usurpation against the King. And therefore, after they had consented to all the infamous conditions of the total abandoning his Majesty, and, as far as in them lay, the extirpation of all the royal family, and to a perpetual exclusion of the Prince of Orange, he made a firm peace with them, which they had not yet performed, by their retaining still the island of Poleroone, which they had so long since barbarously taken from the English, and which they had expressly promised and undertaken to deliver in the last treaty, after Cromwell had compelled them to pay a great sum of money for the damages which the English had sustained at Amboyna, when all the demands and threats from King James could never procure any satisfaction for that foul action."

These discourses, often reiterated in season and out of season, made a very deep impression on the duke, who, having been even from his childhood in the command of armies, and in his nature inclined to the most difficult and dangerous enterprises, was already weary of having so little to do, and too impatiently longed for any war, in which he knew he could not but have the chief command. But these kind of debates,

or the place in which they were made, could contribute little to an affair of so huge an importance, otherwise than by inciting the duke, which they did too much, to consider and affect it, and to dispose others who were near him to inculcate the same thoughts into him, as an argument in which his honor would be much exalted in the eye of all the world; and to these good offices they were enough disposed by the restlessness and unquietness of their own natures, and by many other motives, for the accomplishing their own designs and getting more power into their own hands.

But there was lately—very lately—a peace fully concluded with the States-General upon the same terms, articles, and conditions, which they had formerly yielded to Cromwell, being very much more advantageous than they had ever granted in any treaty to the Crown. And at the time of the conclusion of the peace they delivered their orders from the States-General and their East India Company for the delivery of the island of Poleroone to the English, which Cromwell himself had extorted from them with the greatest difficulty; so that there was now no color of justice to make a war upon them. Beside that, there were at present great jealousies from Spain upon the marriage with Portugal; nor did France, which had broken promise in making a treaty with Holland, make any haste to renew the treaty with England. And therefore it could not but seem strange to all men that when we had only made a treaty of peace with Holland, and that so newly and upon so long consideration, and had none with either of the Crowns, we should so much desire to enter into a war with them.

However, the duke's heart was set upon it, and he loved to speak of it, and the benefits which would attend it. He spake of it to the King, whom he found no ways inclined to it, and therefore he knew it was unfit to propose it in council; yet he spake often of it to such of the lords of whom he had the best opinion, and found many of them to concur with him in the opinion of the advantages which might arise from thence. And sometimes he thought he left the King disposed to it, by an argument which he found prevailed with many: "that the differences and jealousies in point of trade which did every day fall out and would every day increase between the English and

the Dutch, who had in the late distractions gotten great advantages, would unavoidably produce a war between them; and then that the question only was, whether it were not better for us to begin it now, when they do not expect it, and we are better prepared for it than probably we shall be then; or to stay two or three years, in which the same jealousy would provoke them to be well provided, when probably we might not be ready. That we had the best sea officers in the world, many of whom had often beaten the Dutch, and knew how to do it again; and a multitude of excellent mariners and common seamen—all which, if they found that nothing would be done at home, would disperse themselves in merchant voyages to the Indies and the Straits; and probably so many good men would never be found together again."

And with such arguments he many times thought that he left the King much moved; but when he spake to him again (though he knew that he had no kindness for the Dutch) his Majesty was changed, and very averse to a war, which he imputed to the chancellor, who had not dissembled, as often as his Highness spake to him, to be passionately and obstinately against it. And he did take all the opportunities he could find to confirm the King in his aversion to it, who was in his heart averse from it, by presenting to him the state of his own affairs, "the great debt that yet lay upon him, which with peace and good husbandry might be in some time paid; but a war would involve him in so much greater, that no man could see the end of it. That he would be able to preserve himself against the factions and distempers in his own kingdom, and probably suppress them, if he were without a foreign enemy; but if he should be engaged in a war abroad, his domestic divisions, especially those in religion, would give him more trouble than he could well struggle withal.

"That it was an erroneous assumption that the Dutch would be better provided for a war two or three years hence, and his Majesty worse, for which there was no reason. That within that time it would be his own fault if the distempers in his three kingdoms were not composed, which would make him much fitter for a war; whereas now neither of them could be said to be in peace, that of Ireland being totally unsettled, and that of Scotland not yet well pleased, and England far from it.

That in that time it was very probable that the two crowns would be again engaged in a war, since it was generally believed, and with great reason, that France only expected the death of the King of Spain, who was very infirm, and meant then to fall into Flanders, having at the same time with great expense provided great magazines of corn and hay upon the borders, which could be for no other end. That while he continued in peace his friendship would be valuable to all the princes of Europe, and the two crowns would strive who should gain him; but if he engaged in a war, and in such a war as that with Holland, which would interrupt and disturb all the trade of his kingdom, upon which the greatest part of his revenue did rise, all other princes would look on, and not much esteem any offices he could perform to them. And lastly, that a little time might possibly administer a just occasion of a war, which at present there was not."

These, and better arguments which the King's own understanding suggested to him, made him fully resolve against the war, and to endeavor to change his brother from affecting it, which wrought not at all upon him; but finding that many things fell from the King in the argument, which had been alleged to himself by the chancellor, he concluded the mischief came from him, and was displeased accordingly, and complained to his wife, "that her father should oppose him in an affair upon which he knew his heart was so much set, and of which everybody took so much notice," which troubled her very much. And she very earnestly desired her father "that he would no more oppose the duke in that matter." He answered her "that she did not enough understand the consequence of that affair; but that he would take notice to the duke of what she had said, and give him the best answer he could." And accordingly he waited upon the duke, who very frankly confessed to him "that he took it very unkindly, that he should so positively endeavor to cross a design so honorable in itself, and so much desired by the city of London; and he was confident it would be very grateful to the Parliament, and that they would supply the King with money enough to carry it on, which would answer the chief objection. That he was engaged to pursue it, and he could not but be sorry and displeased, that everybody should see how little credit he had with him."

The chancellor told him "that he had no apprehension that any sober man in England, or his Highness himself, should believe that he could fail in his duty to him, or that he would omit any opportunity to make it manifest, which he could never do without being a fool or a madman. On the other hand, he could never give any advice, or consent to it, whoever gave it, which in his judgment and conscience would be very mischievous to the Crown and to the kingdom, though his Royal Highness or the King himself were inclined to it." He did assure him "that he found the King very averse from any thought of this war, before he ever discovered his own opinion of it," but denied not "that he had taken all opportunities to confirm him in that judgment by arguments that he thought could not be answered; and that the consequence of that war would be very pernicious. That he did presume that many good men with whom he had conferred did seem to concur with his Highness out of duty to him, and as they saw it would be grateful to him, or upon a sudden, and without making those reflections which would afterward occur to them and make them change their minds. That a few merchants, nor all the merchants in London, were not the city of London, which had had war enough, and could only become rich by peace. That he did not think the Parliament would be forward to encourage that war; nor should the King be desirous that they should interpose their advice in it, since it was a subject entirely in the King's own determination; but if they should appear never so forward in it, he was old enough to remember when a Parliament did advise, and upon the matter compel, his grandfather King James to enter into a war with Spain, upon promise of ample supplies; and yet when he was engaged in it, they gave him no more supply; so that at last the Crown was compelled to accept of a peace not very honorable."

Besides the arguments he had used to the King, he besought his Highness to reflect upon some others more immediately relating to himself, "upon the want of able men to conduct the counsels upon which such a war might be carried on; how few accidents might expose the Crown to those distresses, that it might with more difficulty be buoyed up than it had lately been"; with many other arguments, which he thought made some impression upon the duke. And for some months there

was no more mention or discourse in the court of the war, though they who first laid the design still cultivated it, and made little doubt of bringing it at last to pass.

At or about this time there was a transaction of great importance, which at the time was not popular nor indeed understood, and afterward was objected against the chancellors in his misfortunes, as a principal argument of his infidelity and corruption; which was the sale of Dunkirk, the whole proceeding whereof shall be plainly and exactly related from the beginning to the end thereof.

The charge and expense the Crown was at; the pay of the land forces and garrisons; the great fleets set out to sea for the reduction of the Turkish pirates of Algiers and Tunis, and for guarding the narrow seas, and security of the merchants; the constant yearly charge of the garrison of Dunkirk, of that at Tangier, and the vast expense of building a mole there, for which there was an establishment, together with the garrisons at Bombayne and in Jamaica (none of which had been known to the Crown in former times); and the lord treasurer's frequent representation of all this to the King, as so prodigious an expense as could never be supported—had put his Majesty to frequent consultations how he might lessen and save any part of it. But no expedient could be resolved upon. The lord treasurer, who was most troubled when money was wanted, had many secret conferences with the general and with the best seamen of the benefit that accrued to the Crown by keeping of Dunkirk, the constant charge and expense whereof amounted to above £120,000 yearly; and he found by them it was a place of little importance.

It is true that he had conferred of it with the chancellor, with whom he held a fast friendship, but found him so averse from it that he resolved to speak with him no more till the King had taken some resolution. And to that purpose he persuaded the general to go with him to the King and to the Duke of York, telling them both "that the chancellor must know nothing of it." And after several debates the King thought it so counsellable a thing that he resolved to have it debated before that committee which he trusted in his most secret affairs; and the chancellor being then lame of the gout, he commanded that all those lords should attend him in his house. Beside his Majesty

himself and the Duke of York, there appeared the lord treasurer, the general, the Earl of Sandwich, the Vice-Chamberlain Sir George Carteret, who had been a great commander at sea, and the two secretaries of state. When the King entered the room with the lord treasurer, he desired his Majesty, smiling, "that he would take the chancellor's staff from him, otherwise he would break his head." When they were all sat, the King told him "they were all come to debate an affair that he knew he was against, which was the parting with Dunkirk; but he did believe, when he had heard all that was said for it and against it, he would change his mind, as he himself had done." And so the debate was entered into in this method, after enough was said of the straits the Crown was in, and what the yearly expense was:

1. "That the profit which did or could accrue to the kingdom by the keeping of Dunkirk was very inconsiderable, whether in war or peace. That by sea it was very little useful, it being no harbor, nor having place for the King's ships to ride in with safety; and that if it were in the hand of an enemy it could do us little prejudice, because three or four ships might block it up, and keep it from infesting its neighbors; and that though heretofore it had been a place of license at sea, and had much obstructed trade by their men-of-war, yet that proceeded only from the unskilfulness of that time in applying proper remedies to it, which was manifest by Cromwell's blocking them up, and restraining them when he made war upon them, insomuch as all the men-of-war left that place and betook themselves to other harbors. That it was so weak to the land (notwithstanding the great charge his Majesty had been at in the fortifications, which were not yet finished), by the situation and the soil, that it required as many men within to defend it as the army should consist of that besieged it; otherwise that it could never hold out and endure a siege of two months, as it appeared clearly by its having been taken and retaken so many times within the late years, in all which times it never held out so long, though there was always an army at no great distance to relieve it.

2. "That the charge of keeping and maintaining it, without any accidents from the attempt of an enemy, did amount unto about £120,000 by the year, which was a sum the revenue of

the Crown could not supply without leaving many other particulars of much importance unprovided for." And this was not lightly nor cursorily urged; but the state of the revenue, and the constant and indispensable issues, were at the same time presented and carefully examined.

3. "It could not reasonably be believed but that if Dunkirk was kept, his Majesty would be shortly involved in a war with one of the two crowns. The Spanish ambassador had already demanded restitution of it in point of justice, it having been taken from his master by the late usurper, in a time when there was not only a peace between his Majesty and the King of Spain, but when his Majesty resided, and was entertained by the Catholic King, in Flanders; and at this time both France and Spain inhibited their subjects from paying those small contributions to the garrison at Dunkirk, and endeavored to restrain the governor himself from enjoying some privileges, which had always been enjoyed by him from the time that it was put into Cromwell's hands." And it was upon this and many other reasons then conceived, "that as it would be very hard for the King to preserve a neutrality towards both crowns, even during the time of war between them" (which temper was thought very necessary for his Majesty's affairs), "so it would be much more difficult long to avoid a war with one of them upon the keeping Dunkirk, if the peace that was newly made should remain firm and unshaken."

Upon these reasons, urged and agreed upon by those who could not but be thought very competent judges, in respect of their several professions and great experience, the King resolved to ease himself of the insupportable burden of maintaining Dunkirk, and to part with it in such a manner as might be more for his advantage and benefit. There remained then no other question than into what hand to put it; and the measure of that was only who would give most money for it, there being no inclination to prefer one to another. It was enough understood that both crowns would be very glad to have it, and would probably both make large offers for it. But it was then as evident that whatsoever France should contract for, the King would be sure to receive, and the business would be soon despatched; whereas on the other hand it was as notorious and evident to his Majesty, and to all who had any knowledge of

the court of Spain, and of the scarcity of money there and in Flanders, that how large offers soever the Spaniards might make, they could not be able in any time to pay any considerable sum of money; and that there would be so much time spent in consult between Madrid and Brussels before it could be despatched, that the keeping it so long in his Majesty's hands would in the expense disappoint him of a good part of the end in parting with it. Beside that, it seemed at that time probable that the Spaniard would shortly declare himself an enemy; for beside that he demanded Dunkirk as of right, so he likewise required the restitution of Tangier and Jamaica for the same reason, and declared "that without it there could be no lasting peace between England and Spain," and refused so much as to enter upon a treaty of alliance with the King before he should promise to make such a restitution.

There wanted not in this conference and debate the consideration of the States of the United Provinces, as persons like enough to desire the possession of Dunkirk, from whence they had formerly received so much damage, and were like enough to receive more whenever they should be engaged in any war; and if in truth they should have any such desire, more money might be reasonably required, and probably be obtained from them, than could be expected from either of the kings. But upon the discussion of that point, it did appear to every man's reason very manifest that though they had rather that Dunkirk should be put into the hands of the Spaniard than delivered to France, or than it should be detained by the English, yet they durst not receive it into their own possession, which neither of the two crowns would have approved of, and so it would have exposed them to the displeasure, if not the hostility, of both the kings.

Upon this full deliberation, his Majesty inclined rather to give it up to France than to Spain; but deferred any positive resolution till he had imparted the whole matter to the council-board, where the debate was again resumed, principally "whether it were more counsellable to keep it at so vast a charge, or to part with it for a good sum of money." And in that debate the mention of what had been heretofore done in the House of Commons upon that subject was not omitted, nor the bill that they had sent up to the House of Peers for annexing it insep-

arably to the Crown; but that was not thought of moment, for as it had been suddenly entertained in the House of Commons, upon the Spanish ambassador's first proposition for the restitution, so it was looked upon in the House of Peers as unfit in itself, and so laid aside after once being read (which had been in the first convention soon after the King's return), and so expired as soon as it was born. After a long debate of the whole matter at the council-board, where all was averred concerning the uselessness and weakness of the place, by those who had said it at the committee, there was but one lord of the council who offered his advice to the King against parting with it; and the ground of that lord's dissenting, who was the Earl of St. Albans, was enough understood to have nothing of public importance in it, but to draw the negotiations for it into his own hands. In conclusion, his Majesty resolved to put it into the hands of France, if that King would comply with his Majesty's expectation in the payment of so much money as he would require for it; and a way was found out that the King might privately be advertised of that his Majesty's resolution, if he should have any desire to deal for it. The advertisement was very welcome to the French King, who was then resolved to visit Flanders as soon as he should know of the death of the King of Spain, which was expected every day. Nor had he deferred it till then, upon the late affront his ambassador had received at London from the Spanish ambassador (who by a contrived and labored stratagem had got the precedence for his coach before the other, which the King of France received with that indignation that he sent presently to demand justice at Madrid, commanded his ambassador to retire from thence, and would not suffer the Spanish ambassador to remain in Paris till he should have satisfaction, and was resolved to have begun a war upon it) if the King of Spain had not acknowledged the fault of his ambassador, and under his hand declared the precedence to belong to France, which declaration was sent to the courts of all princes; and so for the present that spark of fire was extinguished, or rather raked up.

The King sent M. d'Estrades privately to London to treat about Dunkirk, without any character, but pretending to make his way to Holland, whither he was designed ambassador. After he had waited upon the King, his Majesty appointed

four or five of the lords of his council, whereof the chancellor and treasurer and general were three, to treat with M. d'Estrades for the sale of Dunkirk, when the first conference was spent in endeavoring to persuade him to make the first offer for the price, which he could not be drawn to; so that the King's commissioners were obliged to make their demand. And they asked the sum of £700,000 sterling to be paid upon the delivery of Dunkirk and Mardike into the possession of the King of France, which sum appeared to him to be so stupendous that he seemed to think the treaty at an end, and resolved to make no offer at all on the part of his master. And so the conference brake up.

At the next meeting he offered 3,000,000 livres, according to the common account amounted to 300,000 pistoles, which the King's commissioners so much undervalued; so that any further conference was discontinued till he had sent an express or two into France, and till their return: for as the expectation of a great sum of ready money was the King's motive to part with it, beside the saving the monthly charge, so they concluded that his necessities would oblige him to part with it at a moderate price. And after the return of the expresses, the King's commissioners insisting still upon what D'Estrades thought too much, and he offering what they thought too little, the treaty seemed to be at an end, and he prepared for his return. In conclusion, his Majesty being fully as desirous to part with it as the King of France could be to have it, it was agreed and concluded "that upon the payment of 500,000 pistoles in specie at Calais to such persons as the King should appoint to receive it, his Majesty's garrison of Dunkirk and Mardike should be withdrawn, and those places put into the hands of the King of France," all which was executed accordingly.

Without doubt it was a greater sum of money than was ever paid at one payment by any prince in Christendom, upon what occasion soever; and everybody seemed very glad to see so vast a sum of money delivered into the Tower of London, as it was all together, the King at the same time declaring "that no part of it should be applied to any ordinary occasion, but be preserved for some pressing accident, as an insurrection or the like," which was reasonably enough apprehended.

Nor was there the least murmur at this bargain in all the

sessions of the Parliament which sat after, until it fell out to some men's purposes to reproach the chancellor; and then they charged him " with advising the sale of Dunkirk, and that the very artillery, ammunition, and stores amounted to a greater value than the King received for the whole," when, upon an estimate that had been taken of all those, they were not esteemed to be worth more than £20,000 sterling; and the consideration of those, when the King's commissioners insisted upon their being all shipped for England, and the necessity of keeping them upon the place where they were, had prevailed with M. d'Estrades to consent to that sum of 500,000 pistoles.

But whether the bargain was ill or well made, there could be no fault imputed to the chancellor, who had no more to do in the transaction than is before set down, the whole matter having been so long deliberated and so fully debated. Nor did he ever before, or in, or after the transaction, receive the value of half a crown for reward or present, or any other consideration relating to that affair; and the treatment he received after his coming into France was evidence enough that that King never thought himself beholden to him.

A little before this time the Queen mother returned again for England, having disbursed a great sum of money in making a noble addition to his palace of Somerset-house. With the Queen there came over a youth of about ten or a dozen years of age, who was called by the name of Mr. Crofts, because the Lord Crofts had been trusted to take care of his breeding; but he was generally thought to be the King's son, begotten upon a private Welch woman of no good fame, but handsome, who had transported herself to The Hague when the King was first there, with a design to obtain that honor, which a groom of the bedchamber willingly preferred her to; and there it was this boy was born. The mother lived afterward for some years in France in the King's sight, and at last lost his Majesty's favor; yet the King desired to have the son delivered to him, that he might take care of his education, which she would not consent to.

At last the Lord Crofts got him into his charge; and the mother dying at Paris, he had the sole tuition of him, and took care for the breeding him suitable to the quality of a very good gentleman. And the Queen after some years came to know of

it, and frequently had him brought to her, and used him with much grace; and upon the King's desire brought him with her from Paris into England when he was about twelve years of age, very handsome, and performed those exercises gracefully which youths of that age used to learn in France. The King received him with extraordinary fondness, and was willing that everybody should believe him to be his son, though he did not yet make any declaration that he looked upon him as such, otherwise than by his kindness and familiarity toward him. He assigned a liberal maintenance for him, but took not that care for a strict breeding of him as his age required.

The general, during the time of his command in Scotland, had acquaintance with a lady of much honor there, the Countess of Weemes, who had been before the wife of the Earl of Buccleugh, and by him had one only daughter, who inherited his very great estate and title, and was called the Countess of Buccleugh, a child of eight or ten years of age. All men believed that the general's purpose was to get this lady for his own son, a match suitable enough; but the time now being changed, the Lord Lautherdale, being a good courtier, thought his countrywoman might be much better married if she were given to the King for this youth, toward whom he expressed so much fondness, those kinds of extractions carrying little disadvantage with them in Scotland; and the general, whatever thoughts he had before, would not be so ill a courtier as not to advance such a proposition. The lady was already in possession of the greatest fortune in Scotland, which would have a fair addition upon the death of her mother.

The King liked the motion well; and so the mother was sent to bring up her daughter to London, they being then both in Scotland. And when they came, the King trusted the Earl of Lautherdale principally to treat that affair with the mother, who had rather have been referred to any other body, having indeed some just exceptions. They were both yet under the years of consent; but that time drawing on, such a contract was drawn up as had been first proposed to the King, which was, "that the whole estate, for want of issue by the young lady, or by her death, should be devolved upon the young man who was to marry her, and his heirs forever; and that this should be settled by act of Parliament in Scotland." Matters

being drawn to this length, and writings being to be prepared, it was now necessary that this young gentleman must have a name, and the Scots advocate had prepared a draught in which he was styled the King's natural son; and the King was every day pressed by the great lady, and those young men who knew the customs of France, to create him a nobleman of England; and was indeed very willing to be advised to that purpose.

Till this time, this whole matter was treated as a secret among the Scots; but now the King thought fit to consult it with others, and telling the chancellor of all that had passed, showed him the draught prepared by the Scots advocate, and asked him "what he thought of it," and likewise implied "that he thought fit to give him some title of honor."

After he had read it over, he told his Majesty "that he need not give him any other title of honor than he would enjoy by his marriage, by which he would, by the law of Scotland, be called the Earl of Buccleugh, which would be title enough; and he desired his Majesty to pardon him if he found fault with and disliked the title they had given him who prepared that draught wherein they had presumed to style him the King's natural son, which was never, at least in many ages, used in England, and would have an ill sound in England with all his people, who thought that those unlawful acts ought to be concealed, and not published and justified. That France indeed had, with inconvenience enough to the Crown, raised some families of those births; but it was always from women of great quality, and who had never been tainted with any other familiarity. And that there was another circumstance required in Spain, which his Majesty should do well to observe in this case, if he had taken a resolution in the main; which was, that the King took care for the good education of that child whom he believed to be his, but never publicly owned or declared him to be such till he had given some notable evidence of his inheriting or having acquired such virtues and qualities as made him, in the eyes of all men, worthy of such a descent. That this gentleman was yet young, and not yet to be judged of; and therefore if he were for the present married to this young lady, and assumed her title, as he must do, his Majesty might defer for some years making any such declaration, which he might

do when he would, and which at present would be as unpopular an action in the hearts of his subjects as he could commit."

Though the King did not seem to concur in all that was said, he did not appear at all offended, and only asked him "whether he had not conferred with the Queen his mother upon that subject." When he assured him "he had not, nor with any other person, and though he had heard some general discourse of his Majesty's purpose to make that marriage, he had never heard either of the other particulars mentioned," the King said "he had reason to ask the question, because many of those things which he had said had been spoken to him by the Queen his mother, who was entirely of his opinion, which she used not to be;" and concluded "that he would confer with them together," seeming for the present to be more moved and doubtful in the matter of the declaration than in the other of the creation, and said "there was no reason, since she brought all the estate, that she should receive no addition by her husband." The Queen afterward took an occasion to speak at large to the chancellor of it with much warmth and manifestation that she did not like it. But the King spake with neither of them afterward upon it, but signed the declaration, and created him to be Duke of Monmouth, very few persons dissuading it, and the lady employing all her credit to bring it to pass; and the Earl of Bristol (who in those difficult cases was usually consulted) pressed it as the only way to make the King's friendship valuable.

Since the Earl of Bristol is mentioned upon this occasion, it will not be unseasonable to give him the next part in this relation. Though he had left no way unattempted to render himself gracious to the King by saying and doing all that might be acceptable unto him, and contriving such meetings and jollities as he was pleased with, and though his Majesty had been several ways very bountiful to him, and had particularly given him at one time £10,000 in money, with which he had purchased Wimbledon of the Queen and had given him Ashdown Forest, and other lands in Sussex, yet he found he had not that degree of favor and interest in the King's affections as he desired, or desired that other people should think he had. The change of his religion kept him from being admitted to the council, or to any employment of moment. And whereas he

made no doubt of drawing the whole dependence of the Roman Catholics upon himself, and to have the disposal of that interest, and to that purpose had the Jesuits firm to him, he found that he had no kind of credit with them, nor was admitted by them to their most secret consultations, and that the fathers of the society had more enemies than friends among the Catholics.

His estate had been sold and settled by his own consent upon the marriage of his eldest son twice to great fortunes, so that when he returned from beyond the seas he could not return to his estate as others did, and had little more to subsist upon than the King's bounty; and that was not poured out upon him in the measure he wished, though few persons tasted more of it. He was in his nature very covetous, and ready to embrace all ways that were offered to get money, whether honorable or no, for he had not a great power over himself, and could not bear want, which he could hardly avoid, for he was nothing provident in his expenses, when he had any temptation from his ambition or vanity. Beside, his appetite to play and gaming, in which he had no skill, and by which he had all his life spent whatever he could get, was not at all abated. He spent as much money at Wimbledon in building and gardening as the land was worth.

By all these means he found himself in straits which he could neither endure nor get from, and which transported him to that degree that he resolved to treat the King in another manner than he had yet presumed to do. And having asked somewhat of him that his Majesty did not think to grant, he told him "he knew well the cause of his withdrawing his favor from him; that it proceeded only from the chancellor, who governed him and managed all his affairs, while himself spent his time only in pleasures and debauchery;" and in this passion upbraided him with many excesses, to which no man had contributed more than he had done. He said many truths which ought to have been more modestly and decently mentioned, and all this in the presence of the Lord Aubigny, who was as much surprised as the King; and concluded "that if he did not give him satisfaction within such a time" (the time allowed did not exceed four-and-twenty hours) "he would do somewhat that would awaken him out of his slumber and make him

look better to his own business"; and added many threats against the chancellor. The King stood all this time in such confusion that though he gave him more sharp words than were natural to him, he had not that presentness of mind (as he afterward accused himself) as he ought to have had; and said "he ought presently to have called for the guard," it being in his own closet, "and sent him to the Tower."

The court and the town was full of the discourse that the Earl of Bristol would accuse the chancellor of high treason, who knew nothing of what had passed with the King. And it seems when the time was past that he prescribed to the King to give him satisfaction, he came one morning to the House of Peers with a paper in his hand, and told the lords "that he could not but observe that after so glorious a return with which God had blessed the King and the nation, so that all the world had expected, that the prosperity of the kingdom would have far exceeded the misery and adversity that it had for many years endured, and after the Parliament had contributed more toward it than ever Parliament had done; notwithstanding all which, it was evident to all men, and lamented by those who wished well to his Majesty, that his affairs grew every day worse and worse; the King himself lost much of his honor, and the affection he had in the hearts of the people. That for his part he looked upon it with as much sadness as any man, and had made inquiry as well as he could from whence this great misfortune, which everybody was sensible of, could proceed; and that he was satisfied in his own conscience that it proceeded principally from the power and credit, and sole credit, of the chancellor; and therefore he was resolved, for the good of his country, to accuse the lord chancellor of high treason, which he had done in the paper which he desired might be read, all written with his own hand, to which he subscribed his name."

The paper contained many articles, which he called Articles of High Treason and other Misdemeanors; among which one was, "that he had persuaded the King to send a gentleman (a creature of his own) to Rome with letters to the Pope, to give a cardinal's cap to the Lord Aubigny, who was almoner to the Queen." The rest contained his assuming to himself the government of all public affairs, which he had administered

unskilfully, corruptly, and traitorously; which he was ready to prove.

The chancellor, without any trouble in his countenance, told the lords "that he had had the honor heretofore to have so much the good opinion and friendship of that lord, that he durst appeal to his own conscience, that he did not himself believe one of those articles to be true, and knew the contrary of most of them. And he was glad to find that he thought it so high a crime to send to Rome, and to desire a cardinal's cap for a Catholic lord, who had always been bred from his cradle in that faith; but he did assure them that that gentleman was only sent by the Queen to the Pope, upon an affair that she thought herself obliged to comply with him in, and in hope to do some good office to Portugal; and that the King had neither writ to the Pope, nor to any other person in Rome." He spake at large to most of the articles, to show the impossibility of their being true, and that they reflected more upon the King's honor than upon his; and concluded "that he was sorry that lord had not been better advised, for he did believe that though all that was alleged in the articles should be true, they would not all amount to high treason, upon which he desired the judges might be required to deliver their opinion; the which the lords ordered the judges to do." It was moved by one of the lords "that the copy of the articles might be sent to the King, because he was mentioned so presumptuously in them," which was likewise agreed; and the articles were delivered to the lord chamberlain to present to the King.

The chancellor had promised that day to dine in Whitehall, but would not presume to go thither till he had sent to the King, not thinking it fit to go into his court, while he lay under an accusation of high treason, without his leave. His Majesty sent him word "that he should dine where he had appointed, and as soon as he had dined that he should attend him." Then his Majesty told him and the lord treasurer all that had passed between the Earl of Bristol and him in the presence of the Lord Aubigny; and in the relation of it expressed great indignation, and was angry with himself, "that he had not immediately sent him to the Tower, which," he said, "he would do as soon as he could apprehend him." He used the chancellor with much grace, and told him "that the

Earl of Bristol had not treated him so ill as he had done his Majesty, and that his articles were more to his dishonor, and reflected more upon him, for which he would have justice."

His Majesty commanded the lord chamberlain to return his thanks to the House "for the respect they had showed to him in sending those articles to him," and to let them know "that he looked upon them as a libel against himself more than a charge against the chancellor, who upon his knowledge was innocent of all the particulars charged upon him," which report the lord chamberlain made the next morning to the House; and at the same time the judges declared their opinion unanimously, "that the whole charge contained nothing of treason though it were all true." Upon which the Earl of Bristol, especially upon what the lord chamberlain had reported from the King, appeared in great confusion, and lamented his condition, "that he, for endeavoring to serve his country upon the impulsion of his conscience, was discountenanced, and threatened with the anger and displeasure of his prince, while his adversary kept his place in the House, and had the judges so much at his devotion that they would not certify against him." The chancellor moved the House, "that a short day might be given to the earl to bring in his evidence to prove the several matters of his charge; otherwise that he might have such reparation as was in their judgments proportionable to the indignity." The earl said "he should not fail to produce witnesses to prove all he had alleged, and more; but that he could not appoint a time when he could be ready for a hearing, because many of his most important witnesses were beyond the seas, some at Paris, and others in other places; and that he must examine the Duke of Ormond, who was lieutenant in Ireland, and the Earl of Lautherdale, who was then in Scotland, and must desire commissioners for that purpose."

But from this day he made no further instance; and understanding that the King had given warrants to a sergeant-at-arms to apprehend him, he concealed himself in several places for the space of nearly two years, sending sometimes letters and petitions by his wife to the King, who would not receive them. But in the end his Majesty was prevailed with by the lady and Sir Harry Bennet to see him in private, but would not admit him to come to the court, nor repeal his warrants for his

apprehension; so that he appeared not publicly till the chancellor's misfortune, and then he came to the court and to the Parliament in great triumph, and showed a more impotent malice than was expected from his generosity and understanding.

We shall in the next place take a view of Scotland, whither we left Middleton sent the King's commissioner, who performed his part with wonderful dexterity and conduct, and with more success than some of his countrymen were pleased with. We have remembered before the debate upon his instructions, and the earnest advice and caution given by Lautherdale against any hasty attempt to make alteration in the matters of the Church, which was at last left to the discretion of the commissioner, to proceed in such a manner, and at such a time, as he found most convenient. As soon as he came thither he found himself received with as universal an exclamation, and the King's authority as cheerfully submitted to, as can be imagined or could be wished; and such a consent to everything he proposed, that he made no question but anything his Majesty required would find an entire obedience. The Earl of Glencarne, who was chancellor, and the Earl of Rothes, and all the nobility of any interest or credit, were not only faithful to the King, but fast friends to Middleton, and magnified his conduct in all their letters.

The Earl of Crawford alone, who was treasurer, which is an office that cannot be unattended by a great faction in that kingdom, retained still his rigid affection for the presbytery, when the ministers themselves grew much less rigid, and were even ashamed of the many follies and madnesses they had committed. But the Earl of Crawford did all he could to raise their spirits, and to keep them firm to the kirk. In all other particulars he was full of devotion to the King, being entirely of the faction of Hamilton, and nearly allied to it; and when the King was in Scotland had served him signally, and had then been made by him high treasurer of that kingdom; and upon Cromwell's prevailing and conjunction with Argyle, was as odious as any man to them both, and had for many years been prisoner in England till the time of the King's return. There was always a great friendship between him and Lautherdale, the former being a man of much the greater interest and of un-

questionable courage, the other excelling him in all the faculties which are necessary to business, and being a master of dissimulation.

Middleton, and the lords who went with him, and the general (upon whose advice the King depended as much in the business of Scotland), were all earnest with his Majesty to remove the Earl of Crawford from that great office, which would enable him to do mischief. But the King's good-nature prevailed over him, though he knew him as well as they did; and he thought it too hard-hearted a thing to remove a man, whom he found a prisoner for his service, from an office he had formerly conferred upon him for his merit, and which he had not forfeited by any miscarriage. And it may be it was some argument to him of his sincerity that when others, who to his Majesty's own knowledge were as rigid Presbyterians as he, were now very frank in renouncing and disclaiming all obligations from it, he, of all the nobility, was the only man who still adhered to it, when it was evident to him that he should upon the matter be undone by it. However, the King sent him down with the rest into Scotland, being confident that he would do nothing to disserve him, as in truth he never did; and resolved that, when the business of the Church came to be agitated, if he did continue still refractory, he would take the staff from him and confer it upon Middleton, who, though all things were very fair between him and Lautherdale, to whom all his despatches must be addressed, yet depended more upon those of the English council, to whom the King had required the secretary to communicate all that he received from the commissioner, and all the despatches which he should make to him.

And by this means no orders were sent from the King which restrained him from proceeding in the matter of the Church according to discretion, as he was appointed by his instructions, though Lautherdale did not dissemble, when letters came from Scotland "of the good posture the King's affairs were in there, and that anything might be brought to pass that he desired," to receive other letters to which he gave more credit; and was still as solicitous that nothing might be attempted with reference to the kirk.

FAMOUS PAINTINGS FROM THE PARIS SALON.

*BASSANIO'S CHOICE.*

*Photogravure from the original painting by Lionel Royer, exhibited in the Paris Salon of 1900.*

# THE GREAT PLAGUE AND THE GREAT FIRE

BY

John Evelyn

## JOHN EVELYN

1620—1706

John Evelyn, a well-known writer of the seventeenth century, was born October 31, 1620, at Wotton, the seat of the Evelyn family, in Surrey. He was educated at the free school of Lewes, and subsequently at Balliol College, Oxford. In 1640 he entered the Middle Temple, and in the following year, prompted by the ominous appearance of public affairs, and after having witnessed the trial of Strafford, he set out for the Continent, returning, however, in the autumn of the same year. In 1642, upon offering his services to Charles I, he was accepted as a volunteer in Prince Rupert's troop, but in 1643 he again went to the Continent, where he mainly lived during the following eight years. After 1652 he settled in England, where he lived studiously and in private till the Restoration, after which he was much employed by the Government. On the organization of the Royal Society he became one of the first members, and was an industrious contributor to its transactions. He succeeded, in 1699, to the family estate at Wotton, and there, after a long, studious, and highly useful life, he died February 27, 1706. His pen seems to have been constantly employed, and that upon a great variety of subjects. Art, architecture, gardening, commerce, etc., were all treated of by Evelyn, and in such a manner as to produce the most beneficial results on his own time. His principal works are "Sculptura, or the History and Art of Chalcography and Engraving on Copper" (1662); "Silva, or a Discourse of Forest Trees," etc. (1664); and his "Memoirs" (first published in 1818). It is to the last of these works Evelyn owes the celebrity he now enjoys. The "Memoirs" are written in the form of a diary by one who had accustomed himself to habits of close observation, and continued during a period of about seventy years—and years which were the most dramatic in the recent history of England. They are of inestimable value. Sir Walter Scott said that "he had never seen a mine so rich;" and it may be added that in quaintness of expression and perspicuous detail they not only rival the diary of Pepys, but should be read with it.

# THE GREAT PLAGUE AND THE GREAT FIRE

16 JULY. There died of the plague in London this weeke 1100, and in the weeke following above 2000. Two houses were shut up in our parish.

2 Aug. A solemn fast thro' England to deprecate God's displeasure against the land by pestilence and war; our Dr. preaching on 26 Levit. 41, 42. that the meanes to obtaine remission of punishment was not to repine at it, but humbly submit to it.

3. Came his Grace the Duke of Albemarle, L. Generall of all his Majesties Forces, to visite me, and carried me to dine with him.

4. I went to Wotton to carry my sonn and his tutor Mr. Bohun, Fellow of New Coll. (recommended to me by Dr. Wilkins and the Pres. of New Coll. Oxford), for feare of the pestilence, still increasing in London and its environs. On my returne I call'd at Durdans, where I found Dr. Wilkins, Sir Wm. Petty, and Mr. Hooke, contriving chariots, new rigging for ships, a wheele for one to run races in, and other mechanical inventions; perhaps three such persons together were not to be found elsewhere in Europe, for parts and ingenuity.

8. I waited on the D. of Albemarle, who was resolved to stay at the Cock-pit in St. James's Parke. Died this week in London 4000.

15. There perished this week 5000.

28. The contagion still increasing and growing now all about us, I sent my wife and whole family (two or three necessary servants excepted) to my brother's at Wotton, being resolved to stay at my house myselfe and to looke after my charge, trusting in the providence and goodnesse of God.

5 Sept. To Chatham to inspect my charge, with 900*l.* in my coach.

7. Came home, there perishing neere 10,000 poore creatures weekly; however I went all along the Citty and suburbs from Kent Streete to St. James's, a dismal passage, and dangerous to see so many coffines expos'd in the streetes, now thin of people; the shops shut up, and all in mourneful silence, as not knowing whose turn might be next. I went to the Duke of Albemarle for a pest-ship, to wait on our infected men, who were not a few.

14. I went to Wotton; and on 16 Sept. to visite old Secretary Nicholas, being now at his new purchase of West Horsley, once mortgag'd to me by Lord Visct. Montagu: a pretty drie seate on the Downe. Return'd to Wotton.

17. Receiving a letter from Lord Sandwich of a defeate given to the Dutch, I was forc'd to travell all Sunday. I was exceedingly perplex'd to find that neere 3000 prisoners were sent to me to dispose of, being more than I had places fit to receive and guard.

25. My Lord Admiral being come from the fleete to Greenwich, I went thence with him to the Cock-pit to consult with the Duke of Albemarle. I was peremptory that unlesse we had 10,000*l.* immediately, the prisoners would starve, and 'twas proposed it should be rais'd out of the E. India prizes now taken by Lord Sandwich. They being but two of the Commission, and so not impower'd to determine, sent an expresse to his Majesty and Council to know what they should do. In the meane time I had 5 vessells with competent guards to keepe the prisoners in for the present, to be placed as I should think best. After dinner (which was at the Generals) I went over to visite his Grace the A. Bishop of Canterbury at Lambeth.

28. To the Generall againe, to acquaint him of the deplorable state of our men for want of provisions; return'd with orders.

29. To Erith to quicken the sale of the prizes lying there, with order to the Commissioner who lay on board till they should be dispos'd, of 5000*l.* being proportion'd for my quarter. Then I deliver'd the Dutch Vice Admiral, who was my prisoner, to Mr. Lowman, of the Marshalsea, he giving me bond in 500*l.* to produce him at my call. I exceedingly pittied this

brave unhappy person, who had lost with these prizes 40,000*l.* after 20 yeares negotiation [trading] in the East Indies. I din'd in one of these vessells, of 1200 tonns, full of riches.

1 October. This afternoone, whilst at evening prayers, tidings were brought me of the birth of a daughter at Wotton, after six sonns, in the same chamber I had first tooke breath in, and at the first day of that moneth, as I was on the last, 45 yeares before.—4. The monthly fast.

11. To London, and went thro' the whole Citty, having occasion to alight out of the coach in severall places about buisinesse of mony, when I was environ'd with multitudes of poore pestiferous creatures begging almes; the shops universaly shut up, a dreadful prospect! I din'd with my Lord General; was to receive 10,000*l.* and had guards to convey both myselfe and it, and so returned home, thro' God's infinite mercy.

17. I went to Gravesend, next day to Chatham, thence to Maidstone, in order to the march of 500 prisoners to Leeds Castle, which I had hired of Lord Culpeper. I was earnestly desir'd by the learned Sir Roger Twisden and Deputy Lieutenants to spare Maidstone from quartering any of my sick flock. Here Sir Edw. Brett sent me some horse to bring up the reare. This country from Rochester to Maidstone by the Medway and the Downs is very agreeable for the prospect.

21. I came from Gravesend, where Sir Jo. Griffith, the Governor of the Fort, entertain'd me very handsomely.

31. I was this day 45 yeares of age, wonderfully preserved, for which I blessed God for his infinite goodness towards me.

23 November. Went home, the contagion having now decreas'd considerably.

27. The Duke of Albemarle was going to Oxford, where both Court and Parliament had ben most part of the summer. There was no small suspicion of my Lord Sandwich having permitted divers commanders who were at the taking of the East India prizes, to break bulk and take to themselves jewels, silkes, &c.: tho' I believe some whom I could name fill'd their pockets, my Lo. Sandwich himselfe had the least share. However he underwent the blame, and it created him enemies, and prepossess'd the Lord Generall, for he spake to me of it with much zeale and concerne, and I believe laid load enough on Lord Sandwich at Oxford.

8 Dec. To my Lo. of Albemarle (now return'd from Oxon), who was declar'd Generall at Sea, to the no small mortification of that excellent person the Earle of Sandwich, whom the Duke of Albemarle not onely suspected faulty about the prizes, but less valiant; himselfe imagining how easie a thing it were to confound the Hollanders, as well now as heretofore he fought against them upon a more disloyal interest.

25. Kept Christmas with my hospitable brother at Wotton.

30. To Woodcott, when I supp'd at my Lady Mordaunt's at Ashted, where was a roome hung with *Pintado,* full of figures greate and small, prettily representing sundry trades and occupations of the Indians, with their habits; here supp'd also Dr. Duke, a learned and facetious gentleman.

31. Now blessed be God for his extraordinary mercies and preservation of me this yeare, when thousands and ten thousands perish'd and were swept away on each side of me, there dying in our parish this yeare 406 of the pestilence!

1666. 3 Jan. I supp'd in None-such House,[1] whither the office of the Exchequer was transferr'd during the plague, at my good friend's Mr. Packer's, and tooke an exact view of the plaster statues and bass relievos inserted 'twixt the timbers and punchions of the outside walles of the Court; which must needs have ben the work of some celebrated Italian. I much admir'd how it had lasted so well and intire since the time of Hen. VIII. expos'd as they are to the aire; and pitty it is they are not taken out and preserv'd in some drie place; a gallerie would become them. There are some mezzo-relievos as big as the life, the storie is of the Heathen Gods, emblems, compartments, &c. The Palace consists of two courts, of which the first is of stone, castle-like, by the Lo. Lumlies (of whom 'twas purchas'd), the other of timber, a Gotic fabric, but these walls incomparably beautified. I observ'd that the appearing timber punchions, entrelices, &c. were all so cover'd with scales of slate, that it seem'd carv'd in the wood and painted, the slate fastened on the timber in pretty figures, that has, like a coate of armour, preserv'd it from rotting. There stand in the garden two handsome stone pyramids, and the avenue planted with

[1] There is a small print of it in Speed's "Map of Surrey," but a larger one by Hoefnagle in a "Collection of Views," some in England, but chiefly abroad. Mr. Lysons has copied this in his "Environs of Lundon," edit. 1796, vol. i. p. 153.

rows of faire elemes, but the rest of these goodly trees, both of this and of Worcester Park adjoyning, were fell'd by those destructive and avaricious rebells in the late warr, which defac'd one of the stateliest seates his Majesty had.

12. After much, and indeede extraordinary mirth and cheere, all my brothers, our wives and children being together, and after much sorrow and trouble during this Contagion, which seperated our families as well as others, I returned to my house, but my wife went back to Wotton, I not as yet willing to adventure her, the Contagion, tho' exceedingly abated, not as yet wholy extinguished amongst us.

29. I went to waite on his Majesty, now return'd from Oxford to Hampton Court, where the Duke of Albemarle presented me to him; he ran towards me, and in a most gracious manner gave me his hand to kisse, with many thanks for my care and faithfullnesse in his service in a time of such greate danger, when every body fled their employments; he told me he was much oblig'd to me, and said he was severall times concern'd for me, and the peril I underwent, and did receive my service most acceptably (tho' in truth I did but my duty, and O that I had performed it as I ought!) After this his Majesty was pleas'd to talke with me alone, neere an houre, of severall particulars of my employment, and order'd me to attend him againe on the Thursday following at Whitehall. Then the Duke came towards me, and embrac'd me with much kindnesse, telling me if he had thought my danger would have ben so greate, he would not have suffer'd his Majesty to employ me in that station. Then came to salute me my Lo. of St. Albans, Lord Arlington, Sir William Coventrie, and severall greate persons; after which I got home, not being very well in health.

The Court was now in deepe mourning for the French Queene Mother.

2 Feb. To London, his Majesty now come to White-hall, where I heard and saw my Lo. Maior (and breathren) make his speech of wellcome, and the two Sheriffs were knighted.

6. My wife and family return'd to me from the country, where they had ben since August, by reason of the contagion, now almost universally ceasing. Blessed be God for his infinite mercy in preserving us! I having gone thro' so much danger, and lost so many of my poore officers, escaping still

myselfe, that I might live to recount and magnifie his goodnesse to me.

8. I had another gracious reception by his Majesty who call'd me into his bed-chamber, to lay before and describe to him my project of an Infirmarie, which I read to him, who with greate approbation, recommended it to his R. Highnesse.

20 Feb. To the Commissioners of the Navy, who having seene the project of the Infirmary, encourag'd the work, and were very earnest it should be set about immediately; but I saw no mony, tho' a very moderate expense would have saved thousands to his Majesty, and ben much more commodious for the cure and quartering our sick and wounded, than the dispersing them into private houses, where many more chirurgeons and attendants were necessary, and the people tempted to debaucherie.

21. Went to my Lo. Treasurers for an assignment of £40,000 upon the two last quarters for support of the next yeares charge. Next day to Duke of Albemarle and Secretary of State, to desire them to propose it to the Council.

1 Mar. To London, and presented his Majesty my book intituled 'The pernicious Consequences of the New Heresy of the Jesuits against Kings and States.'

7. Dr. Sandcroft, since Abp. of Canterbury, preached before the King about the identity and immutability of God, on the 102 Psalm 27.

13. To Chatham, to view a place design'd for an Infirmarie.

15. My charge now amounted to neere £.7000 [weekly.]

22. The Royal Society re-assembled after the dispersion from the contagion.

24. Sent £.2000 to Chatham.

1 Aprill. To London, to consult about ordering the natural rarities belonging to the repositorie of the Royall Society; was referred to a Committee.

10. Visited Sir William D'Oylie, surprized with a fit of apoplexie, and in extreame danger.

11. Dr. Bathurst preached before the King, from 'I say unto you all, watch'—a seasonable and most excellent discourse. When his Majesty came from Chapell, he call'd to me in the Lobby, and told me he must now have me sworn for a Justice of Peace (having long since made me of the Commission),

which I declin'd as inconsistent with the other service I was engag'd in, and humbly desired to be excused. After dinner, waiting on him, I gave him the first notice of the Spaniards referring the umpirage of the Peace 'twixt them and Portugal to the French King, which came to me in a letter from France before the Secretaries of State had any newes of it. After this his Majestie againe asked me if I had found out any able person about our parts that might supply my place of Justice of Peace (the office in the world I had most industriously avoided, in reguard of the perpetual trouble thereoff in these numerous parishes), on which I nominated one, whom the King commanded me to give immediate notice of to my Lord Chancellor, and I should be excus'd; for which I rendered his Majestie many thanks.—From thence I went to the Royal Society, where I was chosen by 27 voices to be one of their Council for the ensuing yeare; but upon my earnest suite, in respect of my other affaires, I got to be excused;—and so went home.

15. Our parish was now more infected with the plague than ever, and so was all the countrie about, tho' almost quite ceas'd at London.

24. To London about our Mint Commission, and sat in the inner Court of Wards.

8 May. To Queenboro', where finding the Richmond Fregate, I sail'd to the Buoy of the Nore to my Lo. General and Prince Rupert, where was the rendezvous of the most glorious Fleet in the world, now preparing to meete the Hollander.—Went to visite my Co. Hales at a sweetly-water'd place at Chilston neere Bockton. The next morning to Leedes Castle, once a famous hold, now hired by me of my Lord Culpeper for a prison. Here I flowed the drie moate, made a new drawbridge, brought spring water into the court of the castle to an old fountaine, and tooke order for the repaires.

22. Waited on my Lo. Chancellor at his new palace; and Lord Berkeley's built next to it.

24. Dined with Lord Cornbury, now made L. Chamberlaine to the Queene; who kept a very honorable table.

1 June. Being in my garden at 6 o'clock in the evening, and hearing the greate gunns go thick off, I tooke horse, and rod that night to Rochester; thence next day towards the Downes and sea-coast, but meeting the Lieutenant of the Hampshire

Fregat, who told me what pass'd, or rather what had not pass'd, I return'd to London, there being no noise or appearance at Deale, or on that coast, of any engagement. Recounting this to his Majesty, whom I found at St. James's Park, impatiently expecting, and knowing that Prince Rupert was loose about 3 at St. Helen's Point at N. of the Isle of Wight, it greately rejoic'd him; but he was astonish'd when I assur'd him they heard nothing of the guns in the Downs, nor did the Lieutenant, who landed there by 5 that morning.

3 June. Whitsunday. After sermon came newes that the Duke of Albemarle was still in fight, and had ben all Saturday, and that Capt. Harman's ship (the Henrie) was like to be burnt. Then a letter from Mr. Bertie that Pr. Rupert was come up with his squadron (according to my former advice of his being loose and in the way), and put new courage into our Fleete, now in a manner yielding ground, so that now we were chasing the chasers; that the Duke of Albemarle was slightly wounded, and the rest still in greate danger. So having ben much wearied with my journey, I slipp'd home, the gunns still roaring fiercely.

5. I went this morning to London, where came severall particulars of the fight.

6. Came Sir Dan. Harvey from the Generall, and related the dreadfull encounter, on which his Majesty commanded me to dispatch an extraordinary physitian and more chirurgeons. 'Twas on the solemn fast day when the newes came; his Majesty being in the Chapell, made a suddaine stop to heare the relation, which being with much advantage on our side, his Majesty commanded that publiq thanks should immediately be given as for a victory. The Deane of the Chapell going down to give notice of it to the other Deane officiating; and notice was likewise sent to St. Paul's and Westminster Abby. But this was no sooner over, than newes came that our losse was very greate both in ships and men; that the Prince fregat was burnt, and as noble a vessell of 90 brass guns lost, and the taking of Sir Geo. Ayscue, and exceeding shattering of both Fleetes, so as both being obstinate, both parted rather for want of ammunition and tackle than courage, our Generall retreating like a lyon; which exceedingly abated of our former joy. There was however order given for bonfires and bells; but God knows

it was rather a deliverance than a triumph. So much it pleased God to humble our late over-confidence that nothing could withstand the Duke of Albemarle, who in good truth made too forward a reckoning of his successe now, because he had once beaten the Dutch in another quarrell, and being ambitious to outdo the Earle of Sandwich, whom he had prejudicated as deficient in courage.

7. I sent more chirurgeons, linnen, medicaments, &c. to the severall ports in my district.

8. Dined with me Sir Alexander Fraser, prime physitian to his Majestie; afterwards went on board his Majesty's pleasure-boate, when I saw the London Frigate launch'd, a most stately ship, built by the Citty to supply that which was burnt by accident some time since. The King, Lord Maior and Sheriffs, being there with a greate banquet.

11. Trinity Monday, after a sermon, applied to the re-meeting of the Corporation of the Trinity House after the late raging and wasting pestilence: I dined with them in their new roome in Deptford, the first time since it was rebuilt.

15. I went to Chatham.—16. In the Jemmy Yactht (an incomparable sailer) to sea; ariv'd by noone at the Fleete at the Buoy of the Nore, din'd with Prince Rupert and the Generall.

17. Came his Majesty, the Duke, and many Noblemen. After Council we went to prayers. My business being dispatch'd, I return'd to Chatham, having layne but one night in the Royal Charles; we had a tempestuous sea. I went on shore at Sheerness, where they were building an arsenal for the Fleete, and designing a royal fort with a receptacle for greate ships to ride at anker; but here I beheld the sad spectacle, more than halfe that gallant bulwark of the kingdom miserably shatter'd, hardly a vessell intire, but appearing rather so many wrecks and hulls, so cruely had the Dutch mangl'd us. The losse of the Prince, that gallant vessell, had ben a loss to be universally deplor'd none knowing for what reason we first engag'd in this ungrateful warr; we lost besides 9 or 10 more, and neere 600 men slaine and 1100 wounded, 2000 prisoners; to ballance which perhaps we might destroy 18 or 20 of the enemies ships, and 7 or 800 poore men.

18. Weary of this sad sight I return'd home.

2 July. Came Sir Jo. Duncomb [2] and Mr. Thomas Chichley, both Privy Councillors and Commissioners of his Majesty's Ordnance, to visite me and let me know that his Majesty had in Council nominated me to be one of the Commissioners for regulating the farming and making of Saltpetre thro' the whole kingdom, and that we were to sit in the Tower the next day. When they were gone, came to see me Sir John Cotton, heir to the famous Antiquary Sir Robert Cotton: who was a pretended greate Grecian, but had by no meanes the parts or genius of his grandfather.

3. I went to sit with the Commissioners at the Tower, where our Commission being read, we made some progresse in businesse, our Secretary being Sir Geo. Wharton, that famous mathematician who writ the yearly Almanac during his Majesty's troubles. Thence to Painters Hall, to our other Commission, and dined at my Lord Maior's.

4. After solemn Fast Day. Doctor Megot preach'd an excellent discourse before the King on the terrors of God's judgements. After sermon I waited on my Lord Abp. of Canterbury and Bp. of Winchester, where the Deane of Westminster spake to me about putting into my hands the disposal of £.50 which the charitable people at Oxford had sent to be distributed among the sick and wounded seamen since the battaile. Hence I went to the Lord Chancellor's, to joy him of his Royal Highnessess second sonne now born at St. James's, and to desire the use of the Star Chamber for our Commissioners to meete in, Painters Hall not being so convenient.

12. We sat the first time in the Star Chamber. There was now added to our Commission Sir Geo. Downing (one that had ben a great . . . . against his Majesty but now insinuated into his favour, and from a pedagogue and frantic preacher not worth a groate had become excessive rich) to inspect the hospitals and treate about prisons.

13. Sat at the Tower with Sir J. Duncomb and Lo. Berkeley to signe deputations for undertakers to furnish their proportions of saltpetre.

[2] "Duncomb was a judicious man, but very haughty, and apt to raise enemies against himself. He was an able Parliament man, but could not go into all the designs of the court, for he had a sense of religion, and a zeal for the liberty of his country." Bp. Burnet's "Hist. of his Own Times," fol. vol. i. p. 265.

17. To London to prepare for the next engagement of the Fleetes, now gotten to sea againe.

22. Our parish still infected with the contagion.

25. The Fleetes engag'd. I dined at Lord Berkeley's at St. James's, where din'd my Lady Harrietta Hyde, Lord Arlington, and Sir John Duncomb.

29. The pestilence now afresh increasing in our parish, I forbore going to church. In the afternoone came tidings of our victorie over the Dutch, sinking some and driving others aground and into their ports.

1 Aug. I went to Dr. Keffler, who married the daughter of the famous chymist Drebbell, inventor of the boedied scarlet. I went to see his yron ovens, made portable (formerly) for the Pr. of Orange's army: supp'd at the Rhenish Wine House with divers Scots gentlemen.

6. Dined with Mr. Povey, and then went with him to see a country-house he had bought neere Brainford: returning by Kensington, which house stands to a very graceful avenue of trees, but 'tis an ordinary building, especialy one part.

8. Dined at Sir Stephen Fox's with severall friends, and on the 10th with Mr. Odart, Secretary of the Latine tongue.

17. Din'd with the Lo. Chancellor, whom I entreated to visite the Hospital of the Savoy, and reduce it (after the greate abuse that had ben continu'd) to its original institution for the benefit of the poore, which he promis'd to do.

25. Waited on Sir William D'Oylie, now recover'd as it were miraculously. In the afternoone visited the Savoy Hospital; where I staied to see the miserably dismember'd and wounded men dressed, and gave some necessary orders. Then to my Lo. Chancellor, who had, with the Bishop of London and others in the Commission, chosen me one of the three Surveyors of the repaires of Paules, and to consider of a model for the new building, or, if it might be, repairing of the steeple, which was most decay'd.

26. The Contagion still continuing, we had the Church service at home.

27. I went to St. Paule's Church, where with Dr. Wren, Mr. Prat, Mr. May, Mr. Thos. Chichley, Mr. Slingsby, the Bishop of London, the Deane [3] of St. Paule's and several ex-

[3] Dr. Sancroft, afterward Archbishop of Canterbury.

pert workmen, we went about to survey the generall decaye of that ancient and venerable church, and to set downe in writing the particulars of what was fit to be don, with the charge thereof, giving our opinion from article to article. Finding the maine building to recede outwards, it was the opinion of Mr. Chichley and Mr. Prat that it had ben so built *ab origine* for an effect in perspective, in regard of the height; but I was, with Dr. Wren, quite of another judgment, and so we entered it; we plumb'd the uprights in severall places. When we came to the steeple, it was deliberated whether it were not well enough to repaire it onely on its old foundation, with reservation to the 4 pillars; this Mr. Chichley and Mr. Prat were also for, but we totaly rejected it, and persisted that it requir'd a new foundation, not onely in reguard of the necessitie, but for that the shape of what stood was very meane, and we had a mind to build it with a noble cupola, a forme of church-building not as yet known in England, but of wonderfull grace: for this purpose we offer'd to bring in a plan and estimate, which, after much contest, was at last assented to, and that we should nominate a Committee of able workmen to examine the present foundation. This concluded, we drew all up in writing, and so went with my Lord Bishop to the Deanes.

28. Sate at the Star Chamber. Next day to the Royal Society, where one Mercator, an excellent mathematician, produced his rare clock and new motion to performe the equations, and Mr. Rooke his new pendulum.

2 Sept. This fatal night about ten, began that deplorable fire neere Fish Streete in London.

3. I had public prayers at home. The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and sonn and went to the Bank side in Southwark, where we beheld the dismal spectacle, the whole Citty in dreadfull flames neare the water side; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapeside, downe to the Three Cranes, were now consum'd: and so returned exceedinge astonished what would become of the rest.

The fire having continu'd all this night (if I may call that night which was light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadfull manner) when conspiring with a fierce Eastern wind in a very drie season; I went on foote to the same place,

and saw the whole South part of the Citty burning from Cheapeside to the Thames, and all along Cornehill (for it likewise kindl'd back against the wind as well as forward), Tower Streete, Fen-church Streete, Gracious Streete, and so along to Bainard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paule's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonish'd, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirr'd to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seene but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods; such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the Churches, Public Halls, Exchange, Hospitals, Monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and streete to streete, at greate distances one from the other; for the heate with a long set of faire and warme weather had even ignited the aire and prepar'd the materials to conceive the fire, which devour'd after an incredible manner houses, furniture, and every thing. Here we saw the Thames cover'd with goods floating, all the barges and boates laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on the other, the carts, &c. carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strew'd with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as happly the world had not seene the like since the foundation of it, nor be outdon till the universal conflagration of it. All the skie was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seene above 40 miles round about for many nights. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame; the noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shreiking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of Towers, Houses and Churches, was like an hideous storme, and the aire all about so hot and inflam'd that at the last one was not able to approch it, so that they were forc'd to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for neere two miles in length and one in bredth. The clowds also of smoke were dismall and reach'd upon computation neer 56 miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoone burning, a re-

semblance of Sodom, or the last day. It forcibly call'd to my mind that passage—*non enim hic habemus stabilem civitatem:* the ruines resembling the picture of Troy. London was, but is no more! Thus I returned home.

Sept. 4. The burning still rages, and it was now gotten as far as the Inner Temple; all Fleet Streete, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paules Chaine, Watling Streete, now flaming, and most of it reduc'd to ashes; the stones of Paules flew like granados, the mealting lead running downe the streetes in a streame, and the very pavements glowing with fiery rednesse, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopp'd all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The Eastern wind still more impetuously driving the flames forward. Nothing but the Almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vaine was the help of man.

5. It crossed towards Whitehall; but oh, the confusion there was then at that Court! It pleas'd his Majesty to command me among the rest to looke after the quenching of Fetter Lane end, to preserve if possible that part of Holborn whilst the rest of the gentlemen tooke their several posts, some at one part, some at another (for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated, with their hands acrosse) and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses as might make a wider gap than any had yet ben made by the ordinary method of pulling them downe with engines; this some stout seamen propos'd early enough to have sav'd nearly the whole Citty, but this some tenacious and avaritious men, aldermen, &c. would not permitt, because their houses must have ben of the first. It was therefore now commanded to be practic'd, and my concerne being particularly for the Hospital of St. Bartholomew neere Smithfield, where I had my wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it; nor was my care for the Savoy lesse. It now pleas'd God by abating the wind, and by the industrie of the people, when almost all was lost, infusing a new spirit into them, that the furie of it began sensibly to abate about noone, so as it came no farther than the Temple Westward, nor than the entrance of Smithfield North: but continu'd all this day and night so im-

petuous toward Cripple-gate and the Tower as made us all despaire; it also brake out againe in the Temple, but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soone made, as with the former three days consumption, the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing neere the burning and glowing ruines by neere a furlongs space.

The coale and wood wharfes and magazines of oyle, rosin, &c. did infinite mischeife, so as the invective which a little before I had dedicated to his Majesty and publish'd,[4] giving warning what might probably be the issue of suffering those shops to be in the Citty, was look'd on as a prophecy.

The poore inhabitants were dispers'd about St. George's Fields, and Moorefields, as far as Highgate, and severall miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable hutts and hovells, many without a rag or any necessary utensills, bed or board, who from delicatenesse, riches, and easy accomodations in stately and well furnish'd houses, were now reduced to extreamest misery and poverty.

In this calamitous condition I return'd with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the distinguishing mercy of God to me and mine, who in the midst of all this ruine was like Lot, in my little Zoar, were safe and sound.

Sept. 6, Thursday. I represented to his Majesty the case of the French prisoners at war in my custodie, and besought him that there might be still the same care of watching at all places contiguous to unseised houses. It is not indeede imaginable how extraordinary the vigilance and activity of the King and the Duke was, even labouring in person, and being present to command, order, reward, or encourage workmen, by which he shewed his affection to his people and gained theirs. Having then dispos'd of some under cure at the Savoy, I return'd to White-hall, where I din'd at Mr. Offley's,[5] the groome porter, who was my relation.

7. I went this morning on foote from White-hall as far as London Bridge, thro' the late Fleete Street, Ludgate Hill, by St. Paules, Cheapeside, Exchange, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, and

[4] The "Fumifugium."

[5] Dr. Offley was rector of Abinger, and donor of farms to Okewood Chapel in the parish of Wotton, in the patronage of the Evelyn family.

out to Moorefields, thence thro' Cornehill, &c. with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feete so hot, that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the mean time his Majesty got to the Tower by water, to demolish the houses about the graff, which being built intirely about it, had they taken fire and attack'd the White Tower where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten downe and destroyed all the bridge, but sunke and torne the vessells in the river, and render'd the demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the countrey.

At my returne I was infinitely concern'd to find that goodly Church St. Paules now a sad ruine, and that beautifull portico (for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repair'd by the late King) now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining intire but the inscription in the architrave, shewing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defac'd. It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heate had in a manner calcin'd, so that all the ornaments, columnes, freezes, capitals, and projectures of massie Portland stone flew off, even to the very roofe, where a sheet of lead covering a great space (no lesse than 6 akers by measure) was totally mealted; the ruines of the vaulted roofe falling broke into St. Faith's, which being fill'd with the magazines of bookes belonging to the Stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consum'd, burning for a weeke following. It is also observable that the lead over the altar at the East end was untouch'd, and among the divers monuments, the body of one Bishop remain'd intire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable Church, one of the most antient pieces of early piety in the Christian world, besides neere 100 more. The lead, yron worke, bells, plate, &c. mealted; the exquisitely wrought Mercers Chapell, the sumptuous Exchange, the august fabric of Christ Church, all the rest of the Companies Halls, splendid buildings, arches, enteries, all in dust; the fountaines dried up and ruin'd, whilst the very waters remain'd boiling; the voragos of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerely warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clowds of smoke, so that in five or six miles traversing about, I did not see one loade of timber unconsum'd, nor many stones but what were

calcin'd white as snow. The people who now walk'd about the ruines appear'd like men in some dismal desart, or rather in some greate Citty laid waste by a cruel enemy; to which was added the stench that came from some poore creatures bodies, beds, and other combustible goods. Sir Tho. Gressham's statue, tho' fallen from its nich in the Royal Exchange, remain'd intire, when all those of the Kings since the Conquest were broken to pieces; also the standard in Cornehill, and Q. Elizabeth's effigies, with some armes on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast yron chaines of the Citty streetes, hinges, barrs and gates of prisons were many of them mealted and reduced to cinders by the vehement heate. Nor was I yet able to passe through any of the narrower streetes, but kept the widest; the ground and aire, smoake and fiery vapour, continu'd so intense that my haire was almost sing'd, and my feete unsufferably surbated. The bie lanes and narrower streetes were quite fill'd up with rubbish, nor could one have possibly knowne where he was, but by the ruines of some Church or Hall, that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seene 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispers'd and lying along by their heapes of what they could save from the fire, deploring their losse, and tho' ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one pennie for reliefe, which to me appear'd a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council indeede tooke all imaginable care for their reliefe by proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with provisions. In the midst of all this calamity and confusion, there was, I know not how, an alarme begun that the French and Dutch, with whom we were now in hostility, were not onely landed, but even entering the Citty. There was in truth some days before greate suspicion of those two nations joyning; and now, that they had ben the occasion of firing the towne. This report did so terrifie, that on a suddaine there was such an uproare and tumult that they ran from their goods, and taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopp'd from falling on some of those nations whom they casually met, without sense or reason. The clamor and peril grew so excessive that it made the whole Court amaz'd, and they did with infinite paines and greate difficulty reduce

and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards to cause them to retire into the fields againe, where they were watch'd all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed, and the affright abated, they now began to repaire into the suburbs about the Citty, where such as had friends or opportunity got shelter for the present, to which his Majesty's Proclamation also invited them.

Still the plague continuing in our parish, I could not without danger adventure to our church.

10. I went againe to the ruines, for it was now no longer a Citty.

13 Sept. I presented his Majesty with a survey of the ruines, and a plot for a new Citty,[6] with a discourse on it; whereupon after dinner his Majesty sent for me into the Queen's bedchamber, her Majesty and the Duke onely being present; they examin'd each particular, and discours'd on them for neere an houre, seeming to be extreamely pleas'd with what I had so early thought on. The Queene was now in her cavalier riding

[6] Sir, [To Sir Samuel Tuke, Knt. & Bart.]

It was some foure dayes before the most fatal Conflagration of the (quondam) Citty of London yet I addressed a few lines to you; little thinking I should so soone have had two such dissolutions to deplore: The burning of the best Towne in the World: and the discease of the best ffriend in the World, your excellent Lady. Sir, you know they are but small afflictions that are loquacious—greate ones are silent: & if ever greate ones there were, mine eyes have beheld, & mine eares heard them, with an heart so possess'd with sorrow, that it is not easily expressed; because the instances have ben altogether stupendous & unparallel'd. But it were in vaine to entertaine you with those formal topics, which are wont to be apply'd to persons of lesse fortitude & Christian resignation, though I cannot but exhort you to what, I know, you do—looke upon all things in this World as transitory & perishing; sent us upon condition of quitting them cherefully, when God pleases to take them from us. This consideration alone, (with the rest of those Graces which God has furnish'd you withall) will be able to aleviate your passion, & and to preserve you from succumbing under the pressures, which I confesse are weighty: but not insupportable: Live therefore, I conjure you, & helpe to restore your deare Country, & to consolate your ffriends: There is none alive wishes you more sincere happinesse than my poore family.

I suppose I should have heard ere this from you of all the concernments; but impute your silence to some possible miscarriage of your Letters; since the usual place of addresse is with the reste reduc'd to ashes & made an heape of ruines. I would give you a more particular relation of this calamitous accident; but I should oppresse you with sad stories, and I question not but they are come too soone amongst you at Paris with all minutenesse & (were it possible) hyperbolies: There is this yet of lesse deplorable in it: That, as it pleas'd God to order it, little effects of any greate consequence have been lost, besides the houses:—That our Merchands at the same instant in which it was permitted that the tidings should flie over Seas, had so settled all their affaires, as they complying with their forraine Correspondence as punctualy as if no disaster at all had happen'd; nor do we heare of so much as one that has fail'd. The Exchange is now at Gressham Colledge. The rest of the Citty (which may consist of neere a 7th part) & suburbs peopl'd with new shopps, the same noyse, buisinesse & com'erce, not to say vanity. Onely the poore Bookesellers have ben indede ill treated by Vulcan; so many noble impressions consum'd, by their trusting them to the Churches, as the losse is estimated neere two hundred thousand pounds: which will be an extraordinary detriment to the whole Republiq of Learning. In the meane time, the King & Parliament are infinitely zealous for the re-

habite, hat and feather, and horseman's coate, going out to take the aire.

16. I went to Greenewich Church, where Mr. Plume preached very well from this text: 'Seeing therefore all these things must be dissolved,' &c. taking occasion from the late unparalell'd conflagration to remind us how we ought to walke more holyly in all manner of conversation.

27. Dined at Sir Wm. D'Oylie's, with that worthy gent. Sir John Holland of Suffolke.

10 Oct. This day was order'd a generall fast thro' the Nation, to humble us on the late dreadfull conflagration, added to the plague and warr, the most dismall judgments that could be inflicted, but which indeede we highly deserv'd for our prodigious ingratitude, burning lusts, dissolute Court, profane and abominable lives, under such dispensations of God's continu'd favour in restoring Church, Prince, and People from our late intestine calamities, of which we were altogether unmindfull, even to astonishment. This made me resolve to go to our

building of our ruines; & I believe it will universally be the employment of the next Spring: They are now busied with adjusting the claimes of each proprietor, that so they may dispose things for the building after the noblest model: Every body brings in his idea, amongst the rest I presented his Majestie my owne conceptions, with a Discourse annex'd. It was the second that was seene, within 2 dayes after the Conflagration: But Dr. Wren had got the start of me.* Both of us did coincide so frequently, that his Majestie was not displeas'd with it, & it caus'd divers alterations; and truly there was never a more glorious Phœnix upon Earth, if it do at last emerge out of these cinders, & and as the designe is layd, with the present fervour of the undertakers. But these things are as yet im'ature; & I pray God we may enjoy peace to encourage those faire dispositions: The miracle is, I have never in my life observ'd a more universal resignation, lesse repining among sufferers; which makes me hope, that God has yet thoughts of mercy towards us: Judgments do not alwayes end where they begin; & therefore let none exult over our calamities;—We know not whose turn it may be next. But Sir, I forbear to entertaine you longer on these sad reflections; but persist to beg of you not to suffer any transportations unbecoming a man of virtue; resolve to preserve your selfe, if it be possible, for better times, the good & restauration of your Country, & the comfort of your Friends & Relations, and amongst them of, Sir,

Yours, &c., J. E.

Sayes Court, 27th September, 1666.

Above is Letter of Mr. Evelyn to Sir S. Tuke on the subject of the Fire, and his plan for rebuilding the city. Part of this plan was to lessen the declivities, and to employ the rubbish in filling up the shore of the Thames to low-water mark, so as to keep the basin always full.—In a letter to Mr. Oldenburg, secretary to the Royal Society, December 22, 1666, he says, after mentioning the presenting his reflections on rebuilding the city to his Majesty, that "the want of a more exact plot, wherein I might have marked what the Fire had spared, and accommodated my designe to the remaining parts, made me take it as a rasa tabula, and to forme mine idea thereof accordingly; I have since lighted upon Mr. Hollar's late Plan, which looking upon as the most accurate hitherto extant, has caus'd me something to alter what I had so crudely don, though for the most part I still persist in my former discourse, and wiche I heare send you as compleate as an imperfect copy will give me leave, and the suppliment of an ill memory, for since that tyme I hardly euer look'd on it, and it was finish'd within two or three dayes after the Incendium."

* These plans were afterward printed by the Society of Antiquaries, and have been repeatedly engraved for the various histories of London; that by Mr. Evelyn is erroneously inscribed Sir John Evelyn.

parish assemblie, where our Doctor preached on the 19 Luke 41, piously applying it to the occasion. After which was a collection for the distress'd loosers in the late fire.

18. To Court. It being the first time his Majesty put himself solemnly into the Eastern fashion of vest, changeing doublet, stiff collar, bands and cloake, into a comely vest, after the Persian mode, with girdle or straps, and shoe strings and garters into bouckles, of which some were set with precious stones,[7] resolving never to alter it, and to leave the French mode, which had hitherto obtain'd to our greate expence and reproch. Upon which divers courtiers and gentlemen gave his Majesty gold by way of wager that he would not persist in this resolution. I had sometime before presented an invective against that unconstancy, and our so much affecting the French fashion, to his Majesty, in which I tooke occasion to describe the comlinesse and usefulnesse of the Persian clothing, in the very same manner his Majesty now clad himselfe. This pamphlet I intitl'd 'Tyrannus, or the Mode,' and gave it to his Majesty to reade. I do not impute to this discourse the change which soon happen'd, but it was an identity that I could not but take notice of.

This night was acted my Lord Broghill's[8] tragedy call'd 'Mustapha' before their Majesties at Court, at which I was present, very seldom going to the publiq theaters for many reasons, now as they were abused to an atheistical liberty, fowle and undecent women now (and never till now) permitted to appeare and act, who inflaming severall young noblemen and gallants, became their misses, and to some their wives;[9] witness the Earle of Oxford, Sir R. Howard, P Rupert, the Earle of Dorset, and another greater person than any of them, who fell into their snares, to the reproch of their noble families, and ruine of both body and soule. I was invited by my Lord Chamberlaine to see this tragedy, exceedingly well written, thogh in my mind I did not approve of any such pastime in a season of such judgments and calamities.

21. This season, after so long and extraordinarie a drowth

[7] It would be curious to see a portrait of the King in this costume, which was, however, shortly after abandoned and laid aside.

[8] Richard Lord Broghill, created shortly after this Earl of Orrery; he wrote several other plays besides that here noticed.

[9] Mrs. Margaret Hughes, Nell Gwynn, who left the earl for his Majesty, to whom were added Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Knight.

in August and September, as if preparatory for the dreadfull fire, was so very wett and rainy as many feared an ensuing famine.

28. The pestilence, thro' God's mercy, began now to abate considerably in our towne.

30. To London to our office, and now had I on the vest and surcoat or tunic as 'twas call'd, after his Majesty had brought the whole Court to it. It was a comely and manly habit, too good to hold, it being impossible for us in good earnest to leave the Monsieurs vanities long.

31. I heard the signal cause of my Lord Cleaveland pleaded before the House of Lords, and was this day 46 yeares of age, wonderfully protected by the mercies of God, for which I render him immortal thanks.

14 Nov. I went my winter circle thro' my district, Rochester & other places, where I had men quarter'd and in custody.—15. To Leeds Castle.

16. I muster'd the prisoners being about 600 Dutch and French, order'd their proportion of bread to be augmented, and provided cloaths and fuell. Monsieur Colbert, Ambassador at the Court of England, this day sent mony from his master the French King to every prisoner of that nation under my guard.

17. I return'd to Chatham. My chariott overturning on the steepe of Bexley Hill, wounded me in two places on the head; my sonn Jack being with me was like to have ben worse cutt by the glasse; but I thanke God we both escaped without much hurt, tho' not without exceeding danger.—18. At Rochester.—19. Return'd home.

23. At London I heard an extraordinary case before a Committee of the whole House of Commons, in the Commons House of Parliament, between one Capt. Taylor and my Lo. Viscount Mordaunt, where after the lawyers had pleaded, and the witnesses ben examin'd, such foul and dishonourable things were produc'd against his Lordship, of tyranny during his government of Windsor Castle, of which he was Constable, incontinence, and suborning witnesses (of which last one Sir Richard Breames was most concerned), that I was exceedingly interested for his Lordship, who was my special friend, and husband of the most virtuous lady in the world. We sate till neere 10 at night, and yet but halfe the Council had don on behalfe of the

Plaintiffe. The question then was put for bringing in of lights to sit longer; this lasted so long before it was determin'd, and rais'd such a confus'd noise among the Members, that a stranger would have ben astonish'd at it. I admire that there is not a rationale to regulate such trifling accidents, which consume a world of time, and is a reproch to the gravity of so greate an assembly of sober men.

27. Sir Hugh Pollard, Comptroller of the Household, died at White-hall, and his Majesty conferr'd the white staffe on my brother Commissioner for sick and wounded, Sir Tho. Clifford,[10] a bold young gentleman, of a small fortune in Devon, but advanc'd by Lo. Arlington, Secretary of State, to the greate astonishment of all the Court. This gentleman was somewhat related to me by the marriage of his mother to my neerest kinsman Gregory Coale,[1] and was ever my noble friend, a valiant and daring person, but by no means fit for a supple and flattering courtier.

28. Went to see Clarendon House,[2] now almost finish'd, a goodly pile to see to, but had many defects as to the architecture, yet plac'd most gracefully. After this I waited on the Lord Chancellor, who was now at Berkshire House,[3] since the burning of London.

2 Dec. Din'd with me Monsieur Kiviet, a Dutch gentleman pensioner of Roterdam, who came over for protection, being of the Prince of Orange's party, now not wellcome in Holland. The King knighted him for some merit in the Prince's behalf. He should, if caught, have ben beheaded with Monsieur Buat, and was brother-in-law to Van Tromp, the Sea Generall. With him came Mr. Gabriel Sylvius, and Mr. Williamson Secretarie to Lord Arlington; Sir Kiviet came to examine whether the soile about the river of Thames would be proper to make clinker-bricks, and to treate with me about some accomodation in order to making such.

[10] Afterward lord treasurer.

[1] Of this gentleman and his family, seated at Petersham in Surrey, see "Hist." of that county.

[2] Since quite demolished. It was situated where Albemarle Street now is. After Lord Clarendon's exile, the Duke of Albemarle occupied this noble mansion, of which there are two engraved views at least, one a small one by John Dunstall, and another upon a very large scale by J. Spilbergh.

[3] Berkshire or Cleaveland House belonged to the Howards, Earls of Berkshire, and stood very near the royal residence. It was afterward purchased and presented by Charles II to Barbara Duchess of Cleveland. It was then of great extent; she, however, afterward sold part, which was built into various houses.

# THE RETURN OF CHARLES II

BY

Samuel Pepys

## SAMUEL PEPYS

1632—1703

Samuel Pepys, a distinguished officer of the Admiralty during the reigns of Charles II and James II, was born February 23, 1632 or 1633. He was the son of a London citizen, a tailor, but was well educated, first at St. Paul's School, and afterward at Magdalen College, Cambridge. His cousin, Sir Edward Montague (the first Earl of Sandwich), introduced him to public employment. In 1660 he was appointed clerk of the acts of the navy, and in 1673 secretary for the affairs of the navy. He was an excellent public servant, acute, diligent, and laborious; but during the fanatical excitement of the Popish Plot he was committed to the Tower, on an unfounded and absurd charge of aiding in the design to dethrone the King and extirpate the Protestant religion. Having been discharged without a trial, Pepys was replaced at his post in the Admiralty, which he retained till the abdication of James II. For two years he held the honorable station of president of the Royal Society. He died May 26, 1703. Pepys published his "Memoirs of the Royal Navy," in 1690. He left to Magdalen College his large collection of books, manuscripts, and prints, including about two thousand ancient English ballads, forming five folio volumes. Pepys is now best remembered for his "Diary," deciphered from the original short-hand manuscript in the Pepysian library, Cambridge, and first published, under the editorial care of Lord Braybrooke, in 1825. It commences on January 1, 1659, and is continued for above nine years, when Pepys was obliged, owing to defective eyesight, to abandon his daily task. As a picture of the court and times of Charles II this "Diary" is invaluable. The events, characters, follies, vices, and peculiarities of the age are presented in true and lively colors, and the work as a whole is one of the most racy, unique, and amusing books in the language.

# THE RETURN OF CHARLES II

*MAY* 1. To-day I hear they were very merry at Deale, setting up the King's flags upon one of their May-poles, and drinking his health upon their knees in the streets, and firing the guns, which the soldiers of the Castle threatened, but durst not oppose.

2nd. Mr. Dunne from London, with letters that tell us the welcome news of the Parliament's votes yesterday, which will be remembered for the happiest May-day that hath been many a year to England. The King's letter was read in the House, wherein he submits himself and all things to them, as to an Act of Oblivion to all, unless they shall please to except any, as to the confirming of the sales of the King's and Church lands, if they see good. The House upon reading the letter, ordered 50,000*l.* to be forthwith provided to send to His Majesty for his present supply; and a committee chosen to return an answer of thanks to His Majesty for his gracious letter; and that the letter be kept among the records of the Parliament; and in all this not so much as one No. So that Luke Robinson [1] himself stood up and made a recantation of what he had done, and promises to be a loyal subject to his Prince for the time to come. The City of London have put out a Declaration, wherein they do disclaim their owning any other government but that of a King, Lords, and Commons. Thanks was given by the House to Sir John Greenville,[2] one of the bedchamber to the King, who brought the letter, and they continued bare all the time it was reading. Upon notice from the Lords to the Commons, of their desire that the Commons would join with them in their

[1] Of Pickering Lyth, in Yorkshire, M.P. for Scarborough; discharged from sitting in the House of Commons, July 21, 1660.

[2] Created Earl of Bath, 1661, son of Sir Bevill Grenville, killed at the battle of Newbury, and said to have been the only person intrusted by Charles II and Monk in bringing about the Restoration.

vote for King, Lords, and Commons; the Commons did concur and voted that all books whatever that are out against the Government of King, Lords, and Commons, should be brought into the House and burned. Great joy all yesterday at London, and at night more bonfires than ever, and ringing of bells, and drinking of the King's health upon their knees in the streets, which methinks is a little too much. But every body seems to be very joyfull in the business, insomuch that our sea-commanders now begin to say so too, which a week ago they would not do. And our seamen, as many as had money or credit for drink, did do nothing else this evening. This day come Mr. North[1] (Sir Dudley North's son) on board, to spend a little time here, which my Lord was a little troubled at, but he seems to be a fine gentleman, and at night did play his part exceeding well at first sight.

3rd. This morning my Lord showed me the King's declaration and his letter to the two Generals to be communicated to the fleet. The contents of the latter are his offer of grace to all that will come in within forty days, only excepting them that the Parliament shall hereafter except. That the sales of lands during these troubles, and all other things, shall be left to the Parliament, by which he will stand. The letter dated at Breda, April $\frac{4}{14}$ 1660, in the 12th year of his reign. Upon the receipt of it this morning by an express, Mr. Phillips, one of the messengers of the Council from General Monk, my Lord summoned a council of war, and in the meantime did dictate to me how he would have the vote ordered which he would have pass this council. Which done, the Commanders all came on board, and the council sat in the coach[2] (the first council of war that had been in my time), where I read the letter and declaration: and while they were discoursing upon it, I seemed to draw up a vote, which being offered, they passed. Not one man seemed to say no to it, though I am confident many in their hearts were against it. After this was done, I went up to the quarter-deck with my Lord and the Commanders, and there read both the papers and the vote: which done, and demanding their opinion, the seamen did all of them cry out, "God bless King Charles!" with the greatest joy imaginable. That being done, Sir R.

[1] Charles, eldest son of Dudley, afterward fourth Lord North.

[2] Coach, on board a man-of-war, "the council chamber."

Stayner,[5] who had invited us yesterday, took all the Commanders and myself on board him to dinner, which not being ready, I went with Captain Hayward to the Plimouth and Essex, and did what I had to do and returned, where very merry at dinner. After dinner, to the rest of the ships quite through the fleet. Which was a very brave sight to visit all the ships, and to be received with the respect and honor that I was on board them all; and much more to see the great joy that I brought to all men; not one through the whole fleet showing the least dislike of the business. In the evening as I was going on board the Vice-Admiral, the General began to fire his guns, which he did all that he had in the ship, and so did all the rest of the Commanders, which was very gallant, and to hear the bullets go hissing over our heads as we were in the boat. This done and finished my Proclamation, I returned to the Nazeby, where my Lord was much pleased to hear how all the fleet took it in a transport of joy, showed me a private letter of the King's to him, and another from the Duke of York in such familiar style as their common friend, with all kindness imaginable. And I found by the letters, and so my Lord told me too, that there had been many letters passed between them for a great while, and I perceive unknown to Monk. And among the rest that had carried these letters Sir John Boys is one, and Mr. Norwood, which had a ship to carry him over the other day, when my Lord would not have me put down his name in the book. The King speaks of his being courted to come to the Hague, but to desire my Lord's advice where to come to take ship. And the Duke offers to learn the seaman's trade of him, in such familar words as if Jack Cole and I had writ them. This was very strange to me, that my Lord should carry all things so wisely and prudently as he do, and I was over joyful to see him in so good condition, and he did not a little please himself to tell me how he had provided for himself so great a hold on the King.

After this to supper, and then to writing of letters till twelve at night, and so up again at three in the morning. My Lord seemed to put great confidence in me, and would take my advice in many things. I perceive his being willing to do all

[5] Knighted and made a vice-admiral by Cromwell, 1657, and sent by Charles II to command at Tangier till the governor arrived.

the honor in the world to Monk, and to let him have all the honor of doing the business, though he will many times express his thoughts of him to be but a thick-skulled fool. So that I do believe there is some agreement more than ordinary between the King and my Lord to let Monk carry on the business, for it is he that can do the business, or at least that can hinder it, if he be not flattered and observed. This, my Lord will hint himself sometimes. My Lord, I perceive by the King's letter, had writ to him about his father, Crewe,[6] and the King did speak well of him; but my Lord tells me, that he is afraid that he hath too much concerned himself with the Presbyterians against the House of Lords, which will do him a great discourtesy.

4th. I wrote this morning many letters, and to all the copies of the vote of the council of war I put my name, that if it should come in print my name may be to it. I sent a copy of the vote to Doling, inclosed in this letter:—

"Sir,

"He that can fancy a fleet (like ours) in her pride, with pendants loose, guns roaring, caps flying, and the loud "Vive le Roy's," echoed from one ship's company to another, he, and he only, can apprehend the joy this inclosed vote was received with, or the blessing he thought himself possessed of that bore it, and is

"Your humble servant."

About nine o'clock I got all my letters done, and sent them by the messenger that come yesterday. This morning come Captain Isham on board with a gentleman going to the King, by whom very cunningly my Lord tells me, he intends to send an account of this day's and yesterday's actions here, notwithstanding he had writ to the Parliament to have leave of them to send the King the answer of the fleete. Since my writing of the last paragraph, my Lord called me to him to read his letter to the King, to see whether I could find any slips in it or no. And as much of the letter as I can remember, is thus:—

"May it please your Most Excellent Majesty," and so begins.

[6] He had married Jemima, daughter of John Crewe, Esq., created afterward Baron Crewe of Stene.

That he yesterday received from General Monk his Majesty's letter and direction; and that General Monk had desired him to write to the Parliament to have leave to send the vote of the seamen before he did send it to him, which he had done by writing to both Speakers; but for his private satisfaction he had sent it thus privately, (and so the copy of the proceedings yesterday was sent him) and that this come by a gentleman that come this day on board, intending to wait upon his Majesty, that he is my Lord's countryman, and one whose friends have suffered much on his Majesty's behalf. That my Lords Pembroke [7] and Salisbury [8] are put out of the House of Lords. That my Lord is very joyful that other countries do pay him the civility and respect due to him; and that he do much rejoice to see that the King do receive none of their assistance (or some such words,) from them, he having strength enough in the love and loyalty of his own subjects to support him. That his Majesty had chosen the best place, Scheveling, for his embarking, and that there is nothing in the world of which he is more ambitious, than to have the honor of attending his Majesty, which he hoped would be speedy. That he had commanded the vessel to attend at Helversluce till this gentleman returns, that so if his Majesty do not think it fit to command the fleete himself, yet that he may be there to receive his commands and bring them to his Lordship. He ends his letter, that he is confounded with the thoughts of the high expressions of love to him in the King's letter, and concludes,

"Your most loyall, dutifull, faithfull and obedient subject and servant, "E. M."

After supper at the table in the coach, my Lord talking concerning the uncertainty of the places of the Exchequer to them that had them now; he did at last think of an office which do belong to him in case the King do restore every man to his places that ever had been patent, which is to be one of the clerks of the signet, which will be a fine employment for one of his sons.

In the afternoon come a minister on board, one Mr. Sharpe,

[7] Philip, fifth Earl of Pembroke, and second Earl of Montgomery, ob. 1669. Clarendon says, "This young earl's affections were entire for his Majesty."

[8] Williams, second Earl of Salisbury. After Cromwell had put down the House of Peers, he was chosen a member of the House of Commons, and sat with them, ob. 1660.

who is going to the King; who tells me that Commissioners are chosen both of the Lords and Commons to go to the King; and that Dr. Clarges [9] is going to him from the Army, and that he will be here to-morrow. My letters at night tell me, that the House did deliver their letter to Sir John Greenville, in answer to the King's sending, and that they gave him 500*l.* for his pains, to buy him a jewel, and that besides the 50,000*l.* ordered to be borrowed of the City for the present use of the King, the twelve companies of the City do give every one of them to his Majesty, as a present, 1000*l.*

5th. All the morning very busy writing letters to London, and a packet to Mr. Downing, to acquaint him with what had been done lately in the fleet. And this I did by my Lord's command, who, I thank him, did of himself think of doing it, to do me a kindness, for he writ a letter himself to him, thanking him for his kindness to me. This evening come Dr. Clarges to Deale, going to the King; where the townes-people strewed the streets with herbes against his coming, for joy of his going. Never was there so general a content as there is now. I cannot but remember that our parson did, in his prayer to-night, pray for the long life and happiness of our King and dread Soveraigne, that may last as long as the sun and moon endureth.

6th. It fell very well to-day, a stranger preached here for Mr. Ibbot, one Mr. Stanley, who prayed for King Charles, by the Grace of God, &c., which gave great contentment to the gentlemen that were on board here, and they said they would talk of it, when they come to Breda, as not having it done yet in London so publickly. After they were gone from on board, my Lord writ a letter to the King and give it me to carry privately to Sir William Compton,[10] on board the Assistance, which I did, and after a health to his Majesty on board there, I left them under sail for Breda.

7th. My Lord went this morning about the flag-ships in a boat, to see what alterations there must be, as to the armes and flags. He did give me orders also to write for silk flags and

[9] Thomas Clarges, physician to the army, created a baronet, 1674, ob. 1695. He had been previously knighted; his sister Anne married General Monk.

[10] Sir William Compton, third son of Spencer, Earl of Northampton, a privy counsellor and master of the ordnance, ob. 1663, aged thirty-nine.

scarlett waistcloathes.[1] For a rich barge; for a noise of trumpets, and a set of fidlers. Very great deal of company come to-day, among others Mr. Bellasses,[2] Sir Thomas Lenthropp, Sir Henry Chichley, Colonel Philip Honiwood, and Captain Titus,[3] the last of whom my Lord showed all our cabbins, and I suppose he is to take notice what room there will be for the King's entertainment.

8th. My letters to-day tell me how it was intended that the King should be proclaimed to-day in London, with a great deal of pomp. I had also news who they are that are chosen of the Lords and Commons to attend the King. And also the whole story of what we did the other day in the fleet, at reading of the King's declaration, and my name at the bottom of it.

9th. Up very early, writing a letter to the King, as from the two Generals of the fleet, in answer to his letter to them, wherein my Lord do give most humble thanks for his gracious letter and declaration; and promises all duty and obedience to him. This letter was carried this morning to Sir Peter Killigrew,[4] who come hither this morning early to bring an order from the Lords' House to my Lord, giving him power to write an answer to the King. This morning my Lord St. John and other persons of honor were here to see my Lord, and so away to Flushing. As we were sitting down to dinner, in comes Noble with a letter from the House of Lords to my Lord, to desire him to provide ships to transport the Commissioners to the King, which are expected here this week. He brought us certain news that the King was proclaimed yesterday with great pomp, and brought down one of the Proclamations, with great joy to us all; for which God be praised. This morning come Mr. Saunderson, that writ the story of the King, hither, who is going over to the King.

10th. At night, while my Lord was at supper, in comes my Lord Lauderdale[5] and Sir John Greenville, who supped here, and so went away. After they were gone, my Lord called me into his cabbin, and told me how he was commanded to set sail

[1] Clothes hung about the cage-work of a ship's hull to protect the men in action.

[2] Henry, eldest son of Lord Bellasis, made K.B. at Charles II's coronation.

[3] Colonel Silas Titus, gentleman of the bedchamber to Charles II, author of "Killing no Murder."

[4] Knight, of Arwenach, Cornwall, M.P. for Camelford, 1660.

[5] John, second Earl and afterward created Duke of Lauderdale, Earl of Guilford (in England), and K.G. He became sole secretary of state for Scotland in 1661, and was a gentleman of his Majesty's bedchamber, and died in 1682, s. p.

presently for the King, and was very glad thereof. I got him afterwards to sign things in bed.

11th. This morning we began to pull down all the State's arms in the fleet, having first sent to Dover for painters and others to come to set up the King's. There dined here my Lord Crafford [6] and my Lord Cavendish,[7] and other Scotchmen whom I afterwards ordered to be received on board the Plymouth, and to go along with us. After dinner we set sail from the Downes. In the afternoon overtook us three or four gentlemen: two of the Berties, and one Mr. Dormerhay,[8] a Scotch gentleman, who, telling my Lord that they heard the Commissioners were come out of London to-day, my Lord dropt anchor over against Dover Castle (which give us about thirty guns in passing), and upon a high debate with the Vice and Rear-Admiral whether it were safe to go and not stay for the Commissioners, he did resolve to send Sir R. Stayner to Dover, to enquire of my Lord Winchelsea,[9] whether or no they are come out of London, and then to resolve to-morrow morning of going or not. Which was done.

12th. My Lord give me many orders to make for direction for the ships that are left in the Downes, giving them the greatest charge in the world to bring no passengers with them, when they come after us to Scheveling Bay, excepting Mr. Edward Montagu, Mr. Thomas Crewe, and Sir H. Wright. Sir R. Stayner told my Lord, that my Lord Winchelsea understands by letters, that the Commissioners are only to come to Dover to attend the coming over of the King. So my Lord did give order for weighing anchor, which we did, and sailed all day.

13th. To the quarter-deck, at which the taylors and painters were at work, cutting out some pieces of yellow cloth in the fashion of a crown and C. R. and put it upon a fine sheet, and that into the flag instead of the State's arms, which after dinner was finished and set up. This morn Sir J. Boys and Capt. Isham met us in the Nonsuch, the first of whom, after a word or two with my Lord, went forward, the other staid. I heard by them how Mr. Downing had never made any address to the

[6] John, fourteenth Earl of Crauford, restored in 1661 to the office of high treasurer of Scotland, which he had held eight years under Charles I.

[7] Afterward fourth Earl and first Duke of Devonshire.

[8] Probably Dalmahoy.

[9] Heneage, second Earl of Winchelsea, constituted by General Monk governor of Dover Castle, July, 1660; made Lord Lieutenant of Kent, and afterward ambassador to Turkey. Ob. 1689.

King, and for that was hated exceedingly by the Court, and that he was in a Dutch ship which sailed by us, then going to England with disgrace. Also how Mr. Morland[10] was knighted by the King this week, and that the King did give the reason of it openly, that it was for his giving him intelligence all the time he was clerk to Secretary Thurloe. In the afternoon a council of war, only to acquaint them that the Harp must be taken out of all their flags, it being very offensive to the King. Late at night we writ letters to the King of the news of our coming, and Mr. Edward Pickering[1] carried them. Capt. Isham went on shore, nobody showing of him any respect; so the old man very fairly took leave of my Lord, and my Lord very coldly bid him "God be with you," which was very strange, but that I hear that he keeps a great deal of prating and talking on shore, on board, at the King's Courts, what command he had with my Lord, &c.

14th. In the morning the Hague was clearly to be seen by us. My Lord went up in his nightgown into the cuddy, to see how to dispose thereof for himself and us that belong to him, to give order for our removal to-day. Some nasty Dutchmen came on board to proffer their boats to carry things from us on shore, &c. to get money by us. Before noon some gentlemen came on board from the shore to kiss my Lord's hands. And by and by Mr. North and Dr. Clerke went to kiss the Queen of Bohemia's hands, from my Lord, with twelve attendants from on board to wait on them, among which I sent my boy, who, like myself, is with child to see any strange thing. After noon they came back again after having kissed the Queen of Bohemia's[2] hand, and were sent again by my Lord to do the same to the Prince of Orange.[3] So I got the Captain to ask leave for me to go, which my Lord did give, and I taking my boy and Judge-Advocate with me, went in company with them. The weather bad; we were sadly washed when we come near the shore, it being very hard to land there. The shore is so, all the country between that and the Hague, all

[10] Samuel Morland, successively scholar and fellow of Magdalene College, and Mr. Pepys's tutor there, became afterward one of Thurloe's undersecretaries, and was employed in several embassies by Cromwell, whose interests he betrayed by secretly communicating with Charles II. In consideration of these services he was created a baronet of Sulhamstead Banister, Berks, after the Restoration. He was an ingenious mechanic, supposed by some persons to have invented the steam engine, and lived to an advanced age.

[1] Sir Gilbert Pickering's eldest son.

[2] Daughter of James I.

[3] Afterward William III.

sand. The Hague is a most neat place in all respects. The houses so neat in all places and things as is possible. Here we walked up and down a great while, the town being now very full of Englishmen, for that the Londoners were come on shore to-day. But going to see the Prince,[4] he was gone forth with his governor, and so we walked up and down the town and court to see the place; and by the help of a stranger, an Englishman, we saw a great many places, and were made to understand many things, as the intention of may-poles, which we saw there standing at every great man's door, of different greatness according to the quality of the person. About ten at night the Prince comes home, and we found an easy admission. His attendance very inconsiderable as for a prince; but yet handsome, and his tutor a fine man, and himself a very pretty boy.

15th. Coming on board we found all the Commissioners of the House of Lords at dinner with my Lord, who after dinner went away for shore. Mr. Morland, now Sir Samuel, was here on board, but I do not find that my Lord or any body did give him any respect, he being looked upon by him and all men as a knave. Among others he betrayed Sir Rich. Willis that married Dr. F. Jones's daughter, who had paid him 1000*l.* at one time by the Protector's and Secretary Thurloe's order, for intelligence that he sent concerning the King. In the afternoon my Lord called me on purpose to show me his fine cloathes which are now come hither, and indeed are very rich as gold and silver can make them, only his sword he and I do not like. In the afternoon my Lord and I walked together in the coach two hours, talking together upon all sorts of discourse: as religion, wherein he is, I perceive, wholly sceptical, saying, that indeed the Protestants as to the Church of Rome are wholly fanatiques: he likes uniformity and form of prayer: about State-business, among other things he told me that his conversion to the King's cause (for I was saying that I wondered from what time the King could look upon him to become his friend,) commenced from his being in the Sound, when he found what usage he was likely to have from a Commonwealth. My Lord, the Captain, and I supped in my Lord's chamber, where I did perceive that he did begin to show me much more

[4] Henry, Duke of Gloucester, Charles II's youngest brother.

respect than ever he did yet. After supper, my Lord sent for me, intending to have me play at cards with him, but I not knowing cribbage, we fell into discourse of many things, and the ship rolled so much that I was not able to stand, and so he bid me go to bed.

*May* 16. Come in some with visits, among the rest one from Admiral Opdam,[5] who spoke Latin well, but not French nor English, whom my Lord made me to entertain. Commissioner Pett [6] was now come to take care to get all things ready for the King on board. My Lord in his best suit, this the first day, in expectation to wait upon the King. But Mr. Edw. Pickering coming from the King brought word that the King would not put my Lord to the trouble of coming to him, but that he would come to the shore to look upon the fleet to-day, which we expected, and had our guns ready to fire, and our scarlet waist-cloathes out and silk pendants, but he did not come. This evening came Mr. John Pickering on board, like an asse, with his feathers and new suit that he had made at the Hague. My Lord very angry for his staying on shore, bidding me a little before to send for him, telling me that he was afraid that for his father's sake he might have some mischief done him, unless he used the General's name. This afternoon Mr. Edw. Pickering told me in what a sad, poor condition for clothes and money the King was, and all his attendants, when he came to him first from my Lord, their clothes not being worth forty shillings the best of them. And how overjoyed the King was when Sir J. Greenville brought him some money; so joyful, that he called the Princess Royal [7] and Duke of York to look upon it as it lay in the portmanteau before it was taken out. My Lord told me, too, that the Duke of York is made High Admiral of England.

17th. Dr. Clerke came to me to tell me that he heard this morning, by some Dutch that are come on board already to see the ships, that there was a Portuguese taken yesterday at the Hague, that had a design to kill the King. But this I heard afterwards was only the mistake upon one being observed to walk with his sword naked, he having lost his scabbard. Be-

[5] The celebrated Dutch admiral.
[6] Naval commissioner at Chatham.
[7] Mary, eldest daughter of Charles I, and widow of the Prince of Orange, who died 1646–'47. She was carried off by the small-pox, December, 1660, leaving a son, afterward King William III.

fore dinner Mr. Edw. Pickering and I, W. Howe, Pim, and my boy, to Scheveling, where we took coach, and so to the Hague, where walking, intending to find one that might show us the King incognito, I met with Captn. Whittington (that had formerly brought a letter to my Lord from the Mayor of London) and he did promise me to do it, but first we went and dined. At dinner in came Dr. Cade, a merry mad parson of the King's. And they two got the child and me (the others not being able to crowd in) to see the King, who kissed the child very affectionately. Then we kissed his, and the Duke of York's, and the Princess Royal's hands. The King seems to be a very sober man; and a very splendid Court he hath in the number of persons of quality that are about him; English very rich in habit. From the King to the Lord Chancellor, who did lie bed-rid of the gout: he spoke very merrily to the child and me. After that, going to see the Queen of Bohemia, I met Dr. Fuller, whom I sent to a tavern with Mr. Edw. Pickering, while I and the rest went to see the Queen, who used us very respectfully: her hand we all kissed. She seems a very debonaire, but a plain lady. In a coach we went to see a house of the Princess Dowager's [8] in a park about a mile from the Hague, where there is one of the most beautiful rooms for pictures in the whole world. She had here one picture upon the top, with these words, dedicating it to the memory of her husband:—"Incomparabili marito, inconsolabilis vidua."

18th. Very early up, and, hearing that the Duke of York, our Lord High Admiral, would go on board to-day, Mr. Pickering and I took waggon for Scheveling. But the wind being so very high that no boats could get off from shore, we returned to the Hague (having breakfasted with a gentleman of the Duke's and Commissioner Pett, sent on purpose to give notice to my Lord of his coming); we got a boy of the town to go along with us, and he showed us the church where Van Trump lies entombed with a very fine monument. His epitaph is concluded thus:—"Tandem Bello Anglico tantum non victor, certe invictus, vivere et vincere desiit." There is a sea-fight cut in marble, with the smoake, the best expressed that ever I saw in my life. From thence to the great church, that stands in a fine great market-place, over against the Stadt-house, and there

[8] Mary, daughter of Charles I.

I saw a stately tombe of the old Prince of Orange, of marble and brass; wherein among other rarities there are the angels with their trumpets expressed as it were crying. Here were very fine organs in both the churches. It is a most sweet town, with bridges, and a river in every street. We met with Commissioner Pett going down to the water-side with Major Harly, who is going upon a dispatch into England.

19th. Up early and went to Scheveling, where I found no getting on board, though the Duke of York sent every day to see whether he could do it or no. By waggon to Lausdune, where the 365 children were born. We saw the hill where they say the house stood wherein the children were born. The basins wherein the male and female children were baptized do stand over a large table that hangs upon a wall, with the whole story of the thing in Dutch and Latin, beginning, "Margarita Herman Comitissa," &c. The thing was done about 200 years ago.

20th. Commisioner Pett at last came to our lodging, and caused the boats to go off; so some in one boat and some in another we all bid adieu to the shore. But through the badness of weather we were in great danger, and a great while before we could get to the ship. This hath not been known four days together such weather this time of year, a great while. Indeed our fleet was thought to be in great danger, but we found all well.

21st. The weather foul all this day also. After dinner, about writing one thing or other all day, and setting my papers in order, hearing by letters that came hither in my absence, that the Parliament had ordered all persons to be secured, in order to a trial, that did sit as judges in the late King's death, and all the officers attending the Court. Sir John Lenthall moving in the House, that all that had borne arms against the King should be exempted from pardon, he was called to the bar of the House, and after a severe reproof he was degraded his knighthood. At Court I find that all things grow high. The old clergy talk as being sure of their lands again, and laugh at the Presbytery; and it is believed that the sales of the King's and Bishops' lands will never be confirmed by Parliament, there being nothing now in any man's power to hinder them and the King from doing what they had a mind, but everybody willing

to submit to any thing. We expect every day to have the King and Duke on board as soon as it is fair. My Lord does nothing now, but offers all things to the pleasure of the Duke as Lord High Admiral. So that I am at a loss what to do.

22d. News brought that the two Dukes are coming on board, which, by and by, they did, in a Dutch boat, the Duke of York in yellow trimmings, the Duke of Gloucester in grey and red. My Lord went in a boat to meet them, the Captain, myself, and others, standing at the entering port. So soon as they were entered we shot the guns off round the fleet. After that they went to view the ship all over, and were most exceedingly pleased with it. They seem to be very fine gentlemen. After that done, upon the quarter-deck table, under the awning, the Duke of York and my Lord, Mr. Coventry [9] and I, spent an hour at allotting to every ship their service, in their return to England; which being done, they went to dinner, where the table was very full: the two Dukes at the upper end, my Lord Opdam next on one side, and my Lord on the other. Two guns given to every man while he was drinking the King's health, and so likewise to the Duke's health. I took down Monsieur d'Esquier to the great cabbin below, and dined with him in state along with only one or two friends of his. All dinner the harper belonging to Captain Sparling played to the Dukes. After dinner, the Dukes and my Lord to sea, the Vice and Rear-Admirals and I in a boat after them. After that done, they made to the shore in the Dutch boat that brought them, and I got into the boat with them; but the shore was full of people to expect their coming. When we came near the shore, my Lord left them and come into his own boat, and Pen and I with him; my Lord being very well pleased with this day's work. By the time we came on board again, news is sent us that the King is on shore; so my Lord fired all his guns round twice, and all the fleet after him. The gun over against my cabbin

[9] Sir William Coventry, to whom Mr. Pepys became so warmly attached afterward, was the youngest son of Thomas, first Lord Coventry, and lord keeper. He entered at Queen's College, Oxford, in 1642, and on his return from his travels was made secretary to the Duke of York, and elected M.P. for Yarmouth. In 1662 he was appointed a commissioner of the Admiralty; in 1665 knighted and sworn a privy counsellor; and in 1667 constituted a commissioner of the treasury, but having been forbid the court, on account of his challenging the Duke of Buckingham, he retired into the country, nor could he subsequently be prevailed upon to accept of any official employment. Burnet calls Sir William Coventry the best speaker in the House of Commons, and a man of great notions and eminent virtues; and Mr. Pepys never omits an opportunity of paying a tribute to his public and private worth. Ob. 1686, aged sixty.

I fired myself to the King, which was the first time that he had been saluted by his own ships since this change; but holding my head too much over the gun, I had almost spoiled my right eye. Nothing in the world but giving of guns almost all this day. In the evening we began to remove cabbins; I to the carpenter's cabbin, and Dr. Clerke with me. Many of the King's servants come on board to-night; and so many Dutch of all sorts come to see the ship till it was quite dark, that we could not pass by one another, which was a great trouble to us all. This afternoon Mr. Downing (who was knighted yesterday by the King) was here on board, and had a ship for his passage into England, with his lady and servants. By the same token he called me to him when I was going to write the order, to tell me that I must write him Sir G. Downing. My Lord lay in the roundhouse to-night. This evening I was late writing a French letter by my Lord's order to Monsieur Wragh, Embassador de Denmarke à la Haye, which my Lord signed in bed.

23d. In the morning come infinity of people on board from the King to go along with him. My Lord, Mr. Crewe, and others, go on shore to meet the King as he comes off from shore, where Sir R. Stayner, bringing His Majesty into the boat, I hear that His Majesty did with a great deal of affection kiss my Lord upon his first meeting. The King, with the two Dukes and Queen of Bohemia, Princesse Royalle, and Prince of Orange, come on board, where I in their coming in kissed the King's, Queen's and Princesse's hands, having done the other before. Infinite shooting off of the guns, and that in a disorder on purpose, which was better than if it had been otherwise. All day nothing but Lords and persons of honour on board, that we were exceeding full. Dined in a great deal of state, the Royalle company by themselves in the coach, which was a blessed sight to see. After dinner the King and Duke altered the name of some of the ships, viz. the Nazeby into Charles;[10] the Richard, James; the Speaker, Mary; the Dunbar (which was not in company with us), the Henry; Winsly, Happy Return; Wakefield, Richmond; Lambert, the Henrietta; Cheriton, the Speedwell; Bradford, the Successe. That done, the Queen, Princesse Royalle, and Prince of Orange, took

[10] "The Naseby now no longer England's shame,
But better to be lost in Charles his name."
Dryden's "Astræa Redux."

leave of the King, and the Duke of York went on board the London, and the Duke of Gloucester, the Swiftsure. Which done, we weighed anchor, and with a fresh gale and most happy weather we set sail for England. All the afternoon the King walked here and there, up and down (quite contrary to what I thought him to have been) very active and stirring. Upon the quarter-deck he fell into discourse of his escape from Worcester, where it made me ready to weep to hear the stories that he told of his difficulties that he had passed through, as his travelling four days and three nights on foot, every step up to his knees in dirt, with nothing but a green coat and a pair of country breeches on, and a pair of country shoes that made him so sore all over his feet, that he could scarce stir. Yet he was forced to run away from a miller and other company, that took them for rogues. His sitting at table at one place, where the master of the house, that had not seen him in eight years, did know him, but kept it private; when at the same table there was one that had been of his own regiment at Worcester, could not know him, but made him drink the King's health, and said that the King was at least four fingers higher than he. At another place he was by some servants of the house made to drink, that they might know that he was not a Roundhead, which they swore he was. In another place at his inn, the master of the house, as the King was standing with his hands upon the back of a chair by the fire-side, kneeled down and kissed his hand, privately, saying, that he would not ask him who he was, but bid God bless him whither he was going. Then the difficulties in getting a boat to get into France, where he was fain to plot with the master thereof to keep his design from the foreman and a boy (which was all the ship's company), and so get to Fecamp in France. At Rouen he looked so poorly, that the people went into the rooms before he went away to see whether he had not stole something or other. In the evening I went up to my Lord to write letters for England, which we sent away with word of our coming, by Mr. Edw. Pickering. The King supped alone in the coach; after that I got a dish, and we four supped in my cabbin, as at noon. About bed-time my Lord Bartlett [1] (who I had offered my service to before)

[1] A mistake, for Lord Berkeley, who had been deputed with Lord Middlesex and four other peers by the House of Lords, to present an address of congratulation to the King.

sent for me to get him a bed, who with much ado I did get to bed to my Lord Middlesex [2] in the great cabbin below, but I was cruelly troubled before I could dispose of him, and quit myself of him. So to my cabbin again, where the company still was, and were talking more of the King's difficulties; as how he was fain to eat a piece of bread and cheese out of a poor body's pocket; how, at a Catholique house, he was fain to lie in the priest's hole a good while in the house for his privacy. After that our company broke up. We have all the Lords Commissioners on board us, and many others. Under sail all night, and most glorious weather.

24th. Up, and made myself as fine as could, with the linning stockings on and wide canons that I bought the other day at Hague. Extraordinary press of noble company, and great mirth all the day. There dined with me in my cabbin (that is, the carpenter's) Dr. Earle [3] and Mr. Hollis, the King's Chaplins, Dr. Scarborough,[4] Dr. Quarterman,[5] and Dr. Clerke, Physicians, Mr. Daray, and Mr. Fox,[6] (both very fine gentlemen) the King's servants, where we had brave discourse. Walking upon the decks, where persons of honour all the afternoon, among others, Thomas Killigrew,[7] (a merry droll, but a gentleman of great esteem with the King,) who told us many merry stories. At supper the three Drs. of Physique again at my cabbin; where I put Dr. Scarborough in mind of what I heard him say, that children do, in every day's experience, look several ways with both their eyes, till custom teaches them otherwise. And that we do now see but with one eye, our eyes looking in parallel lynes. After this discourse I was called to write a pass for my Lord Mandeville [8] to take up horses to London, which I wrote in the King's name, and carried it to him to sign, which was the first and only one that ever he signed in the ship Charles. To bed, coming in sight of land a little before night.

[2] Lionel, third and last Earl of Middlesex. Ob. 1674.

[3] John Earle, Dean of Westminster, successively Bishop of Worcester and Salisbury. Ob. 1665.

[4] Charles Scarborough, M.D., principal physician to Charles II (by whom he was knighted in 1669), James II, and William III, a learned and incomparable anatomist.

[5] William Quarterman, M.D., of Pembroke College, Oxford.

[6] Afterward Sir Stephen Fox, knight, paymaster to the forces.

[7] Thomas Killigrew, younger son of Sir Robert Killigrew, of Hanworth, Middlesex, page of honor to Charles I, and groom of the bedchamber to Charles II, whose fortunes he had followed. He was resident at Venice, 1651; a great favorite with the King on account of his uncommon vein of humor, and author of several plays. Ob. 1682.

[8] Eldest son of the Earl of Manchester.

25th. By the morning we were come close to the land, and every body made ready to get on shore. The King and the two Dukes did eat their breakfast before they went, and there being set some ship's diet, they eat of nothing else but pease and pork, and boiled beef. Dr. Clerke, who eat with me, told me how the King had given 50*l.* to Mr. Shepley for my Lord's servants, and 500*l.* among the officers and common men of the ship. I spoke to the Duke of York about business, who called me Pepys by name, and upon my desire did promise me his future favor. Great expectation of the King's making some Knights, but there was none. About noon (though the brigantine that Beale made was there ready to carry him) yet he would go in my Lord's barge with the two Dukes. Our Captn. steered, and my Lord went along bare with him. I went, and Mr. Mansell, and one of the King's footmen, and a dog that the King loved, in a boat by ourselves, and so got on shore when the King did, who was received by General Monk with all imaginable love and respect at his entrance upon the land of Dover. Infinite the crowd of people and the horsemen, citizens, and noblemen of all sorts. The Mayor of the town come and gave him his white staffe, the badge of his place, which the King did give him again. The Mayor also presented him from the town a very rich Bible, which he took and said it was the thing that he loved above all things in the world. A canopy was provided for him to stand under, which he did, and talked awhile with General Monk and others, and so into a stately coach there set for him, and so away through the towne towards Canterbury, without making any stay at Dover. The shouting and joy expressed by all is past imagination. Seeing that my Lord did not stir out of his barge, I got into a boat and so into his barge. My Lord almost transported with joy that he had done all this without any the least blur or obstruction in the world, that could give offence to any, and with the great honor he thought it would be to him. Being overtook by the brigantine, my Lord and we went out of our barge into it, and so went on board with Sir W. Batten [9] and the Vice and Rear-Admirals. At night I supped with the Captn., who told me what the King had given us. My Lord returned late, and at his coming did give me order to cause the marke to be gilded, and a Crowne

[9] A commissioner of the navy, and in 1661 M.P. for Rochester.

and C. R. to be made at the head of the coach table, where the King to-day with his own hand did marke his height, which accordingly I caused the painter to do, and is now done as is to be seen.

26th. My Lord dined with the Vice-Admiral to-day, (who is as officious, poor man! as any spaniel can be; but I believe all to no purpose, for I believe he will not hold his place;) so I dined commander at the coach table to-day, and all the officers of the ship with me, and Mr. White of Dover. After a game or two at nine-pins, to work all the afternoon, making above twenty orders. In the evening my Lord having been a-shore, the first time that he hath been a-shore since he come out of the Hope, (having resolved not to go till he had brought his Majesty into England,) returned on board with a great deal of pleasure. The Captain told me that my Lord had appointed me 30*l.* out of the 1000 ducats which the King had given to the ship.

27th (Lord's day). Called up by John Goods to see the Garter and Heralds coate, which lay in the coach, brought by Sir Edward Walker, King at Armes, this morning, for my Lord. My Lord had summoned all the Commanders on board him, to see the ceremony, which was thus: Sir Edward putting on his coate, and having laid the George and Garter, and the King's letter to my Lord, upon a crimson cushion, (in the coach, all the Commanders standing by,) makes three congees to him, holding the cushion in his arms. Then laying it down with the things upon it upon a chair, he takes the letter, and delivers it to my Lord, which my Lord breaks open and gives him to read. It was directed to our trusty and well beloved Sir Edward Montagu, Knight, one of our Generals at sea, and our Companion elect of our Noble Order of the Garter. The contents of the letter is to show that the Kings of England have for many years made use of this honor, as a special mark of favor, to persons of good extraction and valor, (and that many Emperors, Kings and Princes of other countries have borne this honor), and that whereas my Lord is of a noble family, and hath now done the King such service by sea, at this time, as he hath done; he do send him this George and Garter to wear as Knight of the Order, with a dispensation for the other ceremonies of the habit of the Order, and other things,

till hereafter, when it can be done. So the herald putting the ribbon about his neck, and the Garter on his left leg, he saluted him with joy as Knight of the Garter. And after that was done he took his leave of my Lord, and so to shore again to the King at Canterbury, where he yesterday gave the like honor to General Monk, who are the only two for many years that have had the Garter given them, before they had honors of Earldome, or the like, excepting only the Duke of Buckingham, who was only Sir George Villiers when he was made Knight of the Garter.[10]

29th. Abroad to shore with my Lord, (which he offered me of himself, saying that I had a great deal of work to do this month, which was very true.) On shore we took horses, my Lord and Mr. Edward, Mr. Hetly and I, and three or four servants, and had a great deal of pleasure in riding. At last we came upon a very high cliffe by the sea-side, and rode under it, we having laid great wagers, I and Dr. Mathews, that it was not so high as Paul's; my Lord and Mr. Hetly, that it was. But we riding under it, my Lord made a pretty good measure of it with two sticks, and found it to be not thirty-five yards high, and Paul's is reckoned to be about ninety. From thence toward the barge again, and in our way found the people of Deale going to make a bonfire for joy of the day, it being the King's birthday, and had some guns which they did fire at my Lord's coming by. For which I did give twenty shillings among them to drink. While we were on the top of the cliffe, we saw and heard our guns in the fleet go off for the same joy. And it being a pretty fair day we could see above twenty miles into France. Being returned on board, my Lord called for Mr. Shepley's book of Paul's, by which we were confirmed in our wager. This day, it is thought, the King do enter the City of London.

30th. All this morning making up my accounts, in which I counted that I had made myself now worth about 80*l.*, at which my heart was glad, and blessed God.

*June* 1. At night Mr. Cook comes from London with letters, leaving all things there very gallant and joyful. And brought us word that the Parliament had ordered the 29th of May, the King's birth-day, to be for ever kept as a day of thanksgiving

[10] A. D. 1616.

for our redemption from tyranny, and the King's return to his Government, he entering London that day.

2d. Being with my Lord in the morning about business in his cabbin, I took occasion to give him thanks for his love to me in the share that he had given me of his Majesty's money, and the Duke's. He told me he hoped to do me a more lasting kindness, if all things stand as they are now between him and the King, but, says he, "We must have a little patience and we will rise together; in the mean time I will do yet all the good jobs I can." Which was great content for me to hear from my Lord. All the morning with the Captain, computing how much the thirty ships that come with the King from Scheveling their pay comes to for a month (because the King promised to give them all a month's pay), and it comes to 6,538*l.*, and the Charles particularly 777*l.* I wish we had the money.

3d. Captaine Holland is come to get an order for the setting out of his ship, and to renew his commission. He tells me how every man goes to the Lord Mayor to set down their names, as such as do accept of his Majesty's pardon, and showed me a certificate under the Lord Mayor's hand, that he had done so.

At sermon in the morning; after dinner into my cabbin, to cast my accounts up, and find myself to be worth near 100*l.* for which I bless Almighty God, it being more than I hoped for so soon, being I believe not clearly worth 25*l.* when I come to sea besides my house and goods.

4th. This morning the King's Proclamation against drinking, swearing, and debauchery, was read to our ships' companies in the fleet, and indeed it gives great satisfaction to all.

6th. In the morning I had letters come, that told me among other things, that my Lord's place of Clerke of the Signet was fallen to him, which he did most lovingly tell me that I should execute, in case he could not get a better employment for me at the end of the year. Because he thought that the Duke of York would command all, but he hoped that the Duke would not remove me but to my advantage.

My letters tell me, that Mr. Calamy [1] had preached before the King in a surplice (this I heard afterwards to be false); that my Lord, Gen. Monk, and three more Lords, are made Com-

[1] Edward Calamy, the celebrated Nonconformist divine, born 1616, appointed chaplain to Charles II, 1660. Ob. 1666.

missioners for the Treasury; that my Lord had some great place conferred on him, and they say Master of the Wardrobe; and the two Dukes do haunt the Park much, and that they were at a play, Madam Epicene,[2] the other day; that Sir Ant. Cooper,[3] Mr. Hollis, and Mr. Annesly, late Presidents of the Council of State, are made Privy Councillors to the King.

7th. After dinner come Mr. John Wright and Mr. Moore, with the sight of whom my heart was very glad. They brought an order for my Lord's coming up to London, which my Lord resolved to do to-morrow. All the afternoon getting my things in order to set forth to-morrow. At night walked up and down with Mr. Moore, who did give me an account of all things at London. Among others, how the Presbyterians would be angry if they durst, but they will not be able to do any thing.

8th. Out early, took horses at Deale.

9th. To White Hall with my Lord and Mr. Edwd. Montagu. Found the King in the Park. There walked. Gallantly great.

11th. With my Lord to Dorset House[4] to the Chancellor.

13th. By water with my Lord in a boat to Westminster, and to the Admiralty, now in a new place.

15th. My Lord told me how the King has given him the place of the great Wardrobe.

16th. To my Lord, and so to White Hall with him about the Clerk of the Privy Seale's place, which he is to have. Then to the Admiralty, where I wrote some letters. Here Coll. Thompson told me, as a great secret, that the Nazeby was on fire when the King was there, but that is not known; when God knows it is quite false.

17th (Lord's day). To Mr. Messinn's; a good sermon. This day the organs did begin to play at White Hall before the King. After dinner to Mr. Messinn's again, and so in the garden, and heard Chippell's father preach, that was Page to the Protector.

18th. To my Lord's, where much business. With him to the Parliament House, where he did intend to have made his appearance to-day, but he met Mr. Crewe upon the stairs, and

[2] "Epicene, or the Silent Woman," a comedy by Ben Jonson.

[3] Afterward chancellor, and created Earl of Shaftesbury.

[4] Dorset House, in Salisbury Court, at this time occupied by the chancellor, once the residence of the Bishops of Salisbury, one of whom (Jewel) alienated it to the Sackville family. The house being afterward pulled down, a theatre was built on its site, in which the Duke of York's troop performed.

would not go in. He went to Mrs. Brown's, and staid till word was brought him what was done in the House. This day they made an end of the twenty men to be excepted from pardon to their estates. By barge to Stepney with my Lord, where at Trinity House we had great entertainment. With my Lord there went Sir W. Pen, Sir H. Wright, Hetly, Pierce, Creed, Hill, I and other servants. Back again to the Admiralty, and so to my Lord's lodgings, where he told me that he did look after the place of the Clerk of the Acts for me.

19th. Much business at my Lord's. This morning my Lord went into the House of Commons, and there had the thanks of the House, in the name of the Parliament and Commons of England, for his late service to his King and Country. A motion was made for a reward for him, but it was quashed by Mr. Annesly, who, above most men, is engaged to my Lord's and Mr. Crewe's favors. My Lord went at night with the King to Baynard's Castle to supper, and I home.

20th. With my Lord (who lay long in bed this day, because he came home late from supper with the King) to the Parliament House, and, after that, with him to General Monk's, where he dined at the Cock-pit. Thence to the Admiralty, and despatched away Mr. Cooke to sea; whose business was a letter from my Lord about Mr. G. Montagu to be chosen as a Parliament-man in my Lord's room at Dover; and another to the Vice-Admiral to give my Lord a constant account of all things in the fleet, merely that he may thereby keep up his power there; another letter to Captn. Cuttance to send the barge that brought the King on shore, to Hinchingbroke by Lynne.

21st. To my Lord, much business. With him to the Council Chamber, where he was sworne; and the charge of his being admitted Privy Counsellor is 56*l.* To White Hall, where the King being gone abroad, my Lord and I walked a great while discoursing of the simplicity of the Protector, in his losing all that his father had left him. My Lord told me, that the last words that he parted with the Protector with, (when he went to the Sound), were, that he should rejoice more to see him in his grave at his return home, than that he should give way to such things as were then in hatching, and afterwards did ruine him: and that the Protector said, that whatever G. Montagu, my

Lord Broghill,[5] Jones, and the Secretary, would have him to do, he would do it, be it what it would.

22d. To my Lord, where much business. With him to White Hall, where the Duke of York not being up, we walked a good while in the Shield Gallery. Mr. Hill (who for these two or three days hath constantly attended my Lord) told me of an offer of 500*l.* for a Baronet's dignity, which I told my Lord of in the balcone of this gallery, and he said he would think of it. My dear friend Mr. Fuller of Twickenham and I dined alone at the Sun Tavern, where he told me how he had the grant of being Dean of St. Patrick's, in Ireland; and I told him my condition, and both rejoiced one for another. Thence to my Lord's and had the great coach to Brigham's, who told me how my Lady Monk deals with him and others for their places, asking him 500*l.* though he was formerly the King's coach-maker, and sworn to it.

23d. To my Lord's lodgings, where Tom Guy come to me, and there staid to see the King touch people for the King's evil. But he did not come at all, it rayned so; and the poor people were forced to stand all the morning in the rain in the garden. Afterward he touched them in the banquetting-house. With my Lord, to my Lord Frezendorfe's[6] where he dined to-day. He told me that he had obtained a promise of the Clerke of the Acts place for me, at which I was glad.

25th. With my Lord at White Hall all the morning. I spoke with Mr. Coventry about my business, who promised me all the assistance I could expect. Dined with young Mr. Powell, lately come from the Sound, being amused at our great charges here, and Mr. Southerne, now Clerke to Mr. Coventry, at the Leg in King-street. Thence to the Admiralty, where I met Mr. Turner, of the Navy-office, who did look after the place of Clerke of the Acts. He was very civil to me, and I to him, and shall be so. There come a letter from my Lady Monk to my Lord about it this evening, but he refused to come to her, but meeting in White Hall, with Sir Thomas Clarges, her brother, my Lord returned answer, that he could not desist in my business; and that he believed that General Monk would take it ill if my Lord should name the officers in his army; and therefore

[5] Roger Boyle, Lord Broghill, created Earl of Orrery, 1660. Ob. 1679.

[6] John Frederic de Friesendorff, ambassador from Sweden to Charles II, who created him a baronet, 1661.

he desired to have the naming of one officer in the fleete. With my Lord by coach to Mr. Crewe's, and very merry by the way, discoursing of the late changes and his good fortune. Thence home, and then with my wife to Dorset-House, to deliver a list of the names of the justices of peace for Huntingdonshire.

26th. My Lord dined at his lodgings all alone to-day. I went to Secretary Nicholas to carry him my Lord's resolutions about his title, which he had chosen, and that is Portsmouth.

To Backewell [7] the goldsmith's, and there we chose a 100*l.* worth of plate for my Lord to give Secretary Nicholas.

27th. With my Lord to the Duke, where he spoke to Mr. Coventry to despatch my business of the Acts, in which place every body gives me joy, as if I were in it, which God send.

28th. To Sir G. Downing, the first visit I have made him since he come. He is so stingy a fellow I care not to see him; I quite cleared myself of his office, and did give him liberty to take any body in. After all this to my Lord, who lay a-bed till eleven o'clock, it being almost five before he went to-bed, they supped so late last night with the King. This morning I saw poor Bishop Wren [8] going to Chappel, it being a thanksgiving day for the King's returne.

29th. Up and to White Hall, where I got my warrant from the Duke to be Clerke of the Acts. Also I got my Lord's warrant from the Secretary for his honor of Earle of Portsmouth, and Viscount Montagu of Hinchingbroke. So to my Lord, to give him an account of what I had done. Then to Sir Geffery Palmer,[9] who told me that my Lord must have some good Latinist to make the preamble to his Patent, which must express his late service in the best terms that he can, and he told me in what high flaunting terms Sir J. Greenville had caused his to be done, which he do not like; but that Sir Richard Fanshawe [10] had done General Monk's very well. Then to White Hall, where I was told by Mr. Hutchinson at the Admiralty, that Mr. Barlow, my predecessor, Clerke of the Acts, is yet alive, and coming up to town to look after his place, which made my

[7] Edward Bakewell, an alderman of London, and opulent banker, ruined by the shutting up of the exchequer in 1672, when he retired to Holland, where he died.

[8] Matthew Wren, Bishop of Ely. Ob. 1667, aged eighty-two.

[9] Sir Geoffrey Palmer, attorney-general, and chief-justice of Chester, 1660, created a baronet 1661. Ob. 1670.

[10] Sir Richard Fanshawe, knight and baronet, secretary to Charles II in Scotland, and after the Restoration employed on several embassies. He was a good linguist, and translated the Lusiad and Pastor Fido.

heart sad a little. At night told my Lord thereof, and he bad me get possession of my Patent; and he would do all that could be done to keep him out. This night my Lord and I looked over the list of the Captains, and marked some that my Lord had a mind to put out.

30th. By times to Sir R. Fanshawe to draw up the preamble to my Lord's patent. So to my Lord, and with him to White Hall, where I saw a great many fine antique heads of marble, that my Lord Northumberland [1] had given the King. To White Hall with Mr. Moore, where I met with a letter from Mr. Turner, offering me 150*l.* to be joined with me in my patent, and to advise me how to improve the advantage of my place, and to keep off Barlow. This day come Will,[2] my boy, to me: the maid continuing lame.

*July* 1. This morning come home my fine Camlett cloak, with gold buttons, and a silk suit, which cost me much money, and I pray God to make me able to pay for it. In the afternoon to the Abbey, where a good sermon by a stranger, but no Common Prayer yet.

2d. All the afternoon with my Lord, going up and down the town; at seven at night he went home, and there the principal Officers of the Navy,[3] among the rest myself was reckoned one. We had order to meet to-morrow, to draw up such an order of the Council as would put us into action before our patents were passed. At which my heart was glad. At night supped with my Lord, he and I together, in a great dining-room alone by ourselves.

3d. The Officers and Commissioners of the Navy met at Sir G. Carteret's [4] chamber, and agreed upon orders for the Council to supersede the old ones, and empower us to act. Dined

[1] Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland.

[2] William Hewer, respecting whose origin I can only make out, that he was a nephew to Mr. Blackburne, so often mentioned in these pages, where his father's death, of the plague, also occurs. He became afterward a commissioner of the navy, and treasurer for Tangier; and was the constant companion of Mr. Pepys, who died in his house at Clapham, previously the residence of Sir Dennis Gauden. Mr. Hewer was buried in the old church at Clapham, where there is a large monument of marble in alto-relievo erected to his memory. See the Appendix for the inscription.

[3] A list of the officers of the Admiralty, May 31, 1660.

From a MS. in the Pepysian Library.

His Royal Highness James, Duke of York, Lord High Admiral.
Sir George Carteret, Treasurer.
Sir Robert Slingsby (soon after), Comptroller.
Sir William Batten, Surveyor.
Samuel Pepys, Esq., Clerk of the Acts.
John, Lord Berkeley, } Commissioners.
Sir William Penn, }
Peter Pett, Esq. }

[4] Sir George Carteret, knight, had originally been bred to the sea service, and became comptroller of the navy to Charles I, and Governor of Jersey, where he obtained considerable reputa-

with Mr. Stephens, the Treasurer of the Navy, and Mr. Turner, to whom I offered 50*l.* out of my own purse for one year, and the benefit of a Clerke's allowance beside, which he thanked me for; but I find he hath some design yet in his head, which I could not think of. In the afternoon my heart was quite pulled down, by being told that Mr. Barlow was to enquire to-day for Mr. Coventry; but at night I met with my Lord, who told me that I need not fear, for he would get me the place against the world. And when I come to W. Howe, he told me that Dr. Petty had been with my Lord, and did tell him that Barlow was a sickly man, and did not intend to execute the place himself, which put me in great comfort again.

4th. To Mr. Backewell's, the goldsmith, where I took my Lord's 100*l.* in plate for Mr. Secretary Nicholas, and my own piece of plate, being a state dish and cup in chased work for Mr. Coventry, cost me above 19*l.* Carried these and the money by coach to my Lord's at White Hall, and from thence carried Nicholas's plate to his house and left it there, intending to speak with him anon. So to my Lord's, and walking all the afternoon in White Hall Court, in expectation of what shall be done in the Council as to our business. It was strange to see how all the people flocked together bare, to see the King looking out of the Council window. At night my Lord told me how my orders that I drew last night about giving us power to act, are granted by the Council. At which I was very glad.

5th. This morning my brother Tom brought me my jackanapes coat with silver buttons. It rained this morning, which makes us fear that the glory of this day will be lost; the King and Parliament being to be entertained by the City to-day with great pomp. Mr. Hater was with me to-day, and I agreed with him to be my clerke. Being at White Hall, I saw the King, the Dukes, and all their attendants go forth in the rain to the City, and it spoiled many a fine suit of clothes. I was forced to walk all the morning in White Hall, not knowing how to get out because of the rain. Met with Mr. Cooling,[5] my Lord

tion by his gallant defence of that island against the Parliament forces. At the Restoration he was made vice-chamberlain to the King, treasurer of the navy, and a privy councillor, and in 1661 M.P. for Portsmouth. He continued in favor with his sovereign till 1679, when he died in his eightieth year. He married his cousin Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Philip Carteret, knight, of St. Ouen, and had issue three sons and five daughters.

[5] Richard Cooling or Coling, A.M., of All Souls' College, secretary to the earls of Manchester and Arlington, when they filled the office of lord

Chamberlain's secretary, who took me to dinner among the gentlemen waiters, and after dinner into the wine-cellar. He told me how he had a project for all us Secretaries to join together, and get money by bringing all business into our hands. Thence to the Admiralty, where Mr. Blackburne and I (it beginning to hold up) went and walked an hour or two in the Park, he giving of me light in many things in my way in this office that I go about. And in the evening I got my presents of plate carried to Mr. Coventry's. At my Lord's at night comes Dr. Petty to me, to tell me that Barlow was come to town, and other things, which put me into a despair, and I went to bed very sad.

6th. In the afternoon my Lord and I, and Mr. Coventry and Sir G. Carteret, went and took possession of the Navy-Office, whereby my mind was a little cheered, but my hopes not great. From thence Sir G. Carteret and I to the Treasurer's Office, where he set some things in order.

8th (Lord's day). To White Hall chapel, where I got in with ease by going before the Lord Chancellor with Mr. Kipps. Here I heard very good musique, the first time that ever I remember to have heard the organs and singing-men in surplices in my life. The Bishop of Chichester [6] preached before the King, and made a great flattering sermon, which I did not like that the Clergy should meddle with matters of state. Dined with Mr. Luellin and Salisbury at a cook's shop. Home, and staid all the afternoon with my wife till after sermon. There till Mr. Fairebrother [7] come to call us out to my father's to supper. He told me how he had perfectly procured me to be made Master in Arts by proxy,[8] which did somewhat please me, though I remember my cousin Roger Pepys [9] was the other day persuading me from it.

9th. To the Navy-office,[10] where in the afternoon we met

chamberlain, and a clerk of the Privy Council in ordinary. There is a mezzotinto print of him in the Pepysian collection.

[6] Henry King, Dean of Rochester, advanced to the see of Chichester, 1641. Ob. 1669.

[7] William Fairbrother, in 1661 made D. D. at Cambridge per regias litteras.

[8] The grace which passed the university, on this occasion, is preserved in Kennett's "Chronicle," and commenced as follows: Cum Sam Pepys, Coll. Magd. Inceptor in Artibus in Regiâ Classe existat e Secretis. exindeq. apud mare adeo occupatissimus ut Comitiis proxime futuris interesse non possit; placet vobis ut dictus S. P. admissionem suam necnon creationem recipiat ad gradum Magistri in Artibus sub personâ Timothei Wellfit, Inceptoris, &c.—June 26. 1660.

[9] Roger Pepys, a barrister, M.P. for Cambridge, 1661, and afterward recorder of that town.

[10] The Navy Office was erected on the site of Lumley House, formerly belonging to the Fratres Sanctæ Crucis (or Crutched Friars), and all business con-

and sat, and there I begun to sign bills in the Office the first time.

10th. This day I put on my new silk suit, the first that ever I wore in my life. Home, and called my wife, and took her to Clodins's to a great wedding of Nan Hartlib to Mynheer Roder, which was kept at Goring House [1] with very great state, cost, and noble company. But among all the beauties there, my wife was thought the greatest. And finding my Lord in White Hall garden, I got him to go to the Secretary's, which he did, and desired the dispatch of his and my bills to be signed by the King. His bill is to be Earle of Sandwich, Viscount Hinchingbroke, and Baron of St. Neot's. Home, with my mind pretty quiet: not returning, as I said I would, to see the bride put to bed.

11th. With Sir W. Pen [2] by water to the Navy-office, where we met, and dispatched business. And that being done, we went all to dinner to the Dolphin, upon Major Brown's invitation. After that to the office again, where I was vexed, and so was Commissioner Pett, to see a busy fellow come to look out the best lodgings for my Lord Barkley, and the combining between him and Sir W. Pen; and, indeed, was troubled much at it.

12th. Up early and by coach to White Hall with Commissioner Pett, where, after we had talked with my Lord, I went to the Privy Seale and got my bill perfected there, and at the Signet: and then to the House of Lords, and met with Mr. Kipps, who directed me to Mr. Beale to get my patent engrossed; but he not having time to get it done in Chancery-hand, I was forced to run all up and down Chancery-lane, and the Six Clerks' Office, but could find none that could write the hand, that were at leisure. And so in despair went to the Admiralty, where we met the first time there, my Lord Montagu,

nected with naval concerns was transacted there, till its removal to Somerset House. The ground is now occupied by the East India Company's warehouses.

[1] Goring House was burned in 1674, at which time Lord Arlington resided in it.

[2] Sir William Pen was born at Bristol in 1621, of the ancient family of the Pens of Pen Lodge, Wilts. He was captain at the age of twenty-one; Rear-Admiral of Ireland at twenty-three; Vice-Admiral of England and general in the first Dutch war at thirty-two. He was subsequently M.P. for Weymouth, Governor of Kinsale, and Vice-Admiral of Munster. After the Dutch fight in 1665, where he distinguished himself as second in command under the Duke of York, he took leave of the sea, but continued to act as a commissioner for the navy till 1669, when he retired on account of his bodily infirmities to Wanstead, and died there September 16, 1670, aged forty-nine.

my Lord Barkley, Mr. Coventry, and all the rest of the principal Officers and Commissioners, except only the Controller, who is not yet chosen.

13th. Up early, the first day that I put on my black camlett coat with silver buttons. To Mr. Spong, whom I found in his night-gown writing of my patent. It being done, we carried it to Worcester House,[3] to the Chancellor, where Mr. Kipps got me the Chancellor's recepi to my bill; and so carried it to Mr. Beale for a dockett; but he was very angry, and unwilling to do it, because he said it was ill writ, (because I had got it writ by another hand, and not by him); but by much importunity I got Mr. Spong to go to his office and make an end of my patent; and in the mean time Mr. Beale to be preparing my dockett, which being done, I did give him two pieces, after which it was strange how civil and tractable he was to me. Met with Mr. Spong, who still would be giving me council of getting my patent out, for fear of another change, and my Lord Montagu's fall. After that to Worcester House, where by Mr. Kipps's means, and my pressing in General Montagu's name to the Chancellor, I did, beyond all expectation, get my seal passed; and while it was doing in one room, I was forced to keep Sir G. Carteret (who by chance met me there, ignorant of my business) in talk. I to my Lord's, where I dispatched an order for a ship to fetch Sir R. Honywood home. Late writing letters; and great doings of musique at the next house, which was Whally's; the King and Dukes there with Madame Palmer,[4] a pretty woman that they had a fancy to. Here at the old door that did go into his lodgings, my Lord, I, and W. Howe, did stand listening a great while to the musique.

14th. Comes in Mr. Pagan Fisher,[5] the poet, and promises

[3] The Earls of Worcester had a large house between Durham Place and the Savoy, which Lord Clarendon rented at £5 per annum, while his own was building.

[4] Barbara Villiers, daughter of William, Viscount Grandison, wife of Roger Palmer, Esq., created Earl of Castlemaine, 1661. She became the King's mistress soon after the Restoration, and was in 1670 made Duchess of Cleveland. She died 1709, aged sixty-nine.

[5] Payne Fisher, who styled himself Paganus Piscator, was born in 1616, in Dorsetshire, and removed from Hart Hall, Oxford, of which he had been a commoner, to Magdalene College, Cambridge, in 1634; and there took a degree of B. A., and first discovered a turn for poetry. He was afterward a captain in the King's service at Marston Moor fight; but leaving his command, employed his pen against the cause which he had supported with his sword, and became a favorite of Cromwell's. After the King's return, he obtained a scanty subsistence by flattering men in power, and was frequently imprisoned for debt. He died in 1693. He published several poems, chiefly in Latin; and, in 1682, printed a book of heraldry, with the arms of such of the gentry as he had waited upon with presentation copies. He was a man of talents, but vain, unsteady, and conceited, and a great time-server.

me what he had long ago done, a book in praise of the King of France, with my armes, and a dedication to me very handsome.

15th. My wife and I mightily pleased with our new house that we hope to have. My patent has cost me a great deal of money; about 40*l.* In the afternoon to Henry the Seventh's Chapel, where I heard a Sermon.

17th. This morning (as indeed all the mornings now-a-days) much business at my Lord's. There come to my house before I went out Mr. Barlow, an old consumptive man, and fair conditioned. After much talk, I did grant him what he asked, viz. 50*l.* per annum, if my salary be not increased, and 100*l.* per annum, in case it be 350*l.* at which he was very well pleased to be paid as I received my money, and not otherwise, so I brought him to my Lord's and he and I did agree together.

18th. This morning we met at the office: I dined at my house in Seething Lane.

19th. We did talk of our old discourse when we did use to talk of the King, in the time of the Rump, privately; after that to the Admiralty Office, in White Hall, where I staid and writ my late observations for these four days last past. Great talk of the difference between the Episcopal and Presbyterian Clergy, but I believe it will come to nothing.

22nd. After dinner to White Hall, where I find my Lord at home, and walked in the garden with him, he showing me all respect. I left him and went to walk in the inward Park, but could not get in; one man was basted by the keeper, for carrying some people over on his back, through the water. Home, and at night had a chapter read; and I read prayers out of the Common Prayer Book, the first time that ever I read prayers in this house. So to bed.

23rd. After dinner to my Lord, who took me to Secretary Nicholas;[6] and before him and Secretary Morris,[7] my Lord and I upon our knees together took our oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy; and the Oath of the Privy Seale, of which I was much glad, though I am not likely to get anything by it at present; but I do desire it, for fear of a turn-out of our office.

24th. To White Hall, where I did acquaint Mr. Watkins

[6] Sir Edward Nicholas, many years principal secretary of state to Charles I and Charles II; dismissed from his office through the intrigues of Lady Castlemaine in 1663, and ob. 1669, aged seventy-seven.

[7] Sir William Morris, secretary of state from 1660 to 1668. Ob. 1676. He was kinsman to General Monk.

with my being sworn into the Privy Seale, at which he was much troubled, but did offer me a kinsman of his to be my clerk. In the afternoon I spent much time in walking in White Hall Court with Mr. Bickerstaffe,[8] who was very glad of my Lord's being sworn, because of his business with his brother Baron,[8] which is referred to my Lord Chancellor, and to be ended to-morrow. Baron had got a grant beyond sea, to come in before the reversionary of the Privy Seale.

25th. I got my certificate of my Lord's and I being sworn. This morning my Lord took leave of the House of Commons, and had the thanks of the House for his great service to his country.[9]

26th. Early to White Hall, thinking to have a meeting of my Lord and the principal officers, but my Lord could not, it being the day that he was to go and be admitted in the House of Lords, his patent being done, which he presented upon his knees to the Speaker; and so it was read in the House, and he took his place. T. Doling carried me to St. James's Fair, and there meeting with W. Symons and his wife, and Luellin, and D. Scobell's wife and cousin, we went to Wood's at the Pell Mell (our old house for clubbing), and there we spent till ten at night.

28th. A boy brought me a letter from Poet Fisher, who tells me that he is upon a panegyrique of the King, and desired to borrow a piece of me; and I sent him half a piece. To Westminster, and there met Mr. Henson, who had formerly had the brave clock that went with bullets (which is now taken away from him by the King, it being his goods).

29th. With my Lord to White Hall Chapel, where I heard a cold sermon of the Bishop of Salisbury's, Duppa's,[10] and the ceremonies did not please me, they do so overdo them. My Lord went to dinner at Kensington with my Lord Camden.[1]

30th. This afternoon I got my 50*l.*, due to me for my first quarter's salary as Secretary to my Lord, paid to Tho. Hater for me, which he received and brought home to me, of which I felt glad. The sword-bearer of London (Mr. Man) came to ask for us, with whom we sat late, discoursing about the

[8] They were both clerks of the Privy Seal.

[9] In the "Journals" this is stated to have taken place July 24th.

[10] Brian Duppa, successively Bishop of Chichester, Salisbury, and Winchester. Ob. 1662.

[1] Baptist, second Viscount Campden, Lord Lieutenant of Rutlandshire. Ob. 1683.

worth of my office of Clerke of the Acts, which he hath a mind to buy, and I asked four years' purchase.

31st. To White Hall, where my Lord and the principal officers met, and had a great discourse about raising of money for the Navy, which is in very sad condition, and money must be raised for it. I back to the Admiralty, and there was doing things in order to the calculating of the debts of the Navy and other business, all the afternoon. At night I went to the Privy Seale, where I found Mr. Crofts and Mathews making up all their things to leave the office to-morrow, to those that come to wait the next month.

*August* 1. In the afternoon at the office, where we had many things to sign: and I went to the Council Chamber, and there got my Lord to sign the first bill, and the rest all myself; but received no money to-day.

2nd. To Westminster by water with Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen, (our servants in another boat) to the Admiralty; and from thence I went to my Lord's to fetch him thither, where we stayed in the morning about ordering of money for the victuallers, and advising how to get a sum of money to carry on the business of the Navy. From thence W. Hewer and I to the office of Privy Seale, where I stayed all the afternoon, and received about 40*l.* for yesterday and to-day, at which my heart rejoiced for God's blessing to me, to give me this advantage by chance, there being of this 40*l.* about 10*l.* due to me for this day's work. So great is the present profit of this office, above what it was in the King's time; there being the last month about 300 bills, whereas in the late King's time it was much to have 40. I went and cast up the expense that I laid out upon my former house, (because there are so many that are desirous of it, and I am, in my mind, loth to let it go out of my hands, for fear of a turn.) I find my layings-out to come to about 20*l.* which with my fine will come to about 22*l.* to him that shall hire my house of me.

4th. To White Hall, where I found my Lord gone with the King by water to dine at the Tower with Sir J. Robinson,[2] Lieutenant. I found my Lady Jemimah,[3] at my Lord's, with whom I staid and dined, all alone; after dinner to the Privy

[2] Sir John Robinson, created a baronet for his services to Charles II, 1660, and had an augmentation to his arms. He was Lord Mayor of London, 1663.

[3] Lady Jemimah Montagu.

Seale Office, where I did business. So to a Committee of Parliament, (Sir Hen. Finch,[4] Chairman), to give them an answer to an order of theirs, "that we could not give them any account of the Accounts of the Navy in the years 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, as they desire."

6th. This night Mr. Man offered me 1000*l.* for my office of Clerke of the Acts, which made my mouth water; but yet I dare not take it till I speak with my Lord to have his consent.

7th. Mr. Moore and myself dined at my Lord's with Mr. Shepley. While I was at dinner in come Sam. Hartlibb[5] and his brother-in-law, now knighted by the King, to request my promise of a ship for them to Holland, which I had promised to get for them. After dinner to the Privy Seale all the afternoon. At night, meeting Sam. Hartlibb, he took me by coach to Kensington, to my Lord of Holland's; I staid in the coach while he went in about his business.

9th. With Judge Advocate Fowler, Mr. Creed, and Mr. Shepley to the Rhenish Wine-house, and Captain Hayward of the Plymouth, who is now ordered to carry my Lord Winchelsea, Embassador to Constantinople. We were very merry, and Judge Advocate did give Captain Hayward his Oath of Allegiance and Supremacy.

10th. With Mr. Moore and Creed to Hide-parke by coach, and saw a fine foot-race three times round the Park, between an Irishman and Crow, that was once my Lord Claypoole's[6] footman. By the way I cannot forget that my Lord Claypoole did the other day make enquiry of Mrs. Hunt, concerning my House in Axe-yard, and did set her on work to get it of me for him, which methinks is a very great change. But blessed be God for my good chance of the Privy Seale, where I get every day I believe about 3*l.* This place my Lord did give me by chance, neither he nor I thinking it to be of the worth that he and I find it to be.

[4] Solicitor-general, 1660; lord keeper, 1673; chancellor, 1675; created Earl of Nottingham, 1681. Ob. 1682.

[5] Samuel Hartlib, son of a Polish merchant, and author of several ingenious "Works on Agriculture," for which he had a pension from Cromwell.—Vide Chalmers's "Biog. Dict."

[6] John, Lord Claypoole, married, in 1645, Mary, second daughter of Oliver Cromwell, to whom he became master of the horse, and a lord of the bed-chamber: he was also placed in his father-in-law's upper House. During Richard Cromwell's time he retained all his places at court, and at the Restoration, never having made an enemy while his relations were in power, he was not molested, and lived till 1688. His father had been proceeded against in the Star Chamber, for resisting the payment of ship money, and was by Cromwell constituted clerk of the hanaper, and created a baronet.

12th (Lord's day). To my Lord, and with him to White Hall Chapel, where Mr. Calamy preached, and made a good sermon upon these words "To whom much is given, of him much is required." He was very officious with his three reverences to the King, as others do. After sermon a brave anthem of Captain Cooke's,[7] which he himself sung, and the King was well pleased with it. My Lord dined at my Lord Chamberlin's.[8]

14th. To the Privy Seale, and thence to my Lord's, where Mr. Pin the taylor, and I agreed upon making me a velvet coat. From thence to the Privy Seale again, where Sir Samuel Morland come with a Baronet's grant to pass, which the King had given him to make money of. Here we staid with him a great while; and he told me the whole manner of his serving the King in the time of the Protector; and how Thurloe's bad usage made him to do it; how he discovered Sir R. Willis, and how he had sunk his fortune for the King; and that now the King had given him a pension of 500*l.* per annum out of the Post Office for life, and the benefit of two Baronets; all which do make me begin to think that he is not so much a fool as I took him to be. I did make even with Mr. Fairebrother for my degree of Master of Arts, which cost me about 9*l.* 16*s.*

15th. To the office, and after dinner by water to White Hall, where I found the King gone this morning by five of the clock to see a Dutch pleasure-boat below bridge, where he dines and my Lord with him. The King do tire all his people that are about him with early rising since he come.

18th. Captain Ferrers took me and Creed to the Cockpitt play, the first that I have had time to see since my coming from sea, "The Loyall Subject,"[9] where one Kinaston,[10] a boy, acted the Duke's sister, but made the loveliest lady that ever I saw in my life.

20th. This afternoon at the Privy Seale, where reckoning with Mr. Moore, he had got 100*l.* for me together, which I was glad of, guessing that the profit of this month would come to 100*l.* With W. Hewer by coach to Worcester House, where I light, sending him home with the 100*l.* that I received to-day.

[7] Henry Cooke, master of the children of the Chapel Royal, and an excellent musician. Ob. 1672.

[8] The Earl of Manchester.

[9] A tragi-comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher.

[10] Edward Kynaston, engaged by Sir W. Davenant in 1660, to perform the principal female characters: he afterward assumed the male ones in the first parts of tragedy, and continued on the stage till the end of King William's reign. The period of his death is not known.

Here I staid, and saw my Lord Chancellor come into his Great Hall, where wonderful how much company there was to expect him. Before he would begin any business, he took my papers of the state of the debts of the Fleet, and there viewed them before all the people, and did give me his advice privately how to order things, to get as much money as we can of the Parliament.

21st. I met Mr. Crewe and dined with him, where there dined one Mr. Hickeman, an Oxford man, who spoke very much against the height of the now old clergy, for putting out many of the religious fellows of Colleges, and inveighing against them for their being drunk. It being post-night, I wrote to my Lord to give him notice that all things are well; that General Monk is made Lieutenant of Ireland, which my Lord Roberts [1] (made Deputy) do not like of, to be Deputy to any man but the king himself.

22nd. In the House, after the Committee was up, I met with Mr. G. Montagu, and joyed him in his entrance (this being his 3rd day) for Dover. Here he made me sit all alone in the House, none but he and I, half an hour, discoursing how there was like to be many factions at Court between Marquis Ormond,[2] General Monk, and the Lord Roberts, about the business of Ireland; as there is already between the two Houses about the Act of Indemnity; and in the House of Commons, between the Episcopalian and Presbyterian men.

23rd. By water to Doctors' Commons to Dr. Walker,[3] to give him my Lord's papers to view over, concerning his being empowered to be Vice-Admiral under the Duke of York. Thence by water to White Hall, to the Parliament House, where I spoke with Colonel Birch,[4] and so to the Admiralty chamber, where we and Mr. Coventry had a meeting about several businesses. Amongst others, it was moved that Phineas Pett,[5] (kinsman to the commissioner,) of Chatham, should be suspended his employment till he had answered some articles put in against him, as that he should formerly say that the King was a bastard and his mother a strumpet.

[1] John, second Lord Robartes, advanced to the dignity of Earl of Radnor, 1679. Ob. 1685.

[2] James, afterward created Duke of Ormond, and K.G., and twice Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

[3] One of the judges of the Admiralty.

[4] Colonel John Birch represented Leominster at that time, and afterward Penryn. He was an active member of Parliament.

[5] Phineas Pett, an eminent shipbuilder employed by the Admiralty.

25th. This night W. Hewer brought me home from Mr. Pim's my velvet coat and cap, the first that ever I had.

28th. Colonel Scroope [6] is this day excepted out of the Act of Indemnity, which has been now long in coming out, but it is expected to-morrow. I carried home 80*l.* from Privy Seale, by coach.

30th. To White Hall, where I met with the Act of Indemnity, (so long talked-of and hoped for,) with the Act of Rate for Pole-money, and for judicial proceedings. This the first day that ever I saw my wife wear black patches since we were married.

*September* 1. All this afternoon sending express to the fleet, to order things against my Lord's coming; and taking direction of my Lord about some rich furniture to take along with him for the Princesse.[7] And talking after this, I hear by Mr. Townsend, that there is the greatest preparation against the Prince de Ligne's coming over from the King of Spain, that ever was in England for their Embassador.

3rd. Up and to Mr. ——, the goldsmith, and there, with much ado, got him to put a gold ring to the jewell, which the King of Sweden did give my Lord: out of which my Lord had now taken the King's picture, and intends to make a George of it. About noon my Lord, having taken leave of the King in the Shield Gallery, (where I saw with what kindnesse the King did hugg my Lord at his parting,) I went over with him and saw him in his coach at Lambeth, and there took leave of him, he going to the Downes.

5th. Great newes now-a-day of the Duke d'Anjou's [8] desire to marry the Princesse Henrietta. Hugh Peters is said to be taken. The Duke of Gloucester is ill, and it is said it will prove the small-pox.

13th. This day the Duke of Gloucester died of the small-pox by the great negligence of the doctors.

15th. To Westminster, where I met with Dr. Castles, who chidd me for some error in our Privy-Seale business; among the rest, for letting the fees of the six judges pass unpaid, which I know not what to say to, till I speak to Mr. Moore.

[6] Colonel Adrian Scroope, one of the persons who sat in judgment upon Charles I.

[7] The Princess of Orange.

[8] Only brother to Louis XIV; became Duke of Orleans on the death of his uncle.

I was much troubled for fear of being forced to pay the money myself. Called at my father's going home and bespoke mourning for myself, for the death of the Duke of Gloucester.

16th. My Lord of Oxford [9] is also dead of the small-pox; in whom his family dyes, after 600 years having that honor in their family and name. To the Park, where I saw how far they had proceeded in the Pell-mell, and in making a river through the Park, which I had never seen before since it was begun. Thence to White Hall garden, where I saw the King in purple mourning for his brother.

18th. This day I heard that the Duke of York, upon the news of the death of his brother yesterday, came hither by post last night.

To the Miter taverne in Wood-streete (a house of the greatest note in London,) where I met W. Symons, and D. Scobell, and their wives, Mr. Samford Luellin, Chetwind, one Mr. Vivion, and Mr. White,[10] formerly chaplain to the Lady Protectresse, (and still so, and one they say that is likely to get my Lady Francesse for his wife). Here some of us fell to handycapp, a sport that I never knew before.

20th. To Major Hart's lodgings in Cannon-streete, who used me very kindly with wine and good discourse, particularly upon the ill method which Col. Birch and the Committee use in defending of the army and the navy; promising the Parliament to save them a great deal of money, when we judge that it will cost the King more than if they had nothing to do with it, by reason of their delayes and scrupulous enquirys into the account of both.

21st. Upon the water saw the corpse of the Duke of Gloucester brought down to Somerset House stairs, to go by water to Westminster, to be buried.

22d. I bought a pair of short black stockings, to wear over a pair of silk ones for mourning; and I met with The. Turner and Joyce, buying of things to go into mourning too for the Duke, which is now the mode of all the ladies in towne. This day Mr. Edw. Pickering is come from my Lord, and says that

[9] This must be a mistake for some other person. Robert, nineteenth Earl of Oxford, having died in 1632, and Aubrey de Vere, his successor, the twentieth earl, living till 1703.

[10] According to Noble, Jeremiah White married Lady Frances Cromwell's waiting-woman, in Oliver's lifetime, and they lived together fifty years. Lady Frances had two husbands, Mr. Robert Rich and Sir John Russell, the last of whom she survived fifty-two years, dying 1721–'22.

he left him well in Holland, and that he will be here within three or four days.

23d. This afternoon, the King having news of the Princesse being come to Margatte, he and the Duke of York went down thither in barges to her.

24th. I arose from table and went to the Temple church, where I had appointed Sir W. Batten to meet him; and there at Sir Heneage Finch Solliciter General's chambers, before him and Sir W. Wilde, Recorder of London (whom we sent for from his chamber) we were sworn justices of peace for Middlesex, Essex, Kent, and Southampton; with which honor I did find myself mightily pleased, though I am wholly ignorant in the duties of a justice of peace.

28th. I did send for a cup of tee (a China drink) of which I never had drank before, and went away (the King and the Princesse coming up the river this afternoon as we were at our pay). My Lord told me how the ship that brought the Princesse and him (The Tredagh) did knock six times upon the Kentish Knock, which put them in great fear for the ship; but got off well. He told me also how the King had knighted Vice-admiral Lawson and Sir Richard Stayner.

29th. This day or yesterday, I hear, Prince Rupert [1] is come to Court; but welcome to nobody.

*October 2.* At Will's I met with Mr. Spicer, and with him to the Abbey to see them at vespers. There I found but a thin congregation.

3d. To my Lord's, who sent a great iron chest to White Hall; and I saw it carried into the King's closet, where I saw most incomparable pictures. Among the rest a book open upon a desk, which I durst have sworn was a reall book. Back again to my Lord, and dined all alone with him, who did treat me with a great deal of respect; and after dinner did discourse an hour with me, saying that he believed that he might have any thing that he would ask of the King. This day I heard the Duke speak of a great design that he and my Lord of Pembroke have, and a great many others, of sending a venture to some parts of Africa to dig for gold ore there. They intend to admit as many as will venture their money, and so make them-

[1] Son of Frederic, Prince Palatine of the Rhine, afterward styled King of Bohemia, by Elizabeth, only sister to Charles I. Ob. 1682.

selves a company. 250*l.* is the lowest share for every man. But I do not find that my Lord do much like it.

4th. I and Lieut. Lambert to Westminster Abbey, where we saw Dr. Frewen[2] translated to the Archbishopric of York. Here I saw the Bishops of Winchester,[3] Bangor,[4] Rochester,[5] Bath and Wells,[6] and Salisbury,[7] all in their habits, in King Henry Seventh's chapel. But, Lord! at their going out, how people did most of them look upon them as strange creatures, and few with any kind of love or respect.

6th. Col. Slingsby and I at the office getting a catch ready for the Prince de Ligne to carry his things away to-day, who is now going home again. I was to give my Lord an account of the stacions and victualls of the fleet, in order to the choosing of a fleet fit for him to take to sea, to bring over the Queen.

7th (Lord's day). To White Hall on foot, calling at my father's to change my long black cloake for a short one (long cloakes being now quite out); but he being gone to church, I could not get one. I heard Dr. Spurstow[8] preach before the King a poor dry sermon; but a very good anthem of Captn. Cooke's afterwards. To my Lord's and dined with him; he all dinner-time talking French to me, and telling me the story how the Duke of York hath got my Lord Chancellor's daughter with child, and that she do lay it to him, and that for certain he did promise her marriage, and had signed it with his blood, but that he by stealth had got the paper out of her cabinett. And that the King would have him to marry her, but that he will not. So that the thing is very bad for the Duke, and them all; but my Lord do make light of it, as a thing that he believes is not a new thing for the Duke to do abroad. After dinner to the Abbey, where I heard them read the church-service, but very ridiculously. A poor cold sermon of Dr. Lamb's, one of the prebends, in his habitt, come afterwards, and so all ended.

9th. This morning Sir W. Batten with Coll. Birch to Deptford to pay off two ships. Sir W. Pen and I staid to do busi-

[2] Dr. Accepted Frewen, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry.
[3] Brian Duppa, translated from Salisbury.
[4] William Roberts.
[5] John Warner, ob. 1666, aged eighty-six.
[6] William Pierce, translated from Peterborough, 1632.
[7] Humphrey Henchman, afterward Bishop of London.
[8] William Spurstow, D.D., vicar of Hackney and master of Katherine Hall, Cambridge, both which pieces of preferment he lost for nonconformity, 1662.

ness, and afterward together to White Hall, where I went to my Lord, and saw in his chamber his picture, very well done; and am with child till I get it copied out, which I hope to do when he is gone to sea.

10th. At night comes Mr. Moore and tells me how Sir Hards. Waller [9] (who only pleads guilty), Scott, Coke,[10] Peters,[1] Harrison, &c. were this day arraigned at the bar of the Sessions House, there being upon the bench the Lord Mayor, General Monk, my Lord of Sandwich, &c.; such a bench of noblemen as had not been ever seen in England! They all seem to be dismayed, and will all be condemned without question. In Sir Orlando Bridgman's charge,[2] he did wholly rip up the unjustnesse of the war against the King from the beginning, and so it much reflects upon all the Long Parliament, though the King had pardoned them, yet they must hereby confess that the King do look upon them as traytors. To-morrow they are to plead what they have to say.

11th. To walk in St. James's Park, where we observed the several engines at work to draw up water, with which sight I was very much pleased. Above all the rest, I liked that which Mr. Greatorex [3] brought, which do carry up the water with a great deal of ease. Here, in the Park, we met with Mr. Salisbury, who took Mr. Creed and me to the Cockpitt to see "The Moore of Venice," which was well done. Burt acted the Moore; [4] by the same token, a very pretty lady that sat by me, called out, to see Desdemona smothered.

13th. I went out to Charing Cross, to see Major-general Harrison [5] hanged, drawn, and quartered; which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition. He was presently cut down, and his head and heart shown to the people, at which there was great shouts of joy. It is said, that he said that he was sure to come shortly at the right hand of Christ to judge them that now had judged him; and

[9] Sir Hardress Waller, knight, one of Charles I's judges. His sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life.

[10] Coke was solicitor to the people of England.

[1] Hugh Peters, the fanatical preacher.

[2] Eldest son of John Bridgeman, Bishop of Chester, became, after the Restoration, successively chief baron of the exchequer, chief justice of the Common Pleas, and lord keeper of the great seal, and was created a baronet.

[3] A mathematical-instrument maker.

[4] Burt ranked in the list of good actors after the Restoration, though he resigned the part of Othello to Hart.—Davis's "Dramatic Misc."

[5] Thomas Harrison, son of a butcher at Newcastle-under-Line, appointed by Cromwell to convey Charles I from Windsor to Whitehall, in order to his trial, and afterward sat as one of his judges.

that his wife do expect his coming again. Thus it was my chance to see the King beheaded at White Hall, and to see the first blood shed in revenge for the King at Charing Cross.

14th. To White Hall chappell, where one Dr. Crofts made an indifferent sermon, and after it an anthem, ill sung, which made the King laugh. Here I first did see the Princesse Royall since she came into England. Here I also observed, how the Duke of York and Mrs. Palmer did talk to one another very wantonly through the hangings that parts the King's closet and the closet where the ladies sit.

15th. This morning Mr. Carew [6] was hanged and quartered at Charing Cross; but his quarters, by a great favor, are not to be hanged up.

16th. Being come home, Will. told me that my Lord had a mind to speak with me to-night; so I returned by water, and, coming there, it was only to enquire how the ships were provided with victuals that are to go with him to fetch over the Queen, which I gave him a good account of. He seemed to be in a melancholy humour, which, I was told by W. Howe, was for that he had lately lost a great deal of money at cards, which he fears he do too much addict himself to now-a-days.

18th. This morning, it being expected that Colonel Hacker [7] and Axtell [8] should die, I went to Newgate, but found they were reprieved till to-morrow.

19th. This morning my dining-room was finished with greene serge hanging and gilt leather, which is very handsome. This morning Hacker and Axtell were hanged and quartered, as the rest are. This night I sat up late to make up my accounts ready against to-morrow for my Lord.

20th. I dined with my Lord and Lady; he was very merry, and did talk very high how he would have a French cooke, and a master of his horse, and his lady and child to wear black patches; which methought was strange, but he is become a perfect courtier; and, among other things, my Lady saying that she could get a good merchant for her daughter Jem., he answered, that he would rather see her with a pedlar's pack at her back, so she married a gentleman, than she should marry a citizen. This afternoon, going through London, and calling

[6] John Carew, one of the regicides.
[7] Colonel Francis Hacker commanded the guards at the King's execution.
[8] Axtell had guarded the High Court of Justice.

at Crowe's the upholsterer's in Saint Bartholomew's, I saw limbs of some of our new traytors set upon Aldersgate, which was a sad sight to see; and a bloody week this and the last have been, there being ten hanged, drawn, and quartered.

21st. George Vines carried me up to the top of his turret, where there is Cooke's head set up for a traytor, and Harrison's set up on the other side of Westminster Hall. Here I could see them plainly, as also a very fair prospect about London.

22d. All preparing for my Lord's going to sea to fetch the Queen to-morrow. At night my Lord come home, with whom I staid long, and talked of many things. He told me there hath been a meeting before the King and my Lord Chancellor, of some Episcopalian and Presbyterian Divines; but what had passed he could not tell me.

23d. About eight o'clock my Lord went; and going through the garden, Mr. William Montagu told him of an estate of land lately come into the King's hands, that he had a mind my Lord should beg. To which end my Lord writ a letter presently to my Lord Chancellor to do it for him, which (after leave taken of my Lord at White Hall bridge) I did carry to Warwick House to him; and had a fair promise of him, that he would do it this day for my Lord. In my way thither I met the Lord Chancellor and all the Judges riding on horseback and going to Westminster Hall, it being the first day of the terme.

24th. Mr. Moore tells me, among other things, that the Duke of York is now sorry for his amour with my Lord Chancellor's daughter, who is now brought to bed of a boy. To Mr. Lilly's,[9] where, not finding Mr. Spong, I went to Mr. Greatorex, where I met him, and where I bought of him a drawing pen; and he did show me the manner of the lamp-glasses, which carry the light a great way, good to read in bed by, and I intend to have one of them. So to Mr. Lilly's with Mr. Spong, where well received, there being a clubb to-night among his friends. Among the rest Esquire Ashmole,[10] who I found was a very ingenious gentleman. With him we two sang afterwards in Mr. Lilly's study. That done, we all parted; and I

[9] William Lilly, the astrologer and almanac-maker.

[10] Elias Ashmole, the antiquarian.

home by coach, taking Mr. Rooker with me, who did tell me a great many fooleries, which may be done by nativities, and blaming Mr. Lilly for writing to please his friends and to keep in with the times (as he did formerly to his own dishonor,) and not according to the rules of art, by which he could not well erre, as he had done.

26th. By Westminster to White Hall, where I saw the Duke de Soissons go from his audience with a very great deal of state; his own coach all red velvet covered with gold lace, and drawn by six barbes, and attended by twenty pages very rich in clothes. To Westminster Hall, and bought, among other books, one of the Life of our Queen, which I read at home to my wife; but it was so sillily writ, that we did nothing but laugh at it: among other things it is dedicated to that paragon of virtue and beauty the Duchess of Albemarle. Great talk as if the Duke of York do now own the marriage between him and the Chancellor's daughter. To Westminster Abbey, where with much difficulty, going round to the cloysters, I got in; this day being a great day for the consecrating of five Bishopps, which was done after sermon; but I could not get into Henry the Seventh's chappel. After dinner to White Hall chappel; my Lady and my Lady Jemimah and I up to the King's closet, (who is now gone to meet the Queen). So meeting with one Mr. Hill, that did know my lady, he did take us into the King's closet, and there we did stay all service-time.

29th. I up early, it being my Lord Mayor's day (Sir Richd. Browne,) and neglecting my office, I went to the Wardrobe, where I met my Lady Sandwich and all the children; and after drinking of some strange and incomparable good clarett of Mr. Remball's,[1] he and Mr. Townsend [1] did take us, and set the young Lords at one Mr. Neville's, a draper in Paul's churchyard; and my Lady and my Lady Pickering [2] and I to one Mr. Isaacson's, a linen-draper at the Key in Cheapside; where there was a company of fine ladies, and we were very civilly treated, and had a very good place to see the pageants, which were many, and I believe good, for such kind of things, but in themselves but poor and absurd.

30th. I went to the Cockpit all alone, and there saw a very

[1] Officers of the wardrobe.
[2] Elizabeth Montagu, sister to the Earl of Sandwich, who had married Sir Gilbert Pickering, Bart., of Nova Scotia, and of Tichmersh, co. Northampton.

fine play called "The Tamer tamed:"[3] very well acted. I hear nothing yet of my Lord, whether he be gone for the Queen from the Downes or no; but I believe he is, and that he is now upon coming back again.

*November* 1. This morning Sir W. Pen and I were mounted early, and had very merry discourse all the way, he being very good company. We come to Sir W. Batten's, where he lives like a prince, and we were made very welcome. Among other things he showed me my Lady's closet, wherein was great store of rarities; as also a chair, which he calls King Harry's chaire, where he that sits down is catched with two irons, that come round about him, which makes good sport. Here dined with us two or three more country gentlemen; among the rest Mr. Christmas, my old school-fellow, with whom I had much talk. He did remember that I was a great Roundhead when I was a boy, and I was much afraid that he would have remembered the words that I said the day the King was beheaded (that, were I to preach upon him, my text should be—"The memory of the wicked shall rot"); but I found afterwards that he did go away from school before that time.

2d. To White Hall, where I saw the boats coming very thick to Lambeth, and all the stairs to be full of people. I was told the Queen was a-coming; so I got a sculler for sixpence to carry me thither and back again, but I could not get to see the Queen; so come back, and to my Lord's, where he was come: and I supt with him, he being very merry, telling me stories of the country mayors, how they entertained the King all the way as he come along; and how the country gentlewomen did hold up their heads to be kissed by the King, not taking his hand to kiss as they should do. I took leave of my Lord and Lady, and so took coach at White Hall and carried Mr. Childe as far as the Strand, and myself got as far as Ludgate by all the bonfires, but with a great deal of trouble; and there the coachman desired that I would release him, for he durst not go further for the fires. In Paul's church-yard I called at Kirton's, and there they had got a masse book for me, which I bought and cost me twelve shillings; and, when I come home, sat up late and read in it with great pleasure to my wife, to hear that she was long ago acquainted with it. I observed

[3] "The Woman's Prize, or Tamer Tamed," a comedy by John Fletcher.

this night very few bonfires in the City, not above three in all London, for the Queen's coming; whereby I guess that (as I believed before) her coming do please but very few.

3d. Saturday. In the afternoon to White Hall, where my Lord and Lady were gone to kiss the Queen's hand.

4th (Lord's day). In the morn to our own church, where Mr. Mills [4] did begin to nibble at the Common Prayer, by saying "Glory be to the Father, &c." after he had read the two psalms: but the people had been so little used to it, that they could not tell what to answer. This declaration of the King's do give the Presbyterians some satisfaction, and a pretence to read the Common Prayer, which they would not do before because of their former preaching against it. After dinner to Westminster, where I went to my Lord's, and, having spoken with him, I went to the Abbey, where the first time that ever I heard the organs in a cathedral. My wife seemed very pretty to-day, it being the first time I had given her leave to weare a black patch.

5th. At the office at night, to make up an account of what the debts of nineteen of the twenty-five ships that should have been paid off, is increased since the adjournment of the Parliament, they being to sit again to-morrow. This 5th day of November is observed exceeding well in the City; and at night great bonfires and fireworks.

6th. Mr. Chetwind told me that he did fear that this late business of the Duke of York's would prove fatal to my Lord Chancellor. To our office, where we met all, for the sale of two ships by an inch of candle (the first time that ever I saw any of this kind), where I observed how they do invite one another, and at last how they all do cry, and we have much to do to tell who did cry last. The ships were the Indian, sold for 1300*l.* and the Half-moone, sold for 830*l.*

7th. Went by water to my Lord, where I dined with him, and he in a very merry humour (present Mr. Borfett and Childe) at dinner: he, in discourse of the great opinion of the virtue—gratitude, (which he did account the greatest thing in the world to him, and had, therefore, in his mind been often troubled in the late times how to answer his gratitude to the King, who

[4] Daniel Milles, D.D., thirty-two years rector of St. Olave's, Hart Street, and buried there October, 1689, aged sixty-three. In 1667 Sir Robert Brooks presented him to the rectory of Wanstead, which he also held till his death.

raised his father,) did say it was that did bring him to his obedience to the King; and did also bless himself with his good fortune, in comparison to what it was when I was with him in the Sound, when he durst not own his correspondence with the King; which is a thing that I never did hear of to this day before; and I do from this raise an opinion of him, to be one of the most secret men in the world, which I was not so convinced of before. After dinner he bid all go out of the room, and did tell me how the King had promised him 4000*l.* per annum for ever, and had already given him a bill under his hand (which he showed me) for 4000*l.* that Mr. Fox is to pay him. My Lord did advise with me how to get this received, and to put out 3000*l.* into safe hands at use, and the other he will make use for his present occasion. This he did advise with me about with great secresy. After this he called for the fiddles and books, and we two and W. Howe, and Mr. Childe, did sing and play some psalmes of Will. Lawes's [5] and some songs; and so I went away. Notwithstanding this was the first day of the King's proclamation against hackney coaches coming into the streets to stand to be hired, yet I got one to carry me home.

[5] Brother to Henry Lawes, the celebrated composer, and himself a chamber musician to Charles I, in whose service he took up arms, and was killed at the siege of Chester, 1645. The King regretted his loss severely, and used to call him the father of music.

# THE COURT OF CHARLES II

*From "Memoirs of Count de Grammont"*

BY

Count Anthony Hamilton

## COUNT DE GRAMMONT

1621—1707

Phillibert, Count de Grammont, a celebrated French courtier, son of Anthony, Duke of Grammont, was born about 1621. While still very young he served as a volunteer under Condé and Turenne, and distinguished himself by the most chivalric bravery. At the court of Louis XIV, with this reputation added to his youth, noble birth, a handsome person, fine talents and accomplishments, a lively wit, and strangely good fortune at play, at which he won such amounts as to support even his extravagant expenditures, it is no wonder that he became a favorite. He was distinguished for his gallantries, and even had the audacity to aspire to be the rival of the King in the affections of one of his favorites. This caused him to be banished from France ; and he found a pleasant refuge and congenial society in the gay and licentious court of Charles II, of England. Here, after many adventures, he engaged to marry Eliza Hamilton, sister of Anthony, Count Hamilton, but slipped out of London without fulfilling his promise. Two of the lady's brothers set off in pursuit of the forgetful Frenchman, and coming up with him at Dover, asked him "if he had not forgotten something." "Oh, to be sure," replied Grammont, "I have forgotten to marry your sister," and returned to London to complete his engagement. He then went to France, where his wife became one of the ladies of the court of Maria Theresa of Austria. He died in 1707.

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## COUNT ANTHONY HAMILTON

1640—1720

Count Anthony Hamilton, Grammont's brother-in-law, to whose literary skill and painstaking labor we owe the memoirs, was born in 1640, and died in 1720. Some French critic has said that if we had to choose any book as the truest specimen of French gayety the "Memoirs of Count de Grammont" would be selected. Hamilton, in truth, was not only blessed with genius, but he had lived from his youth in the best society in France, and added culture to natural gifts. Gibbon extols the ease and purity of his style, and Voltaire supports Gibbon and wonders how Hamilton "rose superior to the indelicacy of the times."

# THE COURT OF CHARLES II

CURIOSITY to see a man equally famous for his crimes and his elevation had once before induced the Chevalier de Grammont to visit England. Reasons of state assume great privileges: whatever appears advantageous is lawful; and everything that is necessary is honorable in politics. While the King of England sought the protection of Spain in the Low Countries, and that of the States-General in Holland, other powers sent splendid embassies to Cromwell.

This man, whose ambition had opened him a way to sovereign power by the greatest crimes, maintained himself in it by accomplishments which seemed to render him worthy of it by their lustre. The nation, of all Europe the least submissive, patiently bore a yoke which did not even leave her the shadow of that liberty of which she is so jealous; and Cromwell, master of the Commonwealth, under the title of Protector, feared at home, but yet more dreaded abroad, was at his highest pitch of glory when he was seen by the Chevalier de Grammont, but the chevalier did not see any appearance of a court. One part of the nobility proscribed, the other removed from employments; an affectation of purity of manners, instead of the luxury which the pomp of courts displays, all taken together, presented nothing but sad and serious objects in the finest city in the world; and therefore the chevalier acquired nothing by this voyage, but the idea of some merit in a profligate man, and the admiration of some concealed beauties he had found means to discover.

Affairs wore quite a different appearance at his second voyage. The joy for the restoration of the royal family still appeared in all parts: the nation, fond of change and novelty, tasted the pleasure of a natural government, and seemed to

breathe again after a long oppression. In short, the same people, who, by solemn abjuration, had excluded even the posterity of their lawful sovereign, exhausted themselves in festivals and rejoicings for his return.

The Chevalier de Grammont arrived about two years after the Restoration: the reception he met with in this court soon made him forget the other; and the engagements he in the end contracted in England lessened the regret he had in leaving France.

This was a desirable retreat for an exile of his disposition: everything flattered his taste; and if the adventures he had in this country were not the most considerable, they were at least the most agreeable of his life. But before we relate them, it will not be improper to give some account of the English court, as it was at that period.

The necessity of affairs had exposed Charles II from his earliest youth to the toils and perils of a bloody war: the fate of the King, his father, had left him for inheritance nothing but his misfortunes and disgraces: they overtook him everywhere; but it was not until he had struggled with his ill-fortune to the last extremity, that he submitted to the decrees of Providence.

All those who were either great on account of their birth or their loyalty had followed him into exile; and all the young persons of the greatest distinction, having afterward joined him, composed a court worthy of a better fate.

Plenty and prosperity, which are thought to tend only to corrupt manners, found nothing to spoil in an indigent and wandering court. Necessity, on the contrary, which produces a thousand advantages whether we will or no, served them for education; and nothing was to be seen among them but an emulation in glory, politeness, and virtue.

With this little court, in such high esteem for merit, the King of England returned two years prior to the period we mention, to ascend a throne, which to all appearances he was to fill as worthily as the most glorious of his predecessors. The magnificence displayed on this occasion was renewed at his coronation. The death of the Duke of Gloucester, and of the Princess Royal, which followed soon after, had interrupted the course of this splendor, by a tedious mourning,

which they quitted at last to prepare for the reception of the Infanta of Portugal.

It was in the height of the rejoicings they were making for this new Queen, in all the splendor of a brilliant court, that the Chevalier de Grammont arrived to contribute to its magnificence and diversions.

Accustomed as he was to the grandeur of the Court of France, he was surprised at the politeness and splendor of the Court of England. The King was inferior to none either in shape or air; his wit was pleasant; his disposition easy and affable; his soul, susceptible of opposite impressions, was compassionate to the unhappy, inflexible to the wicked, and tender even to excess; he showed great abilities in urgent affairs, but was incapable of application to any that were not so: his heart was often the dupe, but oftener the slave, of his engagements.

The character of the Duke of York was entirely different: he had the reputation of undaunted courage, an inviolable attachment for his word, great economy in his affairs, hauteur, application, arrogance, each in their turn: a scrupulous observer of the rules of duty and the laws of justice; he was accounted a faithful friend, and an implacable enemy.

His morality and justice, struggling for some time with prejudice, had at last triumphed, by his acknowledging for his wife Miss Hyde, maid of honor to the Princess Royal, whom he had secretly married in Holland. Her father, from that time Prime Minister of England, supported by this new interest, soon rose to the head of affairs, and had almost ruined them: not that he wanted capacity, but he was too self-sufficient.

The Duke of Ormond possessed the confidence and esteem of his master: the greatness of his services, the splendor of his merit and his birth, and the fortune he had abandoned in adhering to the fate of his Prince, rendered him worthy of it: nor durst the courtiers even murmur at seeing him grand steward of the household, first lord of the bedchamber, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He exactly resembled the Marshal de Grammont, in the turn of his wit and the nobleness of his manners, and like him was the honor of his master's court.

The Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of St. Albans were the same in England as they appeared in France: the one, full of wit and vivacity, dissipated, without splendor, an immense estate upon which he had just entered: the other, a man of no great genius, had raised himself a considerable fortune from nothing, and by losing at play, and keeping a great table, made it appear greater than it was.

Sir George Berkley, afterward Earl of Falmouth, was the confidant and favorite of the King: he commanded the Duke of York's regiment of guards, and governed the duke himself. He had nothing very remarkable either in his wit, or his person; but his sentiments were worthy of the fortune which awaited him, when, on the very point of his elevation, he was killed at sea. Never did disinterestedness so perfectly characterize the greatness of the soul: he had no views but what tended to the glory of his master: his credit was never employed but in advising him to reward services, or to confer favors on merit: so polished in conversation, that the greater his power, the greater was his humility; and so sincere in all his proceedings, that he would never have been taken for a courtier.

The Duke of Ormond's sons and his nephews had been in the King's court during his exile, and were far from diminishing its lustre after his return. The Earl of Arran had a singular address in all kinds of exercises, played well at tennis and on the guitar, and was pretty successful in gallantry. His elder brother, the Earl of Ossory, was not so lively, but of the most liberal sentiments, and of great probity.

The elder of the Hamiltons, their cousin, was the man who of all the court dressed best: he was well made in his person, and possessed those happy talents which lead to fortune and procure success in love: he was a most assiduous courtier, had the most lively wit, the most polished manners, and the most punctual attention to his master imaginable: no person danced better, nor was anyone a more general lover: a merit of some account in a court entirely devoted to love and gallantry. It is not at all surprising, that with these qualities he succeeded my Lord Falmouth in the King's favor; but it is very extraordinary that he should have experienced the same destiny, as if this sort of war had been declared against

merit only, and as if this sort of combat was fatal to none but such as had certain hopes of a splendid fortune. This, however, did not happen till some years afterward.

The beau Sidney, less dangerous than he appeared to be, had not sufficient vivacity to support the impression which his figure made; but little Jermyn was on all sides successful in his intrigues. The old Earl of St. Albans, his uncle, had for a long time adopted him, though the youngest of all his nephews. It is well known what a table the good man kept at Paris, while the King, his master, was starving at Brussels, and the Queen Dowager, his mistress, lived not over well in France.

Jermyn, supported by his uncle's wealth, found it no difficult matter to make a considerable figure upon his arrival at the court of the Princess of Orange: the poor courtiers of the King her brother could not vie with him in point of equipage and magnificence; and these two articles often produce as much success in love as real merit: there is no necessity for any other example than the present; for though Jermyn was brave, and certainly a gentleman, yet he had neither brilliant actions, nor distinguished rank, to set him off; and as for his figure, there was nothing advantageous in it. He was little; his head was large and his legs small; his features were not disagreeable, but he was affected in his carriage and behavior. All his wit consisted in expressions learned by rote, which he occasionally employed either in raillery or in love. This was the whole foundation of the merit of a man so formidable in amours.

The Princess Royal was the first who was taken with him: Miss Hyde seemed to be following the steps of her mistress: this immediately brought him into credit, and his reputation was established in England before his arrival. Prepossession in the minds of women is sufficient to find access to their hearts: Jermyn found them in dispositions so favorable for him, that he had nothing to do but to speak.

It was in vain they perceived that a reputation so lightly established was still more weakly sustained: the prejudice remained: the Countess of Castlemaine, a woman lively and discerning, followed the delusive shadow; and though undeceived in a reputation which promised so much, and performed

so little, she nevertheless continued in her infatuation: she even persisted in it, until she was upon the point of embroiling herself with the King; so great was this first instance of her constancy.

Such were the heroes of the court. As for the beauties, you could not look anywhere without seeing them: those of the greatest reputation were this same Countess of Castlemaine, afterward Duchess of Cleveland, Lady Chesterfield, Lady Shrewsbury, the Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Middleton, the Miss Brooks, and a thousand others, who shone at court with equal lustre; but it was Miss Hamilton and Miss Stewart who were its chief ornaments. The new Queen gave but little additional brilliancy to the court, either in her person, or in her retinue, which was then composed of the Countess de Panétra, who came over with her in quality of lady of the bedchamber; six frights, who called themselves maids of honor, and a duenna, another monster, who took the title of governess to those extraordinary beauties.

Among the men were Francisco de Melo, brother to the Countess de Panétra, one Taurauvédez, who called himself Don Pedro Francisco Correo de Silva, extremely handsome, but a greater fool than all the Portuguese put together: he was more vain of his names than of his person; but the Duke of Buckingham, a still greater fool than he, though more addicted to raillery, gave him the additional name of Peter of the Wood. He was so enraged at this, that, after many fruitless complaints and ineffectual menaces, poor Pedro de Silva was obliged to leave England, while the happy duke kept possession of a Portuguese nymph more hideous than the Queen's maids of honor, whom he had taken from him, as well as two of his names. Besides these, there were six chaplains, four bakers, a Jew perfumer, and a certain officer, probably without an office, who called himself her Highness's barber. Katharine de Braganza was far from appearing with splendor in the charming court where she came to reign; however, in the end she was pretty successful. The Chevalier de Grammont, who had been long known to the royal family, and to most of the gentlemen of the court, had only to get acquainted with the ladies; and for this he wanted no interpreter: they all spoke French enough to explain themselves, and they all

understood it sufficiently to comprehend what he had to say to them.

The Queen's court was always very numerous; that of the duchess was less so, but more select. This princess had a majestic air, a pretty good shape, not much beauty, a great deal of wit, and so just a discernment of merit, that, whoever of either sex were possessed of it, were sure to be distinguished by her: an air of grandeur in all her actions made her be considered as if born to support the rank which placed her so near the throne. The Queen Dowager returned after the marriage of the Princess Royal, and it was in her court that the two others met.

The Chevalier de Grammont was soon liked by all parties: those who had not known him before were surprised to see a Frenchman of his disposition. The King's restoration having drawn a great number of foreigners from all countries to the court, the French were rather in disgrace; for, instead of any persons of distinction having appeared among the first who came over, they had only seen some insignificant puppies, each striving to outdo the other in folly and extravagance, despising everything which was not like themselves, and thinking they introduced the *bel air*, by treating the English as strangers in their own country.

The Chevalier de Grammont, on the contrary, was familiar with everybody: he gave in to their customs, eat of everything, and easily habituated himself to their manner of living, which he looked upon as neither vulgar nor barbarous; and as he showed a natural complaisance, instead of the impertinent affectation of the others, all the nation was charmed with a man who agreeably indemnified them for what they had suffered from the folly of the former.

He first of all made his court to the King, and was of all his parties of pleasure: he played high, and lost but seldom: he found so little difference in the manners and conversation of those with whom he chiefly associated, that he could scarcely believe he was out of his own country. Everything which could agreeably engage a man of his disposition presented itself to his different humors, as if the pleasures of the Court of France had quitted it to accompany him in his exile.

He was every day engaged for some entertainment; and

those who wish to regale him in their turn were obliged to take their measures in time, and to invite him eight or ten days beforehand. These importunate civilities became tiresome in the long run; but as they seemed indispensable to a man of his disposition, and as they were the most genteel people of the court who loaded him with them, he submitted with a good grace; but always reserved to himself the liberty of supping at home.

His supper hour depended upon play, and was indeed very uncertain; but his supper was always served up with the greatest elegance, by the assistance of one or two servants, who were excellent caterers and good attendants, but understood cheating still better.

The company, at these little entertainments, was not numerous, but select: the first people of the court were commonly of the party; but the man, who of all others suited him best on these occasions, never failed to attend: that was the celebrated Saint Evremond, who with great exactness, but too great freedom, had written the history of the treaty of the Pyrenees: an exile like himself, though for very different reasons.

Happily for them both, fortune had, some time before the arrival of the Chevalier de Grammont, brought Saint Evremond to England, after he had had leisure to repent in Holland of the beauties of that famous satire.

The chevalier was from that time his hero; they had each of them attained to all the advantages which a knowledge of the world, and the society of people of fashion could add to the improvement of good natural talents. Saint Evremond, less engaged in frivolous pursuits, frequently gave little lectures to the chevalier, and by making observations upon the past, endeavored to set him right for the present, or to instruct him for the future. "You are now," said he, "in the most agreeable way of life a man of your temper could wish for: you are the delight of a youthful, sprightly, and gallant court: the King has never a party of pleasure to which you are not admitted. You play from morning to night, or, to speak more properly, from night to morning, without knowing what it is to lose. Far from losing the money you brought hither, as you have done in other places, you have doubled it,

trebled it, multiplied it almost beyond your wishes, notwithstanding the exorbitant expenses you are imperceptibly led into. This, without doubt, is the most desirable situation in the world: stop here, chevalier, and do not ruin your affairs by returning to your old sins. Avoid love, by pursuing other pleasures: love has never been favorable to you. You are sensible how much gallantry has cost you; and every person here is not so well acquainted with that matter as yourself. Play boldly: entertain the court with your wit: divert the King by your ingenious and entertaining stories; but avoid all engagements which can deprive you of this merit, and make you forget you are a stranger and an exile in this delightful country.

"Fortune may grow weary of befriending you at play. What would have become of you, if your last misfortune had happened to you when your money had been at as low an ebb as I have known it? Attend carefully then to this necessary deity, and renounce the other. You will be missed at the Court of France before you grow weary of this; but be that as it may, lay up a good store of money: when a man is rich he consoles himself for his banishment. I know you well, my dear chevalier: if you take it into your head to seduce a lady, or to supplant a lover, your gains at play will by no means suffice for presents and for bribes: no, let play be as productive to you as it can be, you will never gain so much by it as you will lose by love, if you yield to it.

"You are in possession of a thousand splendid qualifications which distinguish you here: generous, benevolent, elegant, and polite; and for your engaging wit, inimitable. Upon a strict examination, perhaps, all this would not be found literally true; but these are brilliant marks; and since it is granted that you possess them, do not show yourself here in any other light: for, in love, if your manner of paying your addresses can be so denominated, you do not in the least resemble the picture I have just now drawn."

"My little philosophical monitor," said the Chevalier de Grammont, "you talk here as if you were the Cato of Normandy." "Do I say anything untrue?" replied Saint Evremond: "is it not a fact, that as soon as a woman pleases you, your first care is to find out whether she has any other lover,

and your second how to plague her; for the gaining her affection is the last thing in your thoughts. You seldom engage in intrigues but to disturb the happiness of others: a mistress who has no lovers would have no charms for you, and if she has, she would be invaluable. Do not all the places through which you have passed furnish me with a thousand examples? Shall I mention your *coup d'essai* at Turin? the trick you played at Fontainebleau, where you robbed the Princess Palatine's courier upon the highway? And for what purpose was this fine exploit but to put you in possession of some proofs of her affection for another, in order to give her uneasiness and confusion by reproaches and menaces which you had no right to use?

"Who but yourself ever took it into his head to place himself in ambush upon the stairs, to disturb a man in an intrigue, and to pull him back by the leg when he was half-way up to his mistress's chamber? Yet did not you use your friend the Duke of Buckingham in this manner, when he was stealing at night to ——, although you were not in the least his rival? How many spies did not you send out after d'Olonne? How many tricks, frauds, and persecutions did you not practise for the Countess de Fiesque, who perhaps might have been constant to you if you had not yourself forced her to be otherwise? But, to conclude, for the enumeration of your iniquities would be endless, give me leave to ask you, how you came here? Are not we obliged to that same evil genius of yours which rashly inspired you to intermeddle even in the gallantries of your prince? Show some discretion then on this point here, I beseech you; all the beauties of the court are already engaged; and however docile the English may be with respect to their wives, they can by no means bear the inconstancy of their mistresses, nor patiently suffer the advantages of a rival: suffer them, therefore, to remain in tranquillity, and do not gain their ill-will for no purpose.

"You certainly will meet with no success with such as are unmarried: honorable views, and good landed property, are required here; and you possess as much of the one as the other. Every country has its customs: in Holland, unmarried ladies are of easy access, and of tender dispositions; but as soon as ever they are married they become like so many

Lucretias: in France, the women are great coquettes before marriage, and still more so afterward; but here it is a miracle if a young lady yields to any proposal but that of matrimony; and I do not believe you yet so destitute of grace as to think of that."

Such were Saint Evremond's lectures; but they were all to no purpose: the Chevalier de Grammont only attended to them for his amusement; and though he was sensible of the truth they contained, he paid little regard to them: in fact, being weary of the favors of fortune, he had just resolved to pursue those of love.

Mrs. Middleton was the first whom he attacked: she was one of the handsomest women in town, though then little known at court: so much of the coquette as to discourage no one; and so great was her desire of appearing magnificently, that she was ambitious to vie with those of the greatest fortunes, though unable to support the expense. All this suited the Chevalier de Grammont; therefore, without trifling away his time in useless ceremonies, he applied to her porter for admittance, and chose one of her lovers for his confidant.

This lover, who was not deficient in wit, was at that time a Mr. Jones, afterward Earl of Ranelagh: what engaged him to serve the Chevalier de Grammont was to traverse the designs of a most dangerous rival, and to relieve himself from an expense which began to lie too heavy upon him. In both respects the chevalier answered his purpose.

Immediately spies were placed, letters and presents flew about: he was received as well as he could wish: he was permitted to ogle: he was even ogled again; but this was all: he found that the fair one was very willing to accept, but was tardy in making returns. This induced him, without giving up his pretensions to her, to seek his fortune elsewhere.

Among the Queen's maids of honor there was one called Warmestre; she was a beauty very different from the other. Mrs. Middleton was well made, fair, and delicate; but had in her behavior and discourse something precise and affected. The indolent languishing airs she gave herself did not please everybody: people grew weary of those sentiments of delicacy which she endeavored to explain without understanding them herself; and instead of entertaining she became tiresome.

In these attempts she gave herself so much trouble that she made the company uneasy, and her ambition to pass for a wit only established her the reputation of being tiresome, which lasted much longer than her beauty.

Miss Warmestre was brown: she had no shape at all, and still less air; but she had a very lively complexion, very sparkling eyes, tempting looks, which spared nothing that might engage a lover, and promised everything which could preserve him. In the end, it very plainly appeared that her consent went along with her eyes to the last degree of indiscretion.

It was between these two goddesses that the inclinations of the Chevalier de Grammont stood wavering, and between whom his presents were divided. Perfumed gloves, pocket looking-glasses, elegant boxes, apricot paste, essences, and other small wares of love, arrived every week from Paris, with some new suit for himself; but, with regard to more solid presents, such as ear-rings, diamonds, brilliants, and bright guineas, all this was to be met with of the best sort in London, and the ladies were as well pleased with them as if they had been brought from abroad.

Miss Stewart's beauty began at this time to be celebrated. The Countess of Castlemaine perceived that the King paid attention to her; but, instead of being alarmed at it, she favored, as far as she was able, this new inclination, whether from an indiscretion common to all those who think themselves superior to the rest of mankind, or whether she designed, by this pastime, to divert the King's attention from the commerce which she held with Jermyn. She was not satisfied with appearing without any degree of uneasiness at a preference which all the court began to remark: she even affected to make Miss Stewart her favorite, and invited her to all the entertainments she made for the King; and, in confidence of her own charms, with the greatest indiscretion, she often kept her to sleep. The King, who seldom neglected to visit the countess before she rose, seldom failed likewise to find Miss Stewart in bed with her. The most indifferent objects have charms in a new attachment: however, the imprudent countess was not jealous of this rival's appearing with her, in such a situation, being confident, that whenever she thought fit, she

could triumph over all the advantages which these opportunities could afford Miss Stewart; but she was quite mistaken.

The Chevalier de Grammont took notice of this conduct, without being able to comprehend it; but, as he was attentive to the inclinations of the King, he began to make his court to him by enhancing the merit of this new mistress. Her figure was more showy than engaging: it was hardly possible for a woman to have less wit, or more beauty: all her features were fine and regular; but her shape was not good: yet she was slender, straight enough, and taller than the generality of women: she was very graceful, danced well, and spoke French better than her mother tongue: she was well-bred, and possessed, in perfection, that air of dress which is so much admired, and which cannot be attained, unless it be taken when young in France. While her charms were gaining ground in the King's heart, the Countess of Castlemaine amused herself in the gratification of all her caprices.

Mrs. Hyde was one of the first of the beauties who were prejudiced with a blind prepossession in favor of Jermyn: she had just married a man whom she loved: by this marriage she became sister-in-law to the duchess, brilliant by her own native lustre, and full of pleasantry and wit. However, she was of opinion, that so long as she was not talked of on account of Jermyn, all her other advantages would avail nothing for her glory: it was, therefore, to receive this finishing stroke, that she resolved to throw herself into his arms.

She was of a middle size, had a skin of a dazzling whiteness, fine hands, and a foot surprisingly beautiful, even in England: long custom had given such a languishing tenderness to her looks, that she never opened her eyes but like a Chinese; and, when she ogled, one would have thought she was doing something else.

Jermyn accepted of her at first; but, being soon puzzled what to do with her, he thought it best to sacrifice her to Lady Castlemaine. The sacrifice was far from being displeasing to her: it was much to her glory to have carried off Jermyn from so many competitors; but this was of no consequence in the end.

Jacob Hall, the famous rope-dancer, was at that time in vogue in London: his strength and agility charmed the pub-

lic, even to a wish to know what he was in private; for he appeared in his tumbling dress to be quite of a different make, and to have limbs very different from the fortunate Jermyn. The tumbler did not deceive Lady Castlemaine's expectations, if report may be believed, and as was intimated in many a song, much more to the honor of the rope-dancer than of the countess; but she despised all these rumors, and only appeared still more handsome.

While satire thus found employment at her cost, there were continual contests for the favors of another beauty, who was not much more niggardly in that way than herself: this was the Countess of Shrewsbury.

The Earl of Arran, who had been one of her first admirers, was not one of the last to desert her: this beauty, less famous for her conquests than for the misfortunes she occasioned, placed her greatest merits in being more capricious than any other. As no person could boast of being the only one in her favor, so no person could complain of having been ill received.

Jermyn was displeased that she had made no advances to him, without considering that she had no leisure for it: his pride was offended; but the attempt which he made to take her from the rest of her lovers was very ill-advised.

Thomas Howard, brother to the Earl of Carlisle, was one of them: there was not a braver, nor a more genteel man in England; and though he was of a modest demeanor, and his manners appeared gentle and pacific, no person was more spirited, nor more passionate. Lady Shrewsbury, inconsiderately returning the first ogles of the invincible Jermyn, did not at all make herself more agreeable to Howard: that, however, she paid little attention to; yet, as she designed to keep fair with him, she consented to accept an entertainment which he had often proposed, and which she durst no longer refuse. A place of amusement, called Spring Garden, was fixed upon for the scene of this entertainment.

As soon as the party was settled, Jermyn was privately informed of it. Howard had a company in the regiment of guards, and one of the soldiers of his company played pretty well on the bagpipes: this soldier was therefore at the entertainment. Jermyn was at the garden, as by chance; and,

puffed up with his former successes, he trusted to his victorious air for accomplishing this last enterprise: he no sooner appeared on the walks than her ladyship showed herself upon the balcony.

I know not how she stood affected to her hero; but Howard did not fancy him much: this did not prevent his coming upstairs, upon the first sign she made to him; and not content with acting the petty tyrant at an entertainment not made for himself, no sooner had he gained the soft looks of the fair one than he exhausted all his commonplace, and all his stock of low irony, in railing at the entertainment and ridiculing the music.

Howard possessed but little raillery, and still less patience: three times was the banquet on the point of being stained with blood; but three times did he suppress his natural impetuosity, in order to satisfy his resentment elsewhere with greater freedom.

Jermyn, without paying the least attention to his ill-humor, pursued his point, continued talking to Lady Shrewsbury, and did not leave her until the repast was ended.

He went to bed, proud of this triumph, and was waked next morning by a challenge: he took for his second, Giles Rawlings, a man of intrigue, and a deep player. Howard took Dillon, who was dexterous and brave, much of a gentleman, and, unfortunately, an intimate friend to Rawlings.

In this duel fortune did not side with the votaries of love: poor Rawlings was left stone dead; and Jermyn, having received three wounds, was carried to his uncle's, with very little signs of life.

While the report of this event engaged the courtiers according to their several interests, the Chevalier de Grammont was informed by Jones, his friend, his confidant, and his rival, that there was another gentleman very attentive to Mrs. Middleton. This was Montagu, no very dangerous rival on account of his person, but very much to be feared for his assiduity, the acuteness of his wit, and for some other talents which are of importance when a man is once permitted to display them.

There needed not half so much to bring into action all the chevalier's vivacity, in point of competition: vexation awak-

ened in him whatever expedients the desire of revenge, malice, and experience could suggest, for troubling the designs of a rival, and tormenting a mistress. His first intention was to return her letters, and demand his presents, before he began to tease her: but, rejecting this project as too weak a revenge for the injustice done him, he was upon the point of conspiring the destruction of poor Mrs. Middleton, when, by accident, he met with Miss Hamilton. From this moment ended all his resentment against Mrs. Middleton, and all his attachment to Miss Warmestre: no longer was he inconstant: no longer were his wishes fluctuating: this object fixed them all; and, of all his former habits, none remained, except uneasiness and jealousy.

Here his first care was to please: but he very plainly saw that to succeed he must act quite in a different manner to that which he had been accustomed to.

The family of the Hamiltons, being very numerous, lived in a large and commodious house near the court: the Duke of Ormond's family was continually with them; and here persons of the greatest distinction in London constantly met: the Chevalier de Grammont was here received in a manner agreeable to his merit and quality, and was astonished that he had spent so much time in other places; for, after having made this acquaintance, he was desirous of no other.

All the world agreed that Miss Hamilton was worthy of the most ardent and sincere affection: nobody could boast a nobler birth, nothing was more charming than her person.

The Chevalier de Grammont, never satisfied in his amours, was fortunate without being beloved, and became jealous without having an attachment.

Mrs. Middleton, as we have said, was going to experience what methods he could invent to torment, after having experienced his powers of pleasing.

He went in search of her to the Queen's drawing-room, where there was a ball: there she was: but fortunately for her, Miss Hamilton was there likewise. It had so happened, that of all the beautiful women at court, this was the lady whom he had least seen, and whom he had heard most commended: this, therefore, was the first time that he had a close view of her, and he soon found that he had seen nothing at

court before this instant: he asked her some questions, to which she replied: as long as she was dancing, his eyes were fixed upon her; and from this time he no longer resented Mrs. Middleton's conduct. Miss Hamilton was at the happy age when the charms of the fair sex begin to bloom: she had the finest shape, the loveliest neck, and most beautiful arms in the world: she was majestic and graceful in all her movements; and she was the original after which all the ladies copied in their taste and air of dress. Her forehead was open, white, and smooth: her hair was well set, and fell with ease into that natural order which it is so difficult to imitate. Her complexion was possessed of a certain freshness, not to be equalled by borrowed colors: her eyes were not large, but they were lively, and capable of expressing whatever she pleased: her mouth was full of graces, and her contour uncommonly periect: nor was her nose, which was small, delicate, and turned up, the least ornament of so lovely a face. In fine, her air, her carriage, and the numberless graces dispersed over her whole person, made the Chevalier de Grammont not doubt but that she was possessed of every other qualification. Her mind was a proper companion for such a form: she did not endeavor to shine in conversation by those sprightly sallies which only puzzle; and with still greater care she avoided that affected solemnity in her discourse which produces stupidity; but, without any eagerness to talk, she just said what she ought, and no more. She had an admirable discernment in distinguishing between solid and false wit: and far from making an ostentatious display of her abilities, she was reserved, though very just in her decisions: her sentiments were always noble, and even lofty to the highest extent, when there was occasion: nevertheless, she was less prepossessed with her own merit than is usually the case with those who have so much. Formed, as we have described, she could not fail of commanding love: but so far was she from courting it, that she was scrupulously nice with respect to those whose merit might entitle them to form any pretensions to her.

The more the Chevalier de Grammont was convinced of these truths, the more did he endeavor to please and engage her in his turn: his entertaining wit, his conversation, lively, easy, and always distinguished by novelty, constantly gained

him attention; but he was much embarrassed to find that presents, which so easily made their way in his former method of courtship, were no longer proper in the mode which, for the future, he was obliged to pursue.

He had an old *valet de chambre*, called Termes, a bold thief, and a still more impudent liar: he used to send this man from London every week on the commissions we have before mentioned; but after the disgrace of Mrs. Middleton, and the adventure of Miss Warmestre, Mr. Termes was only employed in bringing his master's clothes from Paris, and he did not always acquit himself with the greatest fidelity in that employment, as will appear hereafter.

The Queen was a woman of sense, and used all her endeavors to please the King by that kind, obliging behavior which her affection made natural to her: she was particularly attentive in promoting every sort of pleasure and amusement, especially such as she could be present at herself.

She had contrived, for this purpose, a splendid masquerade, where those whom she appointed to dance had to represent different nations: she allowed some time for preparation, during which we may suppose the tailors, the mantua-makers, and embroiderers were not idle: nor were the beauties, who were to be there, less anxiously employed; however, Miss Hamilton found time enough to invent two or three little tricks, in a conjuncture so favorable, for turning into ridicule the vain fools of the court. There were two who were very eminently such: the one was Lady Muskerry, who had married her cousin-german; and the other a maid of honor to the duchess, called Blague.

The first, whose husband most assuredly never married her for beauty, was made like the generality of rich heiresses, to whom just nature seems sparing of her gifts, in proportion as they are loaded with those of fortune: she had the shape of a woman big with child, without being so; but had a very good reason for limping; for, of two legs uncommonly short, one was much shorter than the other: a face suitable to this description gave the finishing stroke to this disagreeable figure.

Miss Blague was another species of ridicule: her shape was neither good nor bad: her countenance bore the appearance of the greatest insipidity, and her complexion was the same

all over; with two little hollow eyes, adorned with white eyelashes, as long as one's fingers. With these attractions she placed herself in ambuscade to surprise unwary hearts; but she might have done so in vain, had it not been for the arrival of the Marquis de Brisacier. Heaven seemed to have made them for each other: he had in his person and manners every requisite to dazzle a creature of her character: he talked eternally, without saying anything, and in his dress exceeded the most extravagant fashions. Miss Blague believed that all this finery was on her account; and the marquis believed that her long eyelashes had never taken aim at any but himself: everybody perceived their inclination for each other: but they had only conversed by mute interpreters when Miss Hamilton took it into her head to intermeddle in their affairs.

She was willing to do everything in order, and therefore began with her cousin Muskerry, on account of her rank. Her two darling foibles were dress and dancing. Magnificence of dress was intolerable with her figure; and though her dancing was still more insupportable, she never missed a ball at court: and the Queen had so much complaisance for the public as always to make her dance; but it was impossible to give her a part in an entertainment so important and splendid as this masquerade: however, she was dying with impatience for the orders she expected.

It was in consequence of this impatience, of which Miss Hamilton was informed, that she founded the design of diverting herself at the expense of this silly woman. The Queen sent notes to those whom she appointed to be present, and described the manner in which they were to be dressed. Miss Hamilton wrote a note exactly in the same manner to Lady Muskerry, with directions for her to be dressed in the Babylonian fashion.

She assembled her counsel to advise about the means of sending it: this cabinet was composed of one of her brothers and a sister, who were glad to divert themselves at the expense of those who deserved it. After having consulted some time, they at last resolved upon a mode of conveying it into her own hands. Lord Muskerry was just going out when she received it: he was a man of honor, rather serious, very severe, and a mortal enemy to ridicule. His wife's deformity

was not so intolerable to him as the ridiculous figure she made upon all occasions. He thought that he was safe in the present case, not believing that the Queen would spoil her masquerade by naming Lady Muskerry as one of the dancers; nevertheless, as he was acquainted with the passion his wife had to expose herself in public, by her dress and dancing, he had just been advising her very seriously to content herself with being a spectator of this entertainment, even though the Queen should have the cruelty to engage her in it: he then took the liberty to show her what little similarity there was between her figure and that of persons to whom dancing and magnificence in dress were allowable. His sermon concluded at last by an express prohibition to solicit a place at this entertainment, which they had no thoughts of giving her; but far from taking his advice in good part, she imagined that he was the only person who had prevented the Queen from doing her an honor she so ardently desired; and as soon as he was gone out, her design was to go and throw herself at her Majesty's feet to demand justice. She was in this very disposition when she received the billet; three times did she kiss it, and without regarding her husband's injunctions, she immediately got into her coach in order to get information of the merchants who traded to the Levant, in what manner the ladies of quality dressed in Babylon.

The plot laid for Miss Blague was of a different kind: she had such faith in her charms, and was so confident of their effects, that she could believe anything. Brisacier, whom she looked upon as desperately smitten, had wit, which he set off with commonplace talk, and with little sonnets: he sung out of tune most methodically, and was continually exerting one or other of these happy talents: the Duke of Buckingham did all he could to spoil him by the praises he bestowed both upon his voice and upon his wit.

Miss Blague, who hardly understood a word of French, regulated herself upon the duke's authority in admiring the one and the other. It was remarked, that all the words which he sung to her were in praise of fair women, and that, always taking this to herself, she cast down her eyes in acknowledgment and consciousness. It was upon these observations they resolved to make a jest of her, the first opportunity.

While these little projects were forming, the King, who always wished to oblige the Chevalier de Grammont, asked him if he would make one at the masquerade, on condition of being Miss Hamilton's partner? He did not pretend to dance sufficiently well for an occasion like the present; yet he was far from refusing the offer: "Sire," said he, "of all the favors you have been pleased to show me, since my arrival, I feel this more sensibly than any other; and to convince you of my gratitude, I promise you all the good offices in my power with Miss Stewart." He said this, because they had just given her an apartment separate from the rest of the maids of honor, which made the courtiers begin to pay respect to her. The King was very well pleased at this pleasantry, and having thanked him for so necessary an offer: "Monsieur le Chevalier," said he, "in what style do you intend to dress yourself for the ball? I leave you the choice of all countries." "If so," said the chevalier, "I will dress after the French manner, in order to disguise myself; for they already do me the honor to take me for an Englishman in your city of London. Had it not been for this, I should have wished to have appeared as a Roman; but for fear of embroiling myself with Prince Rupert, who so warmly espouses the interests of Alexander against Lord Thanet, who declares himself for Cæsar, I dare no longer think of assuming the hero; nevertheless, though I may dance awkwardly; yet, by observing the tune, and with a little alertness, I hope to come off pretty well; besides, Miss Hamilton will take care that too much attention shall not be paid to me. As for my dress, I shall send Termes off to-morrow morning; and if I do not show you at his return the most splendid habit you have ever seen, look upon mine as the most disgraced nation in your masquerade."

Termes set out with ample instructions on the subject of his journey; and his master redoubling his impatience on an occasion like the present, before the courier could be landed, began to count the minutes in expectation of his return: thus was he employed until the very eve of the ball; and that was the day that Miss Hamilton and her little society had fixed for the execution of their project.

Martial gloves were then very much in fashion: she had

by chance several pairs of them: she sent one to Miss Blague, accompanied with four yards of yellow ribbon, the palest she could find, to which she added this note:

"You were the other day more charming than all the fair women in the world: you looked yesterday still more fair than you did the day before: if you go on, what will become of my heart? But it is a long time since that has been a prey to your pretty little young wild boar's eyes. Shall you be at the masquerade to-morrow? But can there be any charms at an entertainment at which you are not present? It does not signify: I shall know you in whatever disguise you may be: but I shall be better informed of my fate by the present I send you; you will wear knots of this ribbon in your hair; and these gloves will kiss the most beautiful hands in the universe."

This billet, with the present, were delivered to Miss Blague, with the same success as the other had been conveyed to Lady Muskerry. Miss Hamilton had just received an account of it, when the latter came to pay her a visit: something seemed to possess her thoughts very much; when, having stayed some time, her cousin desired her to walk into her cabinet. As soon as they were there: "I desire your secrecy for what I am going to tell you," said Lady Muskerry. "Do not you wonder what strange creatures men are? Do not trust to them, my dear cousin: my Lord Muskerry, who, before our marriage, could have passed whole days and nights in seeing me dance, thinks proper now to forbid me dancing, and says it does not become me. This is not all: he has so often rung in my ears the subject of this masquerade, that I am obliged to hide from him the honor the Queen has done me in inviting me to it. However, I am surprised I am not informed who is to be my partner: but if you knew what a plague it is to find out, in this cursed town, in what manner the people of Babylon dress, you would pity me for what I have suffered since the time I have been appointed: besides, the cost which it puts me to is beyond all imagination."

Here it was that Miss Hamilton's inclination to laugh, which had increased in proportion as she endeavored to suppress it, at length overcame her, and broke out in an im-

moderate fit. Lady Muskerry took it in good-humor, not doubting but that it was the fantastical conduct of her husband that she was laughing at. Miss Hamilton told her that all husbands were much the same, and that one ought not to be concerned at their whims; that she did not know who was to be her partner at the masquerade; but that, as she was named, the gentleman named with her would certainly not fail to attend her; although she could not comprehend why he had not yet declared himself, unless he likewise had some fantastical spouse, who had forbid him to dance.

This conversation being finished, Lady Muskerry went away in great haste, to endeavor to learn some news of her partner. Those who were accomplices in the plot were laughing very heartily at this visit, when Lord Muskerry paid them one in his turn, and taking Miss Hamilton aside: "Do you know," said he, "whether there is to be any ball in the city to-morrow?" "No," said she; "but why do you ask?" "Because," said he, "I am informed that my wife is making great preparations of dress. I know very well she is not to be at the masquerade: that I have taken care of; but as the devil is in her for dancing, I am very much afraid that she will be affording some fresh subject for ridicule, notwithstanding all my precautions: however, if it was among the citizens, at some private party, I should not much mind it."

They satisfied him as well as they could, and having dismissed him, under pretence of a thousand things they had to prepare for the next day, Miss Hamilton thought herself at liberty for that morning, when in came Miss Price, one of the maids of honor to the duchess. This was just what she was wishing for: this lady and Miss Blague had been at variance some time, on account of Duncan, whom Miss Price had drawn away from the other; and hatred still subsisted between these two divinities.

Though the maids of honor were not nominated for the masquerade, yet they were to assist at it: and consequently were to neglect nothing to set themselves off to advantage. Miss Hamilton had still another pair of gloves of the same sort as those she had sent to Miss Blague, which she made a present of to her rival, with a few knots of the same ribbon, which appeared to have been made on purpose for her, brown

as she was. Miss Price returned her a thousand thanks, and promised to do herself the honor of wearing them at the ball. "You will oblige me if you do," said Miss Hamilton, "but if you mention that such a trifle as this comes from me, I shall never forgive you; but," continued she, "do not go and rob poor Miss Blague of the Marquis Brisacier, as you already have of Duncan: I know very well that it is wholly in your power: you have wit: you speak French; and were he once to converse with you ever so little, the other could have no pretensions to him." This was enough: Miss Blague was only ridiculous and coquettish: Miss Price was ridiculous, coquettish, and something else besides.

The day being come, the court, more splendid than ever, exhibited all its magnificence at this masquerade. The company were all met except the Chevalier de Grammont: everybody was astonished that he should be one of the last at such a time, as his readiness was so remarkable on every occasion; but they were still more surprised to see him at length appear in an ordinary court-dress, which he had worn before. The thing was preposterous on such an occasion, and very extraordinary with respect to him: in vain had he the finest point-lace with the largest and best powdered peruke imaginable: his dress, magnificent enough for any other purpose, was not at all proper for this entertainment.

The King immediately took notice of it: "Chevalier," said he, "Termes is not arrived then?" "Pardon me, sire," said he, "God be thanked!" "Why God be thanked?" said the King; "has anything happened to him on the road?" "Sire," said the Chevalier de Grammont, "this is the history of my dress, and of Termes, my messenger." At these words the ball, ready to begin, was suspended: the dancers making a circle around the Chevalier de Grammont, he continued his story in the following manner:

"It is now two days since this fellow ought to have been here, according to my orders and his protestations: you may judge of my impatience all this day, when I found he did not come; at last, after I had heartily cursed him, about an hour ago he arrived, splashed all over from head to foot, booted up to the waist, and looking as if he had been excommunicated: 'Very well, Mr. Scoundrel,' said I, 'this is just like you; you

must be waited for to the very last minute, and it is a miracle that you are arrived at all.' 'Yes, faith,' said he, 'it is a miracle. You are always grumbling: I had the finest suit in the world made for you, which the Duke de Guise himself was at the trouble of ordering.' 'Give it me, then, scoundrel,' said I. 'Sir,' said he, 'if I did not employ a dozen embroiderers upon it, who did nothing but work day and night, I am a rascal: I never left them one moment.' 'And where is it, traitor?' said I: 'do not stand here prating, while I should be dressing.' 'I had,' continued he, 'packed it up, made it tight, and folded it in such a manner that all the rain in the world could never have been able to reach it; and I rid post, day and night, knowing your impatience, and that you were not to be trifled with.' 'But where is it?' said I. 'Lost, sir,' said he, clasping his hands. 'How! lost,' said I, in surprise. 'Yes, lost, perished, swallowed up: what can I say more?' 'What, was the packet-boat cast away then?' said I. 'Oh! indeed, sir, a great deal worse, as you shall see,' answered he: 'I was within half a league of Calais yesterday morning, and I was resolved to go by the seaside, to make greater haste; but, indeed they say very true, that nothing is like the highway; for I got into a quicksand, where I sunk up to the chin.' 'A quicksand,' said I, 'near Calais?' 'Yes, sir,' said he, 'and such a quicksand, that, the devil take me, if they saw anything but the top of my head when they pulled me out: as for my horse, fifteen men could scarce get him out; but the portmanteau, where I had unfortunately put your clothes, could never be found: it must be at least a league underground.'

"This, sire," continued the Chevalier de Grammont, "is the adventure, and the relation which this honest gentleman has given me of it. I should certainly have killed him, but I was afraid of making Miss Hamilton wait, and I was desirous of giving your Majesty immediate advice of the quicksand, that your courtiers may take care to avoid it."

The King was ready to split his sides with laughing, when the Chevalier de Grammont, resuming the discourse: "Apropos, sire," said he, "I had forgot to tell you, that to increase my ill-humor, I was stopped, as I was getting out of my chair, by the devil of a phantom in masquerade, who would by all means persuade me that the Queen had commanded me to

dance with her; and, as I excused myself with the least rudeness possible, she charged me to find out who was to be her partner, and desired me to send him to her immediately: so that your Majesty will do well to give orders about it; for she has placed herself in ambush in a coach, to seize upon all those who pass through Whitehall. However, I must tell you, that it is worth while to see her dress; for she must have at least sixty ells of gauze and silver tissue about her, not to mention a sort of a pyramid upon her head, adorned with a hundred thousand baubles."

This last account surprised all the assembly, except those who had a share in the plot. The Queen assured them that all she had appointed for the ball were present; and the King, having paused some minutes: "I bet," said he, "that it is the Duchess of Newcastle." "And I," said Lord Muskerry, coming up to Miss Hamilton, "will bet it is another fool; for I am very much mistaken if it is not my wife."

The King was for sending to know who it was, and to bring her in: Lord Muskerry offered himself for that service, for the reason already mentioned; and it was very well he did so. Miss Hamilton was not sorry for this, knowing very well that he was not mistaken in his conjecture: the jest would have gone much farther than she intended, if the Princess of Babylon had appeared in all her glory.

The ball was not very well executed, if one may be allowed the expression, so long as they danced only slow dances; and yet there were as good dancers, and as beautiful women in this assembly, as were to be found in the whole world: but as their number was not great, they left the French, and went to country-dances. When they had danced some time, the King thought fit to introduce his auxiliaries, to give the others a little respite: the Queen's and the duchess's maids of honor were therefore called in to dance with the gentlemen.

Then it was that they were at leisure to take notice of Miss Blague, and they found that the billet they had conveyed to her on the part of Brisacier had its effect: she was more yellow than saffron: her hair was stuffed with the citron-colored ribbon, which she had put there out of complaisance; and, to inform Brisacier of his fate, she raised often to her head her victorious hands, adorned with the gloves we have before

mentioned: but, if they were surprised to see her in a headdress that made her look more wan than ever, she was very differently surprised to see Miss Price partake with her in every particular of Brisacier's present: her surprise soon turned to jealousy; for her rival had not failed to join in conversation with him, on account of what had been insinuated to her the evening before; nor did Brisacier fail to return her first advances, without paying the least attention to the fair Blague, nor to the signs which she was tormenting herself to make him, to inform him of his happy destiny.

Miss Price was short and thick, and consequently no dancer: the Duke of Buckingham, who brought Brisacier forward as often as he could, came to desire him, on the part of the King, to dance with Miss Blague, without knowing what was then passing in this nymph's heart: Brisacier excused himself, on account of the contempt that he had for country-dances: Miss Blague thought that it was herself that he despised; and, seeing that he was engaged in conversation with her mortal enemy, she began to dance, without knowing what she was doing. Though her indignation and jealousy were sufficiently remarkable to divert the court, none but Miss Hamilton and her accomplices understood the joke perfectly: their pleasure was quite complete; for Lord Muskerry returned, still more confounded at the vision, of which the Chevalier de Grammont had given the description: he acquainted Miss Hamilton, that it was Lady Muskerry herself, a thousand times more ridiculous than she had ever been before, and that he had had an immense trouble to get her home, and place a sentry at her chamber door.

The reader may think, perhaps, that we have dwelt too long on these trifling incidents; perhaps he may be right: we will, therefore, pass to others.

Everything favored the Chevalier de Grammont in the new passion which he entertained: he was not, however, without rivals; but, what is a great deal more extraordinary, he was without uneasiness: he was acquainted with their understandings, and no stranger to Miss Hamilton's way of thinking.

Among her lovers, the most considerable, though the least professedly so, was the Duke of York: it was in vain for him to conceal it, the court was too well acquainted with his

character to doubt of his inclinations for her: he did not think it proper to declare such sentiments as were not fit for Miss Hamilton to hear; but he talked to her as much as he could, and ogled her with great assiduity. As hunting was his favorite diversion, that sport employed him one part of the day, and he came home generally much fatigued; but Miss Hamilton's presence revived him, when he found her either with the Queen or the duchess: there it was that, not daring to tell her of what lay heavy on his heart, he entertained her with what he had in his head; telling her miracles of the cunning of foxes and the mettle of horses; giving her accounts of broken legs and arms, dislocated shoulders, and other curious and entertaining adventures; after which his eyes told her the rest, till such time as sleep interrupted their conversation; for these tender interpreters could not help sometimes composing themselves in the midst of their ogling.

The duchess was not at all alarmed at a passion which her rival was far from thinking sincere, and with which she used to divert herself, as far as respect would admit her: on the contrary, as her Highness had an affection and esteem for Miss Hamilton, she never treated her more graciously than on the present occasion.

The two Russells, uncle and nephew, were two other of the Chevalier de Grammont's rivals: the uncle was full seventy, and had distinguished himself by his courage and fidelity in the civil wars: his passions and intentions, with regard to Miss Hamilton, appeared both at once; but his magnificence only appeared by halves in those gallantries which love inspires. It was not long since the fashion of high-crowned hats had been left off, in order to fall into the other extreme: old Russell, amazed at so terrible a change, resolved to keep a medium, which made him remarkable: he was still more so by his constancy for cut doublets, which he supported a long time after they had been universally suppressed; but, what was more surprising than all, was a certain mixture of avarice and liberality, constantly at war with each other, ever since he had entered the lists with love.

His nephew was only of a younger brother's family, but was considered as his uncle's heir; and though he was under the necessity of attending to his uncle for an establishment,

and still more so of humoring him, in order to get his estate, he could not avoid his fate. Mrs. Middleton showed him a sufficient degree of preference; but her favors could not secure him from the charms of Miss Hamilton: his person would have had nothing disagreeable in it, if he had but left it to nature; but he was formal in all his actions, and silent even to stupidity; and yet rather more tiresome when he did speak.

The Chevalier de Grammont, very much at his ease in all these competitions, engaged himself more and more in his passion, without forming other designs, or conceiving other hopes, than to render himself agreeable: though his passion was openly declared, no person at court regarded it otherwise than as a habit of gallantry, which goes no farther than to do justice to merit.

His monitor, Saint Evremond, was quite of a different opinion; and, finding, that, besides an immense increase of magnificence and assiduity, he regretted those hours which he bestowed on play; that he no longer sought after those long and agreeable conversations they used to have together; and that this new attachment everywhere robbed him of himself.

"Monsieur le Chevalier," said he, "methinks that for some time you have left the town beauties and their lovers in perfect repose: Mrs. Middleton makes fresh conquests with impunity, and wears your presents under your nose, without your taking the smallest notice: poor Miss Warmestre has been very quietly brought to bed in the midst of the court, without your having even said a word about it: I foresaw it plain enough, Monsieur le Chevalier, you have got acquainted with Miss Hamilton, and, what has never before happened to you, you are really in love; but let us consider a little what may be the consequence. In the first place, such is her birth and merit, that if you were in possession of the estate and title of your family, it might be excusable in you to offer yourself upon honorable terms, however ridiculous marriage may be in general; for, if you only wish for wit, prudence, and the treasures of beauty, you could not pay your addresses to a more proper person: but for you, who possess only a very moderate share of those of fortune, you can not pay your addresses more improperly.

"For your brother Toulongeon, whose disposition I am

acquainted with, will not have the complaisance to die, to favor your pretensions: but suppose you had a competent fortune for you both, and that is supposing a good deal, are you acquainted with the delicacy, not to say capriciousness, of this fair one about such an engagement? Do you know that she has had the choice of the best matches in England? The Duke of Richmond paid his addresses to her first; but though he was in love with her, still he was mercenary: however, the King, observing that want of fortune was the only impediment to the match, took that article upon himself, out of regard to the Duke of Ormond, to the merit and birth of Miss Hamilton, and to her father's services; but, resenting that a man who pretended to be in love should bargain like a merchant, and likewise reflecting upon his character in the world, she did not think that being Duchess of Richmond was a sufficient recompense for the danger that was to be feared from a brute and a debauchee.

"Has not little Jermyn, notwithstanding his uncle's great estate and his own brilliant reputation, failed in his suit to her? And has she ever so much as vouchsafed to look at Henry Howard, who is upon the point of being the first duke in England, and who is already in actual possession of all the estates of the house of Norfolk? I confess that he is a clown; but what other lady in all England would not have dispensed with his stupidity, and his disagreeable person, to be the first duchess in the kingdom, with twenty-five thousand a year?

"To conclude; Lord Falmouth has told me himself, that he has always looked upon her as the only acquisition wanting to complete his happiness; but that, even at the height of the splendor of his fortune, he never had had the assurance to open his sentiments to her; that he either felt in himself too much weakness, or too much pride, to be satisfied with obtaining her solely by the persuasion of her relations; and that, though the first refusals of the fair on such occasions are not much minded, he knew with what an air she had received the addresses of those whose persons she did not like. After this, Monsieur le Chevalier, consider what method you intend to pursue; for, if you are in love, the passion will still increase, and the greater the attachment the less capable will you be

of making those serious reflections that are now in your power."

"My poor philosopher," answered the Chevalier de Grammont, "you understand Latin very well, you can make good verses, you understand the course, and are acquainted with the nature of the stars in the firmament; but, as for the luminaries of the terrestrial globe, you are utterly unacquainted with them; you have told me nothing about Miss Hamilton but what the King told me three days ago. That she has refused the savages you have mentioned is all in her favor; if she had admitted their addresses, I would have had nothing to say to her, though I love her to distraction. Attend now to what I am going to say; I am resolved to marry her, and I will have my tutor Saint Evremond himself to be the first man to commend me for it. As for an establishment, I shall make my peace with the King, and will solicit him to make her one of the ladies of the bedchamber to the Queen; this he will grant me. Toulongeon will die, without my assistance, and notwithstanding all his care; and Miss Hamilton will have Semeat, with the Chevalier de Grammont, as an indemnification for the Norfolks and Richmonds. Now, have you anything to advance against this project? For I will bet you a hundred louis that everything will happen as I have foretold it."

At this time the King's attachment to Miss Stewart was so public that every person perceived, that if she was but possessed of art, she might become as absolute a mistress over his conduct as she was over his heart. This was a fine opportunity for those who had experience and ambition. The Duke of Buckingham formed the design of governing her in order to ingratiate himself with the King; God knows what a governor he would have been, and what a head he was possessed of, to guide another; however, he was the properest man in the world to insinuate himself with Miss Stewart; she was childish in her behavior, and laughed at everything, and her taste for frivolous amusements, though unaffected, was only allowable in a girl about twelve or thirteen years old. A child, however, she was, in every other respect, except playing with a doll; blind-man's-buff was her most favorite amusement; she was building castles of cards, while the deepest

play was going on in her apartments, where you saw her surrounded by eager courtiers, who handed her the cards, or young architects, who endeavored to imitate her.

She had, however, a passion for music, and had some taste for singing. The Duke of Buckingham, who built the finest towers of cards imaginable, had an agreeable voice: she had no aversion to scandal; and the duke was both the father and the mother of scandal; he made songs, and invented old women's stories with which she was delighted; but his particular talent consisted in turning into ridicule whatever was ridiculous in other people, and in taking them off, even in their presence, without their perceiving it. In short, he knew how to act all parts with so much grace and pleasantry that it was difficult to do without him, when he had a mind to make himself agreeable; and he made himself so necessary to Miss Stewart's amusement that she sent all over the town to seek for him when he did not attend the King to her apartments.

He was extremely handsome, and still thought himself much more so than he really was; although he had a great deal of discernment, yet his vanity made him mistake some civilities as intended for his person, which were only bestowed on his wit and drollery. In short, being seduced by too good an opinion of his own merit, he forgot his first project and his Portuguese mistress, in order to pursue a fancy in which he mistook himself; for he no sooner began to act a serious part with Miss Stewart than he met with so severe a repulse that he abandoned at once all his designs upon her; however, the familiarity she had procured him with the King opened the way to those favors to which he was afterward advanced.

Lord Arlington took up the project which the Duke of Buckingham had abandoned, and endeavored to gain possession of the mind of the mistress, in order to govern the master. A man of greater merit and higher birth than himself might, however, have been satisfied with the fortune he had already acquired. His first negotiations were during the treaty of the Pyrenees; and though he was unsuccessful in his proceedings for his employer, yet he did not altogether lose his time; for he perfectly acquired, in his exterior, the serious air and profound gravity of the Spaniards, and imitated pretty

well their tardiness in business; he had a scar across his nose, which was covered by a long patch, or, rather, by a small plaster, in form of a lozenge.

Scars in the face commonly give a man a certain fierce and martial air, which sets him off to advantage; but it was quite the contrary with him, and this remarkable plaster so well suited his mysterious looks that it seemed an addition to his gravity and self-sufficiency.

Arlington, under the mask of this compound countenance, where great earnestness passed for business, and impenetrable stupidity for secrecy, had given himself the character of a great politician; and no one having leisure to examine him, he was taken at his word, and had been made minister and secretary of state, upon the credit of his own importance.

His ambition soaring still above these high stations, after having provided himself with a great number of fine maxims, and some historical anecdotes, he obtained an audience of Miss Stewart, in order to display them; at the same time offering her his most humble services, and best advice, to assist her in conducting herself in the situation to which it had pleased God and her virtue to raise her. But he was only in the preface of his speech when she recollected that he was at the head of those whom the Duke of Buckingham used to mimic; and as his presence and his language exactly revived the ridiculous ideas that had been given her of him, she could not forbear bursting out into a fit of laughter in his face, so much the more violent as she had for a long time struggled to suppress it.

The minister was enraged: his pride became his post, and his punctilious behavior merited all the ridicule which could be attached to it: he quitted her abruptly, with all the fine advice he had prepared for her, and was almost tempted to carry it to Lady Castlemaine, and to unite himself with her interests; or immediately to quit the court party, and declaim freely in Parliament against the grievances of the State, and particularly to propose an act to forbid the keeping of mistresses; but his prudence conquered his resentments; and thinking only how to enjoy with pleasure the blessings of fortune, he sent to Holland for a wife, in order to complete his felicity.

Hamilton was, of all the courtiers, the best qualified to succeed in an enterprise in which the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Arlington had miscarried: he was thinking upon it; but his natural coquetry traversed his intentions, and made him neglect the most advantageous prospects in the world, in order unnecessarily to attend to the advances and allurements thrown out to him by the Countess of Chesterfield. This was one of the most agreeable women in the world: she had a most exquisite shape, though she was not very tall: her complexion was extremely fair, with all the expressive charms of a brunette: she had large blue eyes, very tempting and alluring: her manners were engaging: her wit lively and amusing; but her heart, ever open to tender sentiments, was neither scrupulous in point of constancy, nor nice in point of sincerity. She was daughter to the Duke of Ormond, and Hamilton, being her cousin-german, they might be as much as they pleased in each other's company without being particular; but as soon as her eyes gave him some encouragement, he entertained no other thoughts than how to please her, without considering her fickleness, or the obstacles he had to encounter. His intention, which we mentioned before, of establishing himself in the confidence of Miss Stewart, no longer occupied his thoughts: she now was of opinion that she was capable of being the mistress of her own conduct: she had done all that was necessary to inflame the King's passions, without exposing her virtue by granting the last favors; but the eagerness of a passionate lover, blessed with favorable opportunities, is difficult to withstand, and still more difficult to vanquish; and Miss Stewart's virtue was almost exhausted when the Queen was attacked with a violent fever, which soon reduced her to extreme danger.

Then it was that Miss Stewart was greatly pleased with herself for the resistance she had made, though she had paid dearly for it: a thousand flattering hopes of greatness and glory filled her heart, and the additional respect that was universally paid her contributed not a little to increase them. The Queen was given over by her physicians: the few Portuguese women that had not been sent back to their own country filled the court with doleful cries; and the good-nature of the King was much affected with the situation in which he

saw a princess, whom, though he did not love her, yet he greatly esteemed. She loved him tenderly, and thinking that it was the last time she should ever speak to him, she told him: "That the concern he showed for her death was enough to make her quit life with regret; but that not possessing charms sufficient to merit his tenderness, she had at least the consolation in dying to give place to a consort who might be more worthy of it, and to whom Heaven, perhaps, might grant a blessing that had been refused to her." At these words she bathed his hands with some tears, which he thought would be her last: he mingled his own with hers; and without supposing she would take him at his word, he conjured her to live for his sake. She had never yet disobeyed him; and, however dangerous sudden impulses may be, when one is between life and death, this transport of joy, which might have proved fatal to her, saved her life, and the King's wonderful tenderness had an effect, for which every person did not thank Heaven in the same manner.

Jermyn had now for some time been recovered of his wounds: however, Lady Castlemaine, finding his health in as deplorable a condition as ever, resolved to regain the King's heart, but in vain: for notwithstanding the softness of her tears, and the violence of her passions, Miss Stewart wholly possessed it. During this period the court was variously entertained: sometimes there were promenades, and at others the court beauties sallied out on horseback, and to make attacks with their charms and graces, sometimes successfully, sometimes otherwise, but always to the best of their abilities: at other seasons there were such shows on the river as the city of London alone can afford.

The Thames washes the sides of a large though not a magnificent palace of the kings of Great Britain: from the stairs of this palace the court used to take water, in the summer evenings, when the heat and dust prevented their walking in the park: an infinite number of open boats, filled with the court and city beauties, attended the barges, in which were the royal family: collations, music, and fireworks completed the scene. The Chevalier de Grammont always made one of the company, and it was very seldom that he did not add something of his own invention, agreeably to surprise by some

unexpected stroke of magnificence and gallantry. Sometimes he had complete concerts of vocal and instrumental music, which he privately brought from Paris, and which struck up on a sudden in the midst of these parties: sometimes he gave banquets, which likewise came from France, and which, even in the midst of London, surpassed the King's collations. These entertainments sometimes exceeded, at others fell short of his expectations, but they always cost him an immense deal of money.

Lord Falmouth was one of those who had the greatest friendship and esteem for the Chevalier de Grammont: this profusion gave him concern, and as he often used to go and sup with him without ceremony, one day finding only Saint Evremond there, and a supper fit for half a dozen guests, who had been invited in form: "You must not," said he, addressing himself to the Chevalier de Grammont, "be obliged to me for this visit: I come from the King's *coucher*, where all the discourse was about you; and I can assure you that the manner in which the King spoke of you could not afford you so much pleasure as I myself felt upon the occasion. You know very well, that he has long since offered you his good offices with the King of France; and for my own part," continued he, smiling, "you know very well that I would solicit him so to do, if it was not through fear of losing you as soon as your peace is made; but, thanks to Miss Hamilton, you are in no great haste; however, I am ordered by the King my master to acquaint you, that while you remain here, until you are restored to the favor of your sovereign, he presents you with a pension of 1,500 jacobuses: it is indeed a trifle, considering the figure the Chevalier de Grammont makes among us; but it will assist him," said he, embracing him, "to give us sometimes a supper."

The Chevalier de Grammont received, as he ought, the offer of a favor he did not think proper to accept: "I acknowledge," said he, "the King's bounty in this proposal, but I am still more sensible of Lord Falmouth's generosity in it; and I request him to assure his Majesty of my perfect gratitude: the King my master will not suffer me to want, when he thinks fit to recall me; and while I continue here, I will let

you see that I have wherewithal to give my English friends now and then a supper."

At these words he called for his strong box, and showed him 7,000 or 8,000 guineas in solid gold. Lord Falmouth, willing to improve to the chevalier's advantage the refusal of so advantageous an offer, gave Monsieur de Comminge, then ambassador at the English court, an account of it; nor did Monsieur de Comminge fail to represent properly the merit of such a refusal to the French court.

# PRINTING EXPERIENCES

BY

Benjamin Franklin

# BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

## 1706—1790

Benjamin Franklin, printer, publisher, philosopher, and statesman, was born in Boston, January 17, 1706, and died in Philadelphia, April 17, 1790. On his father's side he was of English descent, and his mother was of a hardy Nantucket strain. In his twelfth year he became an apprentice with his older brother, a printer, founder of the "New England Courant." The paper being interdicted in his brother's name, he went to Philadelphia, where he arrived without friends and almost destitute. He was only seventeen years old, and obtained employment with a printer named Keimer, and found a lodging in the house of his future father-in-law. By some published letters he attracted the notice of Sir William Keith, Governor of the Province, who promised him the Government printing, and the following year induced him to go to England to purchase stock for a new printing-office. During a stay of a year and a half in London he published a pamphlet on "Liberty and Necessity, Pleasure and Pain," advocating views which he afterward repudiated as crude and immature. In 1726 he returned to Philadelphia and founded, with a fellow-workman, a new printing-office, and was married, in 1730, to Miss Deborah Read. He founded the "Pennsylvania Gazette," and rapidly rose to competence and public consideration. He started, in 1731, the "Philadelphia Library," chartered in 1742, "the mother of American libraries," and in 1732 first published his almanac, under the pseudonym of Richard Saunders, which, known as "Poor Richard's Almanac," was continued for twenty-five years. In 1744 he organized a scientific society, which became subsequently the American Academy of Sciences.

During the war of American independence he represented American interests in Europe, particularly in France, where he was associated as a commissioner with Silas Deane and Arthur Lee. His scientific reputation as well as his dignity of character and practical wisdom gave him influential access to the leading minds in France, and he powerfully contributed to secure for his country French recognition and material aid.

On his return, in September, 1785, to America, he was appointed a member of the Executive Council of Philadelphia, and soon after President of the State. He was deeply interested in all schemes of usefulness and philanthropy, and one of his last public acts was to sign a memorial to Congress as President of the Pennsylvania Society for the Abolition of Slavery. Upon his death resolutions of mourning were passed by Congress, and the National Assembly of France, on the motion of Mirabeau, put on mourning for three days.

The memoirs of his own life, which Franklin began but never finished, terminated with his arrival in England in 1757 as agent of the Colony of Pennsylvania.

No other eminent man has left so complete a record of his own life. The part of it which, from the nature of things, could not be preserved in correspondence—his youth and early manhood; his years of discipline and preparation—has been made as familiar as household words to at least three generations, in those imperishable pages which, in the full maturity of his faculties and experience, he prepared at the special instance of his friends Le Veillard, Rochefoucault, and Vaughan. From the period when the record of his youth closes until his death, we have a continuous, we might say daily record of his life, his labors, his anxieties, and his triumphs, from his own pen, and written when all the incidents and emotions they awakened were most fresh and distinct in his mind.

# PRINTING EXPERIENCES

MY inclinations for the sea were by this time worn out, or I might now have gratify'd them. But, having a trade, and supposing myself a pretty good workman, I offer'd my service to the printer in the place, old Mr. William Bradford, who had been the first printer in Pennsylvania, but removed from thence upon the quarrel of George Keith. He could give me no employment, having little to do, and help enough already; but says he, "My son at Philadelphia has lately lost his principal hand, Aquila Rose, by death; if you go thither, I believe he may employ you." Philadelphia was a hundred miles further; I set out, however, in a boat for Amboy, leaving my chest and things to follow me round by sea.

In crossing the bay, we met with a squall that tore our rotten sails to pieces, prevented our getting into the Kill, and drove us upon Long Island. In our way, a drunken Dutchman, who was a passenger too, fell overboard; when he was sinking, I reached through the water to his shock pate, and drew him up, so that we got him in again. His ducking sobered him a little, and he went to sleep, taking first out of his pocket a book, which he desir'd I would dry for him. It proved to be my old favorite author, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, in Dutch, finely printed on good paper, with copper cuts, a dress better than I had ever seen it wear in its own language. I have since found that it has been translated into most of the languages of Europe, and suppose it has been more generally read than any other book, except perhaps the Bible. Honest John was the first that I know of who mix'd narration and dialogue; a method of writing very engaging to the reader, who in the most interesting parts finds himself, as it were, brought into the company and present at the discourse. De Foe in his Cruso, his Moll Flanders, Religious Courtship, Family Instructor, and other pieces,

has imitated it with success; and Richardson has done the same in his Pamela, etc.

When we drew near the island, we found it was at a place where there could be no landing, there being a great surff on the stony beach. So we dropt anchor, and swung round towards the shore. Some people came down to the water edge and hallow'd to us, as we did to them; but the wind was so high, and the surff so loud, that we could not hear so as to understand each other. There were canoes on the shore, and we made signs, and hallow'd that they should fetch us; but they either did not understand us, or thought it impracticable, so they went away, and night coming on, we had no remedy but to wait till the wind should abate: and, in the mean time, the boatman and I concluded to sleep, if we could; and so crowded into the scuttle, with the Dutchman, who was still wet, and the spray beating over the head of our boat, leak'd thro' to us, so that we were soon almost as wet as he. In this manner we lay all night, with very little rest; but, the wind abating the next day, we made a shift to reach Amboy before night, having been thirty hours on the water, without victuals, or any drink but a bottle of filthy rum, the water we sail'd on being salt.

In the evening I found myself very feverish, and went in to bed; but, having read somewhere that cold water drank plentifully was good for a fever, I follow'd the prescription, sweat plentifully most of the night, my fever left me, and in the morning, crossing the ferry, I proceeded on my journey on foot, having fifty miles to Burlington, where I was told I should find boats that would carry me the rest of the way to Philadelphia.

It rained very hard all the day; I was thoroughly soak'd, and by noon a good deal tired; so I stopt at a poor inn, where I staid all night, beginning now to wish that I had never left home. I cut so miserable a figure, too, that I found, by the questions ask'd me, I was suspected to be some runaway servant, and in danger of being taken up on that suspicion. However, I proceeded the next day, and got in the evening to an inn, within eight or ten miles of Burlington, kept by one Dr. Brown. He entered into conversation with me while I took some refreshment, and, finding I had read a little, became very sociable and friendly. Our acquaintance continu'd as long as he liv'd. He had been, I imagine, an itinerant doctor, for there was no

town in England, or country in Europe, of which he could not give a very particular account. He had some letters, and was ingenious, but much of an unbeliever, and wickedly undertook, some years after, to travestie the Bible in doggrel verse, as Cotton had done Virgil. By this means he set many of the facts in a very ridiculous light, and might have hurt weak minds if his work had been published; but it never was.

At his house I lay that night, and the next morning reach'd Burlington, but had the mortification to find that the regular boats were gone a little before my coming, and no other expected to go before Tuesday, this being Saturday; wherefore I returned to an old woman in the town, of whom I had bought gingerbread to eat on the water, and ask'd her advice. She invited me to lodge at her house till a passage by water should offer; and being tired with my foot travelling, I accepted the invitation. She understanding I was a printer, would have had me stay at that town and follow my business, being ignorant of the stock necessary to begin with. She was very hospitable, gave me a dinner of ox-cheek with great good will, accepting only of a pot of ale in return; and I thought myself fixed till Tuesday should come. However, walking in the evening by the side of the river, a boat came by, which I found was going towards Philadelphia, with several people in her. They took me in, and, as there was no wind, we row'd all the way; and about midnight, not having yet seen the city, some of the company were confident we must have passed it, and would row no farther; the others knew not where we were; so we put toward the shore, got into a creek, landed near an old fence, with the rails of which we made a fire, the night being cold, in October, and there we remained till daylight. Then one of the company knew the place to be Cooper's Creek, a little above Philadelphia, which we saw as soon as we got out of the creek, and arriv'd there about eight or nine o'clock on the Sunday morning, and landed at the Market-street wharf.

I have been the more particular in this description of my journey, and shall be so of my first entry into that city, that you may in your mind compare such unlikely beginnings with the figure I have since made there. I was in my working dress, my best cloaths being to come round by sea. I was

dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuff'd out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul nor where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with travelling, rowing and want of rest, I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar, and about a shilling in copper. The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refus'd it, on account of my rowing; but I insisted on their taking it. A man being sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps thro' fear of being thought to have but little.

Then I walked up the street, gazing about till near the market-house I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second-street, and ask'd for bisket, intending such as we had in Boston; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia. Then I asked for a three-penny loaf, and was told they had none such. So not considering or knowing the difference of money, and the greater cheapness nor the names of his bread, I bad him give me three-penny worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surpriz'd at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walk'd off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other. Thus I went up Market-street, as far as Fourth-street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut-street and part of Walnut-street, eating my roll all the way, and, coming round, found myself again at Market-street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and, being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers near the market. I sat down among them, and, after looking round awhile and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy thro' labor and want

of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continu'd so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

Walking down again toward the river, and, looking in the faces of people, I met a young Quaker man, whose countenance I lik'd, and, accosting him, requested he would tell me where a stranger could get lodging. We were then near the sign of the Three Mariners. "Here," says he, "is one place that entertains strangers, but it is not a reputable house; if thee wilt walk with me, I'll show thee a better." He brought me to the Crooked Billet in Water-street. Here I got a dinner; and, while I was eating it, several sly questions were asked me, as it seemed to be suspected from my youth and appearance, that I might be some runaway.

After dinner, my sleepiness return'd, and being shown to a bed, I lay down without undressing, and slept till six in the evening, was call'd to supper, went to bed again very early, and slept soundly till next morning. Then I made myself as tidy as I could, and went to Andrew Bradford the printer's. I found in the shop the old man his father, whom I had seen at New York, and who, travelling on horseback, had got to Philadelphia before me. He introduc'd me to his son, who receiv'd me civilly, gave me a breakfast, but told me he did not at present want a hand, being lately suppli'd with one; but there was another printer in town, lately set up, one Keimer, who, perhaps, might employ me; if not, I should be welcome to lodge at his house, and he would give me a little work to do now and then till fuller business should offer.

The old gentleman said he would go with me to the new printer; and when we found him, "Neighbor," says Bradford, "I have brought to see you a young man of your business; perhaps you may want such a one." He ask'd me a few questions, put a composing stick in my hand to see how I work'd, and then said he would employ me soon, though he had just then nothing for me to do; and, taking old Bradford, whom he had never seen before, to be one of the town's people that had a good will for him, enter'd into a conversation on his present undertaking and prospects; while Bradford, not discovering

that he was the other printer's father, on Keimer's saying he expected soon to get the greatest part of the business into his own hands, drew him on by artful questions, and starting little doubts, to explain all his views, what interest he reli'd on, and in what manner he intended to proceed. I, who stood by and heard all, saw immediately that one of them was a crafty old sophister, and the other a mere novice. Bradford left me with Keimer, who was greatly surpris'd when I told him who the old man was.

Keimer's printing-house, I found, consisted of an old shatter'd press, and one small, worn-out font of English, which he was then using himself, composing an Elegy on Aquila Rose, before mentioned, an ingenious young man, of excellent character, much respected in the town, clerk of the Assembly, and a pretty poet. Keimer made verses too, but very indifferently. He could not be said to write them, for his manner was to compose them in the types directly out of his head. So there being no copy, but one pair of cases, and the Elegy likely to require all the letter, no one could help him. I endeavor'd to put his press (which he had not yet us'd, and of which he understood nothing) into order fit to be work'd with; and, promising to come and print off his Elegy as soon as he should have got it ready, I return'd to Bradford's, who gave me a little job to do for the present, and there I lodged and dieted. A few days after, Keimer sent for me to print off the Elegy. And now he had got another pair of cases, and a pamphlet to reprint, on which he set me to work.

These two printers I found poorly qualified for their business. Bradford had not been bred to it, and was very illiterate: and Keimer, tho' something of a scholar, was a mere compositor, knowing nothing of presswork. He had been one of the French prophets, and could act their enthusiastic agitations.[1] At this time he did not profess any particular religion, but something of all on occasion; was very ignorant of the world, and had, as I afterward found, a good deal of the knave in his composition. He did not like my lodging at Bradford's while I work'd with him. He had a house, indeed, but without furniture, so he could not lodge me: but he got

[1] M. Laboulaye presumes Keimer was one of the Camisards or Protestants of the Cevennes, so persecuted by Louis XIV.—Ed.

me a lodging at Mr. Read's, before mentioned, who was the owner of his house; and, my chest and clothes being come by this time, I made rather a more respectable appearance in the eyes of Miss Read than I had done when she first happen'd to see me eating my roll in the street.

I began now to have some acquaintance among the young people of the town, that were lovers of reading, with whom I spent my evenings very pleasantly; and gaining money by my industry and frugality, I lived very agreeably, forgetting Boston as much as I could, and not desiring that any there should know where I resided, except my friend Collins, who was in my secret, and kept it when I wrote to him. At length, an incident happened that sent me back again much sooner than I had intended. I had a brother-in-law, Robert Holmes, master of a sloop that traded between Boston and Delaware. He being at Newcastle, forty miles below Philadelphia, heard there of me, and wrote me a letter mentioning the concern of my friends in Boston at my abrupt departure, assuring me of their good will to me, and that every thing would be accommodated to my mind if I would return, to which he exhorted me very earnestly. I wrote an answer to his letter, thank'd him for his advice, but stated my reasons for quitting Boston fully and in such a light as to convince him I was not so wrong as he had apprehended.

Sir William Keith, governor of the province, was then at Newcastle, and Captain Holmes, happening to be in company with him when my letter came to hand, spoke to him of me, and show'd him the letter. The governor read it, and seem'd surpris'd when he was told my age. He said I appear'd a young man of promising parts, and therefore should be encouraged; the printers at Philadelphia were wretched ones: and, if I would set up there, he made no doubt I should succeed: for his part, he would procure me the public business, and do me every other service in his power. This my brother-in-law afterwards told me in Boston, but I knew as yet nothing of it; when, one day, Keimer and I being at work together near the window, we saw the governor and another gentleman (which proved to be Colonel French, of Newcastle), finely dress'd, come directly across the street to our house, and heard them at the door.

Keimer ran down immediately, thinking it a visit to him; but the governor inquir'd for me, came up, and with a condescension and politeness I had been quite unus'd to, made me many compliments, desired to be acquainted with me, blam'd me kindly for not having made myself known to him when I first came to the place, and would have me away with him to the tavern, where he was going with Colonel French to taste, as he said, some excellent Madeira. I was not a little surprised, and Keimer star'd like a pig poison'd. I went, however, with the governor and Colonel French to a tavern, at the corner of Third-street, and over the Madeira he propos'd my setting up my business, laid before me the probabilities of success, and both he and Colonel French assur'd me I should have their interest and influence in procuring the public business of both governments. On my doubting whether my father would assist me in it, Sir William said he would give me a letter to him, in which he would state the advantages, and he did not doubt of prevailing with him. So it was concluded I should return to Boston in the first vessel, with the governor's letter recommending me to my father. In the mean time the intention was to be kept a secret, and I went on working with Keimer as usual, the governor sending for me now and then to dine with him, a very great honor I thought it, and conversing with me in the most affable, familiar, and friendly manner imaginable.

About the end of April, 1724, a little vessel offer'd for Boston. I took leave of Keimer as going to see my friends. The governor gave me an ample letter, saying many flattering things of me to my father, and strongly recommending the project of my setting up at Philadelphia as a thing that must make my fortune. We struck on a shoal in going down the bay, and sprung a leak; we had a blustering time at sea, and were oblig'd to pump almost continually, at which I took my turn. We arriv'd safe, however, at Boston in about a fortnight. I had been absent seven months, and my friends had heard nothing of me; for my br. Holmes was not yet return'd, and had not written about me. My unexpected appearance surpriz'd the family; all were, however, very glad to see me, and made me welcome, except my brother. I went to see him at his printing-house. I was better dress'd than ever while

in his service, having a genteel new suit from head to foot, a watch, and my pockets lin'd with near five pounds sterling in silver. He receiv'd me not very frankly, look'd me all over, and turn'd to his work again.

The journeymen were inquisitive where I had been, what sort of a country it was, and how I lik'd it. I prais'd it much, and the happy life I led in it, expressing strongly my intention of returning to it; and, one of them asking what kind of money we had there, I produc'd a handful of silver, and spread it before them, which was a kind of raree-show they had not been us'd to, paper being the money of Boston. Then I took an opportunity of letting them see my watch; and, lastly (my brother still grum and sullen), I gave them a piece of eight to drink, and took my leave. This visit of mine offended him extreamly; for, when my mother some time after spoke to him of a reconciliation, and of her wishes to see us on good terms together, and that we might live for the future as brothers, he said I had insulted him in such a manner before his people that he could never forget or forgive it. In this, however, he was mistaken.

My father received the governor's letter with some apparent surprise, but said little of it to me for some days, when Capt. Holmes returning he show'd it to him, ask'd him if he knew Keith, and what kind of man he was; adding his opinion that he must be of small discretion to think of setting a boy up in business who wanted yet three years of being at man's estate. Holmes said what he could in favor of the project, but my father was clear in the impropriety of it, and at last gave a flat denial to it. Then he wrote a civil letter to Sir William, thanking him for the patronage he had so kindly offered me, but declining to assist me as yet in setting up, I being, in his opinion, too young to be trusted with the management of a business so important, and for which the preparation must be so expensive.

My friend and companion Collins, who was a clerk in the post-office, pleas'd with the account I gave him of my new country, determined to go thither also; and, while I waited for my father's determination, he set out before me by land to Rhode Island, leaving his books, which were a pretty collection of mathematicks and natural philosophy, to come with

mine and me to New York, where he propos'd to wait for me.

My father, tho' he did not approve Sir William's proposition, was yet pleas'd that I had been able to obtain so advantageous a character from a person of such note where I had resided, and that I had been so industrious and careful as to equip myself so handsomely in so short a time; therefore, seeing no prospect of an accommodation between my brother and me, he gave his consent to my returning again to Philadelphia, advis'd me to behave respectfully to the people there, endeavor to obtain the general esteem, and avoid lampooning and libeling, to which he thought I had too much inclination; telling me, that by steady industry and a prudent parsimony I might save enough by the time I was one-and-twenty to set me up; and that, if I came near the matter, he would help me out with the rest. This was all I could obtain, except some small gifts as tokens of his and my mother's love, when I embark'd again for New York, now with their approbation and their blessing.

The sloop putting in at Newport, Rhode Island, I visited my brother John, who had been married and settled there some years. He received me very affectionately, for he always lov'd me. A friend of his, one Vernon, having some money due to him in Pensilvania, about thirty-five pounds currency, desired I would receive it for him, and keep it till I had his direction what to remit it in. Accordingly, he gave me an order. This afterwards occasion'd me a good deal of uneasiness.

At Newport we took in a number of passengers for New York, among which were two young women, companions, and a grave, sensible, matron-like Quaker woman, with her attendants. I had shown an obliging readiness to do her some little services, which impress'd her I suppose with a degree of good will toward me; therefore, when she saw a daily growing familiarity between me and the two young women, which they appear'd to encourage, she took me aside, and said, "Young man, I am concern'd for thee, as thou has no friend with thee, and seems not to know much of the world, or of the snares youth is expos'd to; depend upon it, those are very bad women; I can see it in all their actions; and if

thee art not upon thy guard, they will draw thee into some danger; they are strangers to thee, and I advise thee, in a friendly concern for thy welfare, to have no acquaintance with them." As I seem'd at first not to think so ill of them as she did, she mentioned some things she had observ'd and heard that had escap'd my notice, but now convinc'd me she was right. I thank'd her for her kind advice, and promis'd to follow it. When we arriv'd at New York, they told me where they liv'd, and invited me to come and see them; but I avoided it, and it was well I did; for the next day the captain miss'd a silver spoon and some other things, that had been taken out of his cabbin, and, knowing that these were a couple of strumpets, he got a warrant to search their lodgings, found the stolen goods, and had the thieves punish'd. So, tho' we had escap'd a sunken rock, which we scrap'd upon in the passage, I thought this escape of rather more importance to me.

At New York I found my friend Collins, who had arriv'd there some time before me. We had been intimate from children, and had read the same books together; but he had the advantage of more time for reading and studying, and a wonderful genius for mathematical learning, in which he far outstript me. While I liv'd in Boston, most of my hours of leisure for conversation were spent with him, and he continu'd a sober as well as an industrious lad; was much respected for his learning by several of the clergy and other gentlemen, and seemed to promise making a good figure in life. But, during my absence, he had acquir'd a habit of sotting with brandy; and I found by his own account, and what I heard from others, that he had been drunk every day since his arrival at New York, and behav'd very oddly. He had gam'd, too, and lost his money, so that I was oblig'd to discharge his lodgings, and defray his expenses to and at Philadelphia, which prov'd extremely inconvenient to me.

The then governor of New York, Burnet (son of Bishop Burnet) [2] hearing from the captain that a young man, one of his passengers, had a great many books, desir'd he would bring

[2] Governor Burnet was appointed governor of the colony of New York and New Jersey on the 19th of April, 1720. He entered upon the duties of his office in September following. He was a man of scholarly tastes, fond of accumulating books, with a turn for theological speculation, which he indulged in making a commentary upon the three periods contained in the twelfth chapter of Daniel. The governor married a daughter of Cornelius Van Horne, of New York, who died soon. He was transferred to the governorship of Boston in

me to see him. I waited upon him accordingly, and should have taken Collins with me but that he was not sober. The gov'r. treated me with great civility, show'd me his library, which was a very large one, and we had a good deal of conversation about books and authors. This was the second governor who had done me the honor to take notice of me; which, to a poor boy like me, was very pleasing.

We proceeded to Philadelphia. I received on the way Vernon's money, without which we could hardly have finish'd our journey. Collins wished to be employ'd in some counting-house; but, whether they discover'd his dramming by his breath, or by his behaviour, tho' he had some recommendations, he met with no success in any application, and continu'd lodging and boarding at the same house with me, and at my expense. Knowing I had that money of Vernon's, he was continually borrowing of me, still promising repayment as soon as he should be in business. At length he had got so much of it that I was distress'd to think what I should do in case of being call'd on to remit it.

His drinking continu'd, about which we sometimes quarrel'd; for, when a little intoxicated, he was very fractious. Once, in a boat on the Delaware with some other young men, he refused to row in his turn. "I will be row'd home," says he. "We will not row you," says I. "You must, or stay all night on the water," says he, "just as you please." The others said, "Let us row; what signifies it?" But, my mind being soured with his other conduct, I continu'd to refuse. So he swore he would make me row, or throw me overboard; and coming along, stepping on the thwarts, toward me, when

July, 1728. His administration there, however, was not of long duration. He was taken ill from exposure on a fishing excursion, and died on the 7th of September, 1729.

The governor's interest in theology did not commend him especially to the authorities at home.

The Bishop of London complained that clergymen already provided with his license to preach in the colonies were subject to a new examination, conducted in a somewhat unusual manner by the governor.

"Your method," wrote Richard West, the governor's brother-in-law, solicitor-general to the Board of Trade, "is to prescribe him a text, to give him a Bible for his companion, and then lock him into a room by himself, and if he does not in some stated time produce a sermon to your satisfaction, you peremptorily refuse to grant him your instrument (permission to preach). The consequence is, the man must starve. . . . I have seen a great many complaints against governors, but then nobody was surprised, because I could always give some pecuniary reason for what they had done. You surely are the first who ever brought himself into difficulties by an inordinate care of souls; and I am sure that makes no part of your commission."

For the best account of this worthy man, see Whitehead's "Contributions to East Jersey History," pp. 156–168. —Ed.

he came up and struck at me, I clapped my hand under his crutch, and, rising, pitched him head-foremost into the river. I knew he was a good swimmer, and so was under little concern about him; but before he could get round to lay hold of the boat, we had with a few strokes pull'd her out of his reach; and ever when he drew near the boat, we ask'd if he would row, striking a few strokes to slide her away from him. He was ready to die with vexation, and obstinately would not promise to row. However, seeing him at last beginning to tire, we lifted him in and brought him home dripping wet in the evening. We hardly exchang'd a civil word afterwards, and a West India captain, who had a commission to procure a tutor for the sons of a gentleman at Barbadoes, happening to meet with him, agreed to carry him thither. He left me then, promising to remit me the first money he should receive in order to discharge the debt; but I never heard of him after.

The breaking into this money of Vernon's was one of the first great errata of my life; and this affair show'd that my father was not much out in his judgment when he suppos'd me too young to manage business of importance. But Sir William, on reading his letter, said he was too prudent. There was great difference in persons; and discretion did not always accompany years, nor was youth always without it. "And since he will not set you up," says he, "I will do it myself. Give me an inventory of the things necessary to be had from England, and I will send for them. You shall repay me when you are able; I am resolv'd to have a good printer here, and I am sure you must succeed." This was spoken with such an appearance of cordiality, that I had not the least doubt of his meaning what he said. I had hitherto kept the proposition of my setting up, a secret in Philadelphia, and I still kept it. Had it been known that I depended on the governor, probably some friend, that knew him better, would have advis'd me not to rely on him, as I afterwards heard it as his known character to be liberal of promises which he never meant to keep. Yet, unsolicited as he was by me, how could I think his generous offers insincere? I believ'd him one of the best men in the world.

I presented him an inventory of a little print'g-house, amounting by my computation to about one hundred pounds

sterling. He lik'd it, but ask'd me if my being on the spot in England to chuse the types, and see that every thing was good of the kind, might not be of some advantage. "Then," says he, "when there, you may make acquaintances, and establish correspondences in the bookselling and stationery way." I agreed that this might be advantageous. "Then," says he, "get yourself ready to go with Annis;" which was the annual ship, and the only one at that time usually passing between London and Philadelphia. But it would be some months before Annis sail'd, so I continu'd working with Keimer, fretting about the money Collins had got from me, and in daily apprehensions of being call'd upon by Vernon, which, however, did not happen for some years after.

I believe I have omitted mentioning that, in my first voyage from Boston, being becalm'd off Block Island, our people set about catching cod, and hauled up a great many. Hitherto I had stuck to my resolution of not eating animal food, and on this occasion I consider'd, with my master Tryon, the taking every fish as a kind of unprovoked murder, since none of them had, or ever could do us any injury that might justify the slaughter. All this seemed very reasonable. But I had formerly been a great lover of fish, and, when this came hot out of the frying-pan, it smelt admirably well. I balanc'd some time between principle and inclination, till I recollected that, when the fish were opened, I saw smaller fish taken out of their stomachs; then thought I, "If you eat one another, I don't see why we mayn't eat you." So I din'd upon cod very heartily, an continued to eat with other people, returning only now and then occasionally to a vegetable diet. So convenient a thing it is to be a *reasonable creature*, since it enables one to find or make a reason for every thing one has a mind to do.

Keimer and I liv'd on a pretty good familiar footing, and agreed tolerably well, for he suspected nothing of my setting up. He retained a great deal of his old enthusiasms and lov'd argumentation. We therefore had many disputations. I used to work him so with my Socratic method, and had trepann'd him so often by questions apparently so distant from any point we had in hand, and yet by degrees lead to the point, and brought him into difficulties and contradictions,

that at last he grew ridiculously cautious, and would hardly answer me the most common question, without asking first, "*What do you intend to infer from that?*" However, it gave him so high an opinion of my abilities in the confuting way, that he seriously proposed my being his colleague in a project he had of setting up a new sect. He was to preach the doctrines, and I was to confound all opponents. When he came to explain with me upon the doctrines, I found several conundrums which I objected to, unless I might have my way a little too, and introduce some of mine.

Keimer wore his beard at full length, because somewhere in the Mosaic law it is said, "*Thou shalt not mar the corners of thy beard.*" He likewise kept the Seventh day, Sabbath; and these two points were essentials with him. I dislik'd both; but agreed to admit them upon condition of his adopting the doctrine of using no animal food. "I doubt," said he, "my constitution will not bear that." I assur'd him it would, and that he would be the better for it. He was usually a great glutton, and I promised myself some diversion in half starving him. He agreed to try the practice, if I would keep him company. I did so, and we held it for three months. We had our victuals dress'd, and brought to us regularly by a woman in the neighborhood, who had from me a list of forty dishes, to be prepar'd for us at different times, in all which there was neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, and the whim suited me the better at this time from the cheapness of it, not costing us above eighteen pence sterling each per week. I have since kept several Lents most strictly, leaving the common diet for that, and that for the common, abruptly, without the least inconvenience, so that I think there is little in the advice of making those changes by easy gradations. I went on pleasantly, but poor Keimer suffered grievously, tired of the project, long'd for the flesh-pots of Egypt, and order'd a roast pig. He invited me and two women friends to dine with him; but, it being brought too soon upon table, he could not resist the temptation, and ate the whole before we came.

I had made some courtship during this time to Miss Read. I had a great respect and affection for her, and had some reason to believe she had the same for me; but, as I was about to take a long voyage, and we were both very young,

only a little above eighteen, it was thought most prudent by her mother to prevent our going too far at present, as a marriage, if it was to take place, would be more convenient after my return, when I should be, as I expected, set up in my business. Perhaps, too, she thought my expectations not so well founded as I imagined them to be.

My chief acquaintances at this time were Charles Osborne, Joseph Watson, and James Ralph, all lovers of reading. The two first were clerks to an eminent scrivener or conveyancer in the town, Charles Brogden; the other was clerk to a merchant. Watson was a pious, sensible young man, of great integrity; the others rather more lax in their principles of religion, particularly Ralph, who, as well as Collins, had been unsettled by me, for which they both made me suffer. Osborne was sensible, candid, frank; sincere and affectionate to his friends; but, in literary matters, too fond of criticising. Ralph was ingenious, genteel in his manners, and extremely eloquent; I think I never knew a prettier talker. Both of them great admirers of poetry, and began to try their hands in little pieces. Many pleasant walks we four had together on Sundays into the woods, near Schuylkill, where we read to one another, and conferr'd on what we read.

Ralph was inclin'd to pursue the study of poetry, not doubting but he might become eminent in it, and make his fortune by it, alleging that the best poets must, when they first began to write, make as many faults as he did. Osborne dissuaded him, assur'd him he had no genius for poetry, and advis'd him to think of nothing beyond the business he was bred to; that, in the mercantile way, tho' he had no stock, he might, by his diligence and punctuality, recommend himself to employment as a factor, and in time acquire wherewith to trade on his own account. I approv'd the amusing one's self with poetry now and then, so far as to improve one's language, but no farther.

On this it was propos'd that we should each of us, at our next meeting, produce a piece of our own composing, in order to improve by our mutual observations, criticisms, and corrections. As language and expression were what we had in view, we excluded all considerations of invention by agreeing that the task should be a version of the eighteenth Psalm, which describes the descent of a Deity. When the time of

our meeting drew nigh, Ralph called on me first, and let me know his piece was ready. I told him I had been busy, and, having little inclination, had done nothing. He then show'd me his piece for my opinion, and I much approv'd it, as it appear'd to me to have great merit. "Now," says he, "Osborne never will allow the least merit in any thing of mine, but makes 1000 criticisms out of mere envy. He is not so jealous of you: I wish, therefore, you would take this piece, and produce it as yours: I will pretend not to have had time, and so produce nothing. We shall then see what he will say to it." It was agreed, and I immediately transcrib'd it, that it might appear in my own hand.

We met: Watson's performance was read: there were some beauties in it, but many defects. Osborne's was read: it was much better: Ralph did it justice; remarked some faults, but applauded the beauties. He himself had nothing to produce. I was backward: seemed desirous of being excused: had not had sufficient time to correct, etc.: but no excuse could be admitted: produce I must. It was read and repeated: Watson and Osborne gave up the contest, and join'd in applauding it. Ralph only made some criticisms, and propos'd some amendments: but I defended my text. Osborne was against Ralph, and told him he was no better a critic than poet, so he dropt the argument. As they two went home together, Osborne expressed himself still more strongly in favor of what he thought my production: having restrain'd himself before, as he said, lest I should think it flattery. "But who would have imagin'd," said he, "that Franklin had been capable of such a performance: such painting, such force, such fire! He has even improv'd the original. In his common conversation he seems to have no choice of words: he hesitates and blunders: and yet, good God! how he writes!" When we next met, Ralph discovered the trick we had plaid him, and Osborne was a little laught at.

This transaction fixed Ralph in his resolution of becoming a poet. I did all I could to dissuade him from it, but he continued scribbling verses till Pope cured him.[3] He be-

[3] In one of the later editions of the "Dunciad" occur the following lines:

"Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes Night hideous—answer him, ye owls."

Book iii. line 215.

came, however, a pretty good prose writer. More of him hereafter. But, as I may not have occasion again to mention the other two, I shall just remark here, that Watson died in my arms a few years after, much lamented, being the best of our set. Osborne went to the West Indies, where he became an eminent lawyer and made money, but died young. He and I had made a serious agreement, that the one who happen'd first to die should, if possible, make a friendly visit to the other, and acquaint him how he found things in that separate state. But he never fulfill'd his promise.

The governor, seeming to like my company, had me frequently to his house, and his setting me up was always mention'd as a fixed thing. I was to take with me letters recommendatory to a number of his friends, besides the letter

To this the poet adds the following note:

"James Ralph, a name inserted after the first editions, not known till he writ a swearing-piece called "Sawney," very abusive of Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and myself. These lines allude to a thing of his entitled "Night," a poem. This low writer attended his own works with panegyrics in the journals, and once in particular praised himself highly above Mr. Addison, in wretched remarks upon that author's account of English poets, printed in a London journal, September, 1728. He was wholly illiterate and knew no language, not even French. Being advised to read the rules of dramatic poetry before he began a play, he smiled and replied, 'Shakespeare writ without rules.' He ended at last in the common sink of all such writers, a political newspaper, to which he was recommended by his friend Arnal, and received a small pittance for pay; and being detected in writing on both sides on one and the same day, he publicly justified the morality of his conduct."

In the first book of the "Dunciad," line 215, there is another allusion to Ralph:

"And see! the very Gazetteers give o'er,
Ev'n Ralph repents, and Henley writes no more."

To this Bishop Warburton appends the following note:

"Gazetteers.—A band of ministerial writers hired at the price mentioned in the note on book ii. ver. 316, who, on the very day their patron quitted his post, laid down their paper and declared they would never more meddle in politics."

In the note here referred to Warburton says:

"The Daily Gazetteer was a title given very properly to certain papers, each of which lasted but a day. Into this as a common sink was received all the trash which had been before dispersed in several journals and circulated at the public expense of the nation. The authors were the same obscure men; though sometimes relieved by occasional essays from statesmen, courtiers, bishops, deans, and doctors. The meaner sort were rewarded with money; others with places or benefices, from a hundred to a thousand a year. It appears from the "Report of the Secret Committee," for inquiring into the conduct of R. Earl of O., 'that no less than fifty thousand seventy-seven pounds eighteen shillings were paid to authors and printers of newspapers, such as "Free Britons," "Daily Courants," "Corn-Cutters," "Journals," "Gazetteers," and other political papers, between February 10, 1731, and February 10, 1741,' which shows the benevolence of one minister to have expended for the current dulness of ten years in Britain double the sum which gained Louis XIV so much honor in annual pensions to learned men all over Europe. In which and in a much longer time not a pension at court nor preferment in the Church or universities of any consideration was bestowed on any man distinguished for his learning, separately from party merit or pamphlet writing.

"It is worth a reflection, that of all the panegyrics bestowed by these writers on this great minister, not one is at this day extant or remembered; nor even so much credit done to his personal character by all they have written as by one short occasional compliment of our author:

"'Seen him I have; but in his happier hour
Of social pleasure, ill exchanged for power;
Seen him uncumbered by the venal tribe.
Smile without art and win without a bribe.'"

of credit to furnish me with the necessary money for purchasing the press and types, paper, etc. For these letters I was appointed to call at different times, when they were to be ready; but a future time was still named. Thus he went on till the ship, whose departure too had been several times postponed, was on the point of sailing. Then, when I call'd to take my leave and receive the letters, his secretary, Dr. Bard, came out to me and said the governor was extremely busy in writing, but would be down at Newcastle before the ship, and there the letters would be delivered to me.

Ralph, though married, and having one child, had determined to accompany me in this voyage. It was thought he intended to establish a correspondence, and obtain goods to sell on commission; but I found afterwards, that, thro' some discontent with his wife's relations, he purposed to leave her on their hands, and never return again. Having taken leave of my friends, and interchang'd some promises with Miss Read, I left Philadelphia in the ship, which anchor'd at Newcastle. The governor was there; but when I went to his lodging, the secretary came to me from him with the civillest message in the world, that he could not then see me, being engaged in business of the utmost importance, but should send the letters to me on board, wish'd me heartily a good voyage and a speedy return, etc. I returned on board a little puzzled, but still not doubting.

Mr. Andrew Hamilton, a famous lawyer of Philadelphia, had taken passage in the same ship for himself and son, and with Mr. Denham, a Quaker merchant, and Messrs. Onion and Russel, masters of an iron work in Maryland, had engag'd the great cabin; so that Ralph and I were forced to take up with a berth in the steerage, and none on board knowing us, were considered as ordinary persons. But Mr. Hamilton and his son (it was James, since governor) return'd from Newcastle to Philadelphia, the father being recall'd by a great fee to plead for a seized ship; and, just before we sail'd, Colonel French coming on board, and showing me great respect, I was more taken notice of, and, with my friend Ralph, invited by the other gentlemen to come into the cabin, there being now room. Accordingly, we remov'd thither.

Understanding that Colonel French had brought on board

the governor's despatches, I ask'd the captain for those letters that were to be under my care. He said all were put into the bag together and he could not then come at them; but, before we landed in England, I should have an opportunity of picking them out; so I was satisfied for the present, and we proceeded on our voyage. We had a sociable company in the cabin, and lived uncommonly well, having the addition of all Mr. Hamilton's stores, who had laid in plentifully. In this passage Mr. Denham contracted a friendship for me that continued during his life. The voyage was otherwise not a pleasant one, as we had a great deal of bad weather.

When we came into the Channel, the captain kept his word with me, and gave me an opportunity of examining the bag for the governor's letters. I found none upon which my name was put as under my care. I picked out six or seven, that, by the handwriting, I thought might be the promised letters, especially as one of them was directed to Basket, the King's printer, and another to some stationer. We arriv'd in London the 24th of December, 1724. I waited upon the stationer, who came first in my way, delivering the letter as from Governor Keith. "I don't know such a person," says he; but, opening the letter, "O! this is from Riddlesden. I have lately found him to be a compleat rascal, and I will have nothing to do with him, nor receive any letters from him." So, putting the letter into my hand, he turn'd on his heel and left me to serve some customer. I was surprized to find these were not the governor's letters; and, after recollecting and comparing circumstances, I began to doubt his sincerity. I found my friend Denham, and opened the whole affair to him. He let me into Keith's character; told me there was not the least probability that he had written any letters for me; that no one, who knew him, had the smallest dependence on him; and he laught at the notion of the governor's giving me a letter of credit, having, as he said, no credit to give. On my expressing some concern about what I should do, he advised me to endeavor getting some employment in the way of my business. "Among the printers here," said he, "you will improve yourself, and when you return to America, you will set up to greater advantage."

We both of us happen'd to know, as well as the stationer,

that Riddlesden, the attorney, was a very knave. He had half ruin'd Miss Read's father by persuading him to be bound for him. By this letter it appear'd there was a secret scheme on foot to the prejudice of Hamilton (suppos'd to be then coming over with us); and that Keith was concerned in it with Riddlesden. Denham, who was a friend of Hamilton's, thought he ought to be acquainted with it; so, when he arriv'd in England, which was soon after, partly from resentment and ill-will to Keith and Riddlesden, and partly from good-will to him, I waited on him, and gave him the letter. He thank'd me cordially, the information being of importance to him; and from that time he became my friend, greatly to my advantage afterwards on many occasions.

But what shall we think of a governor's playing such pitiful tricks, and imposing so grossly on a poor ignorant boy! It was a habit he had acquired. He wish'd to please everybody; and, having little to give, he gave expectations. He was otherwise an ingenious, sensible man, a pretty good writer, and a good governor for the people, tho' not for his constituents, the proprietaries, whose instructions he sometimes disregarded. Several of our best laws were of his planning and passed during his administration.

Ralph and I were inseparable companions. We took lodgings together in Little Britain at three shillings and sixpence a week —as much as we could then afford. He found some relations, but they were poor, and unable to assist him. He now let me know his intentions of remaining in London, and that he never meant to return to Philadelphia. He had brought no money with him, the whole he could muster having been expended in paying his passage. I had fifteen pistoles; so he borrowed occasionally of me to subsist, while he was looking out for business. He first endeavored to get into the playhouse, believing himself qualify'd for an actor; but Wilkes,[4] to whom he apply'd, advis'd him candidly not to think of that employment, as it was impossible he should succeed in it. Then he propos'd to Roberts, a publisher in Paternoster Row, to write for him a weekly paper like the Spectator, on certain conditions, which Roberts did not approve. Then he endeavored to get employment as a hackney writer, to copy for the

[4] A comedian.—Ed.

stationers and lawyers about the Temple, but could find no vacancy.

I immediately got into work at Palmer's, then a famous printing-house in Bartholomew Close, and here I continu'd near a year. I was pretty diligent, but spent with Ralph a good deal of my earnings in going to plays and other places of amusement. We had together consumed all my pistoles, and now just rubbed on from hand to mouth. He seem'd quite to forget his wife and child, and I, by degrees, my engagements with Miss Read, to whom I never wrote more than one letter, and that was to let her know I was not likely soon to return. This was another of the great errata of my life, which I should wish to correct if I were to live it over again. In fact, by our expenses, I was constantly kept unable to pay my passage.

At Palmer's I was employed in composing for the second edition of Wollaston's "Religion of Nature." Some of his reasonings not appearing to me well founded, I wrote a little metaphysical piece in which I made remarks on them. It was entitled "A Dissertation on Liberty and Necessity, Pleasure and Pain." I inscribed it to my friend Ralph; I printed a small number. It occasion'd my being more consider'd by Mr. Palmer as a young man of some ingenuity, tho' he seriously expostulated with me upon the principles of my pamphlet, which to him appear'd abominable. My printing this pamphlet was another erratum.[5] While I lodg'd in Little Britain, I made an acquaintance with one Wilcox, a bookseller, whose shop was at the next door. He had an immense collection of second-hand books. Circulating libraries were not then in use; but we agreed that, on certain reasonable terms, which I have now forgotten, I might take, read, and return any of his books. This I esteem'd a great advantage, and I made as much use of it as I could.

My pamphlet by some means falling into the hands of one Lyons, a surgeon, author of a book entitled "The Infallibility of Human Judgment," it occasioned an acquaintance between us. He took great notice of me, called on me often to con-

[5] Until recently no copy of this tract was supposed to be in existence, but a copy was discovered a few years ago in London, and a fac-simile of it obtained for Mr. James Parton, who gave it to the New York Historical Society. It is given at length in vol. i. of Parton's "Life of Franklin." Another copy has been found in England in different type, showing that the pamphlet was reprinted in Franklin's lifetime.—Ed.

verse on those subjects, carried me to the Horns, a pale ale-house in —— Lane, Cheapside, and introduced me to Dr. Mandeville, author of the "Fable of the Bees," who had a club there, of which he was the soul, being a most facetious, entertaining companion. Lyons, too, introduced me to Dr. Pemberton, at Batson's Coffee-house, who promis'd to give me an opportunity, some time or other, of seeing Sir Isaac Newton, of which I was extreamely desirous; but this never happened.

I had brought over a few curiosities, among which the principal was a purse made of the asbestos, which purifies by fire. Sir Hans Sloane heard of it, came to see me, and invited me to his house in Bloomsbury Square, where he show'd me all his curiosities, and persuaded me to let him add that to the number, for which he paid me handsomely.[6]

In our house there lodg'd a young woman, a milliner, who, I think, had a shop in the Cloisters. She had been genteelly bred, was sensible and lively, and of most pleasing conversation. Ralph read plays to her in the evenings, they grew intimate, she took another lodging, and he followed her. They liv'd together some time; but, he being still out of business, and her income not sufficient to maintain them with her child, he took a resolution of going from London, to try for a country school, which he thought himself well qualified to undertake, as he wrote an excellent hand, and was a master of arithmetic and accounts. This, however, he deemed a business below him, and confident of future better fortune, when he should be unwilling to have it known that he once was so meanly employed, he changed his name, and did me the honor to assume mine; for I soon after had a letter from him, acquainting me that he was settled in a small village (in Berkshire, I think it was, where he taught reading and writing to ten or a dozen boys, at sixpence each per week), recommending Mrs. T—— to my care, and desiring me to write

[6] From the letter which he addressed Mr. Sloane on this subject one might infer that the persuasion was on the doctor's side. "As you are noted," he wrote—he was then in his nineteenth year—"to be a lover of curiosities, I have informed you of these; and if you have any inclination to purchase or see them, let me know your pleasure by a line for me at the Golden Fan, Little Britain, and I will wait upon you with them. I am, sir, your most humble servant,

"B. Franklin.

"P.S. I expect to be out of town in two or three days, and therefore beg an immediate answer."—Ed.

to him, directing for Mr. Franklin, schoolmaster, at such a place.

He continued to write frequently, sending me large specimens of an epic poem which he was then composing, and desiring my remarks and corrections. These I gave him from time to time, but endeavor'd rather to discourage his proceeding. One of Young's Satires was then just published. I copy'd and sent him a great part of it, which set in a strong light the folly of pursuing the Muses with any hope of advancement by them.[7] All was in vain; sheets of the poem continued to come by every post. In the mean time, Mrs. T——, having on his account lost her friends and business, was often in distresses, and us'd to send for me, and borrow what I could spare to help her out of them. I grew fond of her company, and, being at that time under no religious restraint, and presuming upon my importance to her, I attempted familiarities

[7] "Th' abandoned manners of our writing train
May tempt mankind to think religion vain;
But in their fate, their habit, and their mien,
That gods there are is evidently seen:
Heav'n stands absolv'd by vengeance on their pen,
And marks the murderers of fame from men:
Through meagre jaws they draw their venal breath
As ghastly as their brothers in Macbeth:
Their feet thro' faithless leather meets the dirt,
And oftener changed their principles than shirt:
The transient vestments of these frugal men
Hasten to paper for our mirth again:
Too soon (O merry, melancholy fate!)
They beg in rhyme, and warble thro' a grate;
The man lampooned, forgets it at the sight;
The friend thro' pity gives, the foe through spite;
And though full conscious of his injur'd purse,
Lintot relents, nor Curll can wish them worse.

"An author, 'tis a venerable name!
How few deserve it and what numbers claim.
Unbless'd with sense, above the peers refin'd,
Who shall stand up, dictators to mankind?
Nay, who dare shine, if not in virtue's cause?
That sole proprietor of just applause.

"Ye restless men! who pant for letter'd praise,
With whom would you consult to gain the bays?
With those great authors whose fam'd works you read?
'Tis well; go, then, consult the laurel'd shade,
What answer will the laurel'd shade return?
Hear it and tremble, he commands you burn
The noblest works, his envy'd genius writ,
That boasts of naught more excellent than wit.
If this be true, as 'tis a truth most dread,
Woe to the page which has not that to plead!
Fontaine and Chaucer, dying, wish'd unwrote
The sprightliest efforts of their wanton thought:
Sidney and Waller, brightest sons of fame,
Condemn'd the charm of ages to the flame.

"Thus ends your courted fame—does lucre then,
The sacred thirst of gold, betray your pen?
In prose 'tis blamable, in verse 'tis worse,
Provokes the Muse, extorts Apollo's curse;
His sacred influence never should be sold:
'Tis arrant simony to sing for gold;
'Tis immortality should fire your mind,
Scorn a less paymaster than all mankind."

Young, vol. iii. "Epist." ii. p. 70.—Ed.

(another erratum) which she repuls'd with a proper resentment, and acquainted him with my behaviour. This made a breach between us; and, when he returned again to London, he let me know he thought I had cancell'd all the obligations he had been under to me. So I found I was never to expect his repaying me what I lent him, or advanc'd for him. This, however, was not then of much consequence, as he was totally unable; and in the loss of his friendship I found myself relieved from a burthen. I now began to think of getting a little money beforehand, and, expecting better work, I left Palmer's to work at Watts's, near Lincoln's Inn Fields, a still greater printing-house. Here I continued all the rest of my stay in London.

At my first admission into this printing-house I took to working at press, imagining I felt a want of the bodily exercise I had been us'd to in America, where presswork is mix'd with composing. I drank only water; the other workmen, near fifty in number, were great guzzlers of beer. On occasion, I carried up and down stairs a large form of types in each hand, when others carried but one in both hands. They wondered to see, from this and several instances, that the *Water-American*, as they called me, was *stronger* than themselves, who drank *strong* beer! We had an alehouse boy who attended always in the house to supply the workmen. My companion at the press drank every day a pint before breakfast, a pint at breakfast with his bread and cheese, a pint between breakfast and dinner, a pint at dinner, a pint in the afternoon about six o'clock, and another when he had done his day's work. I thought it a detestable custom; but it was necessary, he suppos'd, to drink *strong* beer, that he might be *strong* to labor. I endeavored to convince him that the bodily strength afforded by beer could only be in proportion to the grain or flour of the barley dissolved in the water of which it was made; that there was more flour in a pennyworth of bread; and therefore, if he would eat that with a pint of water, it would give him more strength than a quart of beer. He drank on, however, and had four or five shillings to pay out of his wages every Saturday night for that muddling liquor; an expense I was free from. And thus these poor devils keep themselves always under.

Watts, after some weeks, desiring to have me in the composing-room, I left the pressmen; a new bien venu or sum for drink, being five shillings, was demanded of me by the compositors. I thought it an imposition, as I had paid below; the master thought so, too, and forbad my paying it. I stood out two or three weeks, was accordingly considered as an excommunicate, and had so many little pieces of private mischief done me, by mixing my sorts, transposing my pages, breaking my matter, etc., etc., if I were ever so little out of the room, and all ascribed to the chappel ghost, which they said ever haunted those not regularly admitted, that, notwithstanding the master's protection, I found myself oblig'd to comply and pay the money, convinc'd of the folly of being on ill terms with those one is to live with continually.

I was now on a fair footing with them, and soon acquir'd considerable influence. I propos'd some reasonable alterations in their chappel[8] laws, and carried them against all opposition. From my example, a great part of them left their muddling breakfast of beer, and bread, and cheese, finding they could with me be supply'd from a neighboring house with a large porringer of hot water-gruel, sprinkled with pepper, crumb'd with bread, and a bit of butter in it, for the price of a pint of beer, viz., three half-pence. This was a more comfortable as well as cheaper breakfast, and kept their heads clearer. Those who continued sotting with beer all day, were often, by not paying, out of credit at the alehouse, and us'd to make interest with me to get beer; their *light*, as they phrased it, *being out*. I watch'd the pay-table on Saturday night, and collected what I stood engag'd for them, having to pay sometimes near thirty shillings a week on their accounts. This, and my being esteem'd a pretty good *riggite*, that is, a jocular verbal satirist, supported my consequence in the society. My constant attendance (I never making a St. Monday) recommended me to the master; and my uncommon quickness at composing occasioned my being put

[8] "A printing-house is always called a chapel by the workmen, the origin of which appears to have been, that printing was first carried on in England in an antient chapel converted into a printing-house, and the title has been preserved by tradition. The bien venu among the printers answers to the terms entrance and footing among mechanics; thus a journeyman, on entering a printing-house, was accustomed to pay one or more gallons of beer for the good of the chapel: this custom was falling into disuse thirty years ago; it is very properly rejected entirely in the United States."—W. T. F.

upon all work of dispatch, which was generally better paid. So I went on now very agreeably.

My lodging in Little Britain being too remote, I found another in Duke-street, opposite to the Romish Chapel. It was two pair of stairs backwards, at an Italian warehouse. A widow lady kept the house; she had a daughter, and a maid servant, and a journeyman who attended the warehouse, but lodg'd abroad. After sending to inquire my character at the house where I last lodg'd, she agreed to take me in at the same rate, 3s. 6d. per week; cheaper, as she said, from the protection she expected in having a man lodge in the house. She was a widow, an elderly woman; had been bred a Protestant, being a clergyman's daughter, but was converted to the Catholic religion by her husband, whose memory she much revered; had lived much among people of distinction, and knew a thousand anecdotes of them as far back as the times of Charles the Second. She was lame in her knees with the gout, and, therefore, seldom stirred out of her room, so sometimes wanted company; and hers was so highly amusing to me, that I was sure to spend an evening with her whenever she desired it. Our supper was only half an anchovy each, on a very little strip of bread and butter, and half a pint of ale between us; but the entertainment was in her conversation. My always keeping good hours, and giving little trouble in the family, made her unwilling to part with me; so that, when I talk'd of a lodging I had heard of, nearer my business, for two shillings a week, which, intent as I now was on saving money, made some difference, she bid me not think of it, for she would abate me two shillings a week for the future; so I remained with her at one shilling and sixpence as long as I staid in London.

In a garret of her house there lived a maiden lady of seventy, in the most retired manner, of whom my landlady gave me this account: that she was a Roman Catholic, had been sent abroad when young, and lodg'd in a nunnery with an intent of becoming a nun; but, the country not agreeing with her, she returned to England, where, there being no nunnery, she had vow'd to lead the life of a nun, as near as might be done in those circumstances. Accordingly, she had given all her estate to charitable uses, reserving only twelve pounds a year

to live on, and out of this sum she still gave a great deal in charity, living herself on water-gruel only, and using no fire but to boil it. She had lived many years in that garret, being permitted to remain there gratis by successive Catholic tenants of the house below, as they deemed it a blessing to have her there. A priest visited her to confess her every day. "I have ask'd her," says my landlady, "how she, as she liv'd, could possibly find so much employment for a confessor?" "Oh," said she, "it is impossible to avoid *vain thoughts*." I was permitted once to visit her. She was chearful and polite, and convers'd pleasantly. The room was clean, but had no other furniture than a matras, a table with a crucifix and book, a stool which she gave me to sit on, and a picture over the chimney of Saint Veronica displaying her handkerchief, with the miraculous figure of Christ's bleeding face on it, which she explained to me with great seriousness. She look'd pale, but was never sick; and I give it as another instance on how small an income, life and health may be supported.

At Watts's printing-house I contracted an acquaintance with an ingenious young man, one Wygate, who, having wealthy relations, had been better educated than most printers; was a tolerable Latinist, spoke French, and lov'd reading. I taught him and a friend of his to swim at twice going into the river, and they soon became good swimmers. They introduc'd me to some gentlemen from the country, who went to Chelsea by water to see the College and Don Saltero's curiosities. In our return, at the request of the company, whose curiosity Wygate had excited, I stripped and leaped into the river, and swam from near Chelsea to Blackfryar's, performing on the way many feats of activity, both upon and under water, that surpris'd and pleas'd those to whom they were novelties.

I had from a child been ever delighted with this exercise, had studied and practis'd all Thevenot's motions and positions, added some of my own, aiming at the graceful and easy as well as the useful. All these I took this occasion of exhibiting to the company, and was much flatter'd by their admiration; and Wygate, who was desirous of becoming a master, grew more and more attach'd to me on that account, as well as from the similarity of our studies. He at length proposed

to me travelling all over Europe together, supporting ourselves everywhere by working at our business. I was once inclined to it; but, mentioning it to my good friend Mr. Denham, with whom I often spent an hour when I had leisure, he dissuaded me from it, advising me to think only of returning to Pennsilvania, which he was now about to do.

I must record one trait of this good man's character. He had formerly been in business at Bristol, but failed in debt to a number of people, compounded and went to America. There, by a close application to business as a merchant, he acquir'd a plentiful fortune in a few years. Returning to England in the ship with me, he invited his old creditors to an entertainment, at which he thank'd them for the easy composition they had favored him with, and, when they expected nothing but the treat, every man at the first remove found under his plate an order on a banker for the full amount of the unpaid remainder with interest.

He now told me he was about to return to Philadelphia, and should carry over a great quantity of goods in order to open a store there. He propos'd to take me over as his clerk, to keep his books, in which he would instruct me, copy his letters, and attend the store. He added, that, as soon as I should be acquainted with mercantile business, he would promote me by sending me with a cargo of flour and bread, etc., to the West Indies, and procure me commissions from others which would be profitable; and, if I manag'd well, would establish me handsomely. The thing pleas'd me; for I was grown tired of London, remembered with pleasure the happy months I had spent in Pennsylvania, and wish'd again to see it; therefore I immediately agreed on the terms of fifty pounds a year, Pennsylvania money; less, indeed, than my present gettings as a compositor, but affording a better prospect.

I now took leave of printing, as I thought, for ever, and was daily employ'd in my new business, going about with Mr. Denham among the tradesmen to purchase various articles, and seeing them pack'd up, doing errands, calling upon workmen to dispatch, etc.; and, when all was on board, I had a few days' leisure. On one of these days, I was, to my surprise, sent for by a great man I knew only by name, a

Sir William Wyndham, and I waited upon him. He had heard by some means or other of my swimming from Chelsea to Blackfriar's, and of my teaching Wygate and another young man to swim in a few hours. He had two sons, about to set out on their travels; he wish'd to have them first taught swimming, and proposed to gratify me handsomely if I would teach them. They were not yet come to town, and my stay was uncertain, so I could not undertake it; but, from this incident, I thought it likely that, if I were to remain in England and open a swimming-school, I might get a good deal of money; and it struck me so strongly, that, had the overture been sooner made me, probably I should not so soon have returned to America. After many years, you and I had something of more importance to do with one of these sons of Sir William Wyndham, become Earl of Egremont, which I shall mention in its place.

Thus I spent about eighteen months in London; most part of the time I work'd hard at my business, and spent but little upon myself except in seeing plays and in books. My friend Ralph had kept me poor; he owed me about twenty-seven pounds, which I was now never likely to receive; a great sum out of my small earnings! I lov'd him, notwithstanding, for he had many amiable qualities. I had by no means improv'd my fortune; but I had picked up some very ingenious acquaintance, whose conversation was of great advantage to me; and I had read considerably.

We sail'd from Gravesend on the 23d of July, 1726. For the incidents of the voyage, I refer you to my Journal, where you will find them all minutely related. Perhaps the most important part of that journal is the *plan*[9] to be found in it, which I formed at sea, for regulating my future conduct in life. It is the more remarkable, as being formed when I was so young, and yet being pretty faithfully adhered to quite thro' to old age.

We landed in Philadelphia on the 11th of October, where I found sundry alterations. Keith was no longer governor, being superseded by Major Gordon. I met him walking the

[9] The "plan" referred to as the most "important part of the Journal," is not found in the manuscript Journal which was left among Franklin's papers. The copy of the Journal that was found was made at Reading in 1787; the original is probably lost. See Sparks's "Memoir of Franklin," Appendix II.—Ed.

streets as a common citizen. He seem'd a little asham'd at seeing me, but pass'd without saying any thing. I should have been as much asham'd at seeing Miss Read, had not her friends, despairing with reason of my return after the receipt of my letter, persuaded her to marry another, one Rogers, a potter, which was done in my absence. With him, however, she was never happy, and soon parted from him, refusing to cohabit with him or bear his name, it being now said that he had another wife. He was a worthless fellow, tho' an excellent workman, which was the temptation to her friends. He got into debt, ran away in 1727 or 1728, went to the West Indies, and died there. Keimer had got a better house, a shop well supply'd with stationery, plenty of new types, a number of hands, tho' none good, and seem'd to have a great deal of business.

Mr. Denham took a store in Water-street, where we open'd our goods; I attended the business diligently, studied accounts, and grew, in a little time, expert at selling. We lodg'd and boarded together; he counsell'd me as a father, having a sincere regard for me. I respected and lov'd him, and we might have gone on together very happy; but, in the beginning of February, 172$\frac{6}{7}$, when I had just pass'd my twenty-first year, we both were taken ill. My distemper was a pleurisy, which very nearly carried me off. I suffered a good deal, gave up the point in my own mind, and was rather disappointed when I found myself recovering, regretting, in some degree, that I must now, some time or other, have all that disagreeable work to do over again. I forget what his distemper was; it held him a long time, and at length carried him off. He left me a small legacy in a nuncupative will, as a token of his kindness for me, and he left me once more to the wide world; for the store was taken into the care of his executors, and my employment under him ended.

My brother-in-law, Holmes, being now at Philadelphia, advised my return to my business; and Keimer tempted me, with an offer of large wages by the year, to come and take the management of his printing-house, that he might better attend his stationer's shop. I had heard a bad character of him in London from his wife and her friends, and was not fond of having any more to do with him. I tri'd for farther

employment as a merchant's clerk; but, not readily meeting with any, I clos'd again with Keimer. I found in his house these hands: Hugh Meredith, a Welsh Pensilvanian, thirty years of age, bred to country work; honest, sensible, had a great deal of solid observation, was something of a reader, but given to drink. Stephen Potts, a young countryman of full age, bred to the same, of uncommon natural parts, and great wit and humor, but a little idle. These he had agreed with at extream low wages per week, to be rais'd a shilling every three months, as they would deserve by improving in their business; and the expectation of these high wages, to come on hereafter, was what he had drawn them in with. Meredith was to work at press, Potts at book-binding, which he, by agreement, was to teach them, though he knew neither one nor t'other. John ——, a wild Irishman, brought up to no business, whose service, for four years, Keimer had purchased from the captain of a ship; he, too, was to be made a pressman. George Webb, an Oxford scholar, whose time for four years he had likewise bought, intending him for a compositor, of whom more presently; and David Harry, a country boy, whom he had taken apprentice.

I soon perceiv'd that the intention of engaging me at wages so much higher than he had been us'd to give, was, to have these raw, cheap hands form'd thro' me; and, as soon as I had instructed them, then they being all articled to him, he should be able to do without me. I went on, however, very cheerfully, put his printing-house in order, which had been in great confusion, and brought his hands by degrees to mind their business and to do it better.

It was an odd thing to find an Oxford scholar in the situation of a bought servant. He was not more than eighteen years of age, and gave me this account of himself; that he was born in Gloucester, educated at a grammar-school there, had been distinguish'd among the scholars for some apparent superiority in performing his part, when they exhibited plays; belong'd to the Witty Club there, and had written some pieces in prose and verse, which were printed in the Gloucester newspapers; thence he was sent to Oxford; where he continued about a year, but not well satisfi'd, wishing of all things to see London, and become a player. At length, receiving his quar-

terly allowance of fifteen guineas, instead of discharging his debts he walk'd out of town, hid his gown in a furze bush, and footed it to London, where, having no friend to advise him, he fell into bad company, soon spent his guineas, found no means of being introduc'd among the players, grew necessitous, pawn'd his cloaths, and wanted bread. Walking the street very hungry, and not knowing what to do with himself, a crimp's bill was put into his hand, offering immediate entertainment and encouragement to such as would bind themselves to serve in America. He went directly, sign'd the indentures, was put into the ship, and came over, never writing a line to acquaint his friends what was become of him. He was lively, witty, good-natur'd, and a pleasant companion, but idle, thoughtless, and imprudent to the last degree.

John, the Irishman, soon ran away; with the rest I began to live very agreeably, for they all respected me the more, as they found Keimer incapable of instructing them, and that from me they learned something daily. We never worked on Saturday, that being Keimer's Sabbath, so I had two days for reading. My acquaintance with ingenious people in the town increased. Keimer himself treated me with great civility and apparent regard, and nothing now made me uneasy but my debt to Vernon, which I was yet unable to pay, being hitherto but a poor œconomist. He, however, kindly made no demand of it.

Our printing-house often wanted sorts, and there was no letter-founder in America; I had seen types cast at James's in London, but without much attention to the manner; however, I now contrived a mould, made use of the letters we had as puncheons, struck the matrices in lead, and thus supply'd in a pretty tolerable way all deficiencies. I also engrav'd several things on occasion; I made the ink; I was warehouseman, and everything, and, in short, quite a fac-totum.

But, however serviceable I might be, I found that my services became every day of less importance, as the other hands improv'd in the business; and, when Keimer paid my second quarter's wages, he let me know that he felt them too heavy, and thought I should make an abatement. He grew by degrees less civil, put on more of the master, frequently found fault, was captious, and seem'd ready for an outbreaking. I

went on, nevertheless, with a good deal of patience, thinking that his encumber'd circumstances were partly the cause. At length a trifle snapt our connections; for, a great noise happening near the court-house, I put my head out of the window to see what was the matter. Keimer, being in the street, look'd up and saw me, call'd out to me in a loud voice and angry tone to mind my business, adding some reproachful words, that nettled me the more for their publicity, all the neighbors who were looking out on the same occasion, being witnesses how I was treated. He came up immediately into the printing-house, continu'd the quarrel, high words pass'd on both sides, he gave me the quarter's warning we had stipulated, expressing a wish that he had not been oblig'd to so long a warning. I told him his wish was unnecessary, for I would leave him that instant; and so, taking my hat, walk'd out of doors, desiring Meredith, whom I saw below, to take care of some things I left, and bring them to my lodgings.

Meredith came accordingly in the evening, when we talked my affair over. He had conceiv'd a great regard for me, and was very unwilling that I should leave the house while he remain'd in it. He dissuaded me from returning to my native country, which I began to think of; he reminded me that Keimer was in debt for all he possess'd; that his creditors began to be uneasy; that he kept his shop miserably, sold often without profit for ready money, and often trusted without keeping accounts; that he must therefore fail, which would make a vacancy I might profit of. I objected my want of money. He then let me know that his father had a high opinion of me, and, from some discourse that had pass'd between them, he was sure would advance money to set us up, if I would enter into partnership with him. "My time," says he, "will be out with Keimer in the spring; by that time we may have our press and types in from London. I am sensible I am no workman; if you like it, your skill in the business shall be set against the stock I furnish, and we will share the profits equally."

The proposal was agreeable, and I consented; his father was in town and approv'd of it; the more as he saw I had great influence with his son, had prevail'd on him to abstain long from dram-drinking, and he hop'd might break him of that wretched habit entirely, when we came to be so closely connected. I

gave an inventory to the father, who carry'd it to a merchant; the things were sent for, the secret was to be kept till they should arrive, and in the mean time I was to get work, if I could, at the other printing-house. But I found no vacancy there, and so remain'd idle a few days, when Keimer, on a prospect of being employ'd to print some paper money in New Jersey, which would require cuts and various types that I only could supply, and apprehending Bradford might engage me and get the jobb from him, sent me a very civil message, that old friends should not part for a few words, the effect of sudden passion, and wishing me to return. Meredith persuaded me to comply, as it would give more opportunity for his improvement under my daily instructions; so I return'd, and we went on more smoothly than for some time before. The New Jersey jobb was obtain'd, I contriv'd a copper-plate press for it, the first that had been seen in the country; I cut several ornaments and checks for the bills. We went together to Burlington, where I executed the whole to satisfaction; and he received so large a sum for the work as to be enabled thereby to keep his head much longer above water.

At Burlington I made an acquaintance with many principal people of the province. Several of them had been appointed by the Assembly a committee to attend the press, and take care that no more bills were printed than the law directed. They were therefore, by turns, constantly with us, and generally he who attended, brought with him a friend or two for company. My mind having been much more improv'd by reading than Keimer's, I suppose it was for that reason my conversation seem'd to be more valu'd. They had me to their houses, introduced me to their friends, and show'd me much civility; while he, tho' the master, was a little neglected. In truth, he was an odd fish; ignorant of common life, fond of rudely opposing receiv'd opinions, slovenly to extream dirtiness, enthusiastic in some points of religion, and a little knavish withal.

We continu'd there near three months; and by that time I could reckon among my acquired friends, Judge Allen, Samuel Bustill, the secretary of the Province, Isaac Pearson, Joseph Cooper, and several of the Smiths, members of Assembly, and Isaac Decow, the surveyor-general. The latter was a shrewd, sagacious old man, who told me that he began for himself,

when young, by wheeling clay for the brickmakers, learned to write after he was of age, carri'd the chain for surveyors, who taught him surveying, and he had now by his industry, acquir'd a good estate; and says he, "I foresee that you will soon work this man out of his business, and make a fortune in it at Philadelphia." He had not then the least intimation of my intention to set up there or anywhere. These friends were afterwards of great use to me, as I occasionally was to some of them. They all continued their regard for me as long as they lived.

Before I enter upon my public appearance in business, it may be well to let you know the then state of my mind with regard to my principles and morals, that you may see how far those influenc'd the future events of my life. My parents had early given me religious impressions, and brought me through my childhood piously in the Dissenting way. But I was scarce fifteen, when, after doubting by turns of several points, as I found them disputed in the different books I read, I began to doubt of Revelation itself. Some books against Deism fell into my hands; they were said to be the substance of sermons preached at Boyle's Lectures. It happened that they wrought an effect on me quite contrary to what was intended by them; for the arguments of the Deists, which were quoted to be refuted, appeared to me much stronger than the refutations; in short, I soon became a thorough Deist. My arguments perverted some others, particularly Collins and Ralph; but, each of them having afterwards wrong'd me greatly without the least compunction, and recollecting Keith's conduct towards me (who was another freethinker), and my own towards Vernon and Miss Read, which at times gave me great trouble, I began to suspect that this doctrine, tho' it might be true, was not very useful. My London pamphlet,[10] which had for its motto these lines of Dryden:

> "Whatever is, is right. Though purblind man
> Sees but a part o' the chain, the nearest link:
> His eyes not carrying to the equal beam,
> That poises all above;"

and from the attributes of God, his infinite wisdom, goodness and power, concluded that nothing could possibly be wrong

[10] Printed in 1725. Dr. Franklin in a part of a letter to Mr. B. Vaughan, dated November 9, 1779, gives a further account of this pamphlet, in these words: "It was addressed to Mr. J. R., that

in the world, and that vice and virtue were empty distinctions, no such things existing, appear'd now not so clever a performance as I once thought it; and I doubted whether some error had not insinuated itself unperceiv'd into my argument, so as to infect all that follow'd, as is common in metaphysical reasonings.

I grew convinc'd that *truth, sincerity* and *integrity* in dealings between man and man were of the utmost importance to the felicity of life; and I form'd written resolutions, which still remain in my journal book, to practice them ever while I lived. Revelation had indeed no weight with me, as such; but I entertain'd an opinion that, though certain actions might not be bad *because* they were forbidden by it, or good *because* it commanded them, yet probably those actions might be forbidden *because* they were bad for us, or commanded *because* they were beneficial to us, in their own natures, all the circumstances of things considered. And this persuasion, with the kind hand of Providence, or some guardian angel, or accidental favorable circumstances and situations, or all together, preserved me, thro' this dangerous time of youth, and the hazardous situations I was sometimes in among strangers, remote from the eye and advice of my father, without any willful gross immorality or injustice, that might have been expected from my want of religion.[1] I say willful, because the instances I have mentioned had something of *necessity* in them, from my youth, inexperience, and the knavery of others. I had therefore a tolerable

is, James Ralph, then a youth of about my age, and my intimate friend; afterward a political writer and historian. The purport of it was to prove the doctrine of fate, from the supposed attributes of God; in some such manner as this: that in erecting and governing the world, as he was infinitely wise, he knew what would be best; infinitely good, he must be disposed, and infinitely powerful, he must be able to execute it: consequently all is right. There were only an hundred copies printed, of which I gave a few to friends, and afterward disliking the piece, as conceiving it might have an ill tendency, I burnt the rest, except one copy, the margin of which was filled with manuscript notes by Syms, author of the 'Infallibility of Human Judgment,' who was at that time another of my acquaintance in London. I was not nineteen years of age when it was written. In 1730, I wrote a piece on the other side of the question, which began with laying for its foundation this fact: 'That almost all men in all ages and countries, have at times made use of prayer.' Thence I reasoned, that if all things are ordained, prayer must among the rest be ordained. But as prayer can produce no change in things that are ordained, praying must then be useless and an absurdity. God would therefore not ordain praying if everything else was ordained. But praying exists, therefore all things are not ordained, etc. This pamphlet was never printed, and the manuscript has been long lost. The great uncertainty I found in metaphysical reasonings disgusted me, and I quitted that kind of reading and study for others more satisfactory."—Ed.

[1] The words, "Some foolish intrigues with low women excepted, which from the expense were rather more prejudicial to me than to them," effaced on the revision, and the sentence which follows in the text written in the margin.—Ed.

character to begin the world with; I valued it properly, and determin'd to preserve it.

We had not been long return'd to Philadelphia before the new types arriv'd from London. We settled with Keimer, and left him by his consent before he heard of it. We found a house to hire near the market, and took it. To lessen the rent, which was then but twenty-four pounds a year, tho' I have since known it to let for seventy, we took in Thomas Godfrey, a glazier, and his family, who were to pay a considerable part of it to us, and we to board with them. We had scarce opened our letters and put our press in order, before George House, an acquaintance of mine, brought a countryman to us, whom he had met in the street inquiring for a printer. All our cash was now expended in the variety of particulars we had been obliged to procure, and this countryman's five shillings, being our first-fruits, and coming so seasonably, gave me more pleasure than any crown I have since earned; and the gratitude I felt toward House has made me often more ready than perhaps I should otherwise have been to assist young beginners.

There are croakers in every country, always boding its ruin. Such a one then lived in Philadelphia; a person of note, an elderly man, with a wise look and a very grave manner of speaking; his name was Samuel Mickle. This gentleman, a stranger to me, stopt one day at my door, and asked me if I was the young man who had lately opened a new printing-house. Being answered in the affirmative, he said he was sorry for me, because it was an expensive undertaking, and the expense would be lost; for Philadelphia was a sinking place, the people already half bankrupts, or near being so; all appearances to the contrary, such as new buildings and the rise of rents, being to his certain knowledge fallacious; for they were, in fact, among the things that would soon ruin us. And he gave me such a detail of misfortunes now existing, or that were soon to exist, that he left me half melancholy. Had I known him before I engaged in this business, probably I never should have done it. This man continued to live in this decaying place, and to declaim in the same strain, refusing for many years to buy a house there, because all was going to destruction; and at last I had the pleasure of seeing him give five

times as much for one as he might have bought it for when he first began his croaking.

I should have mentioned before, that, in the autumn of the preceding year, I had form'd most of my ingenious acquaintance into a club of mutual improvement, which we called the JUNTO; we met on Friday evenings. The rules that I drew up required that every member, in his turn, should produce one or more queries on any point of Morals, Politics, or Natural Philosophy, to be discuss'd by the company; and once in three months produce and read an essay of his own writing, on any subject he pleased. Our debates were to be under the direction of a president, and to be conducted in the sincere spirit of inquiry after truth, without fondness for dispute, or desire of victory; and, to prevent warmth, all expressions of positiveness in opinions, or direct contradiction, were after some time made contraband, and prohibited under small pecuniary penalties.

The first members were Joseph Breintnal, a copyer of deeds for the scriveners, a good-natur'd, friendly, middle-ag'd man, a great lover of poetry, reading all he could meet with, and writing some that was tolerable; very ingenious in many little Nicknackeries, and of sensible conversation.

Thomas Godfrey, a self-taught mathematician, great in his way, and afterward inventor of what is now called Hadley's Quadrant. But he knew little out of his way, and was not a pleasing companion; as, like most great mathematicians I have met with, he expected universal precision in every thing said, or was for ever denying or distinguishing upon trifles, to the disturbance of all conversation. He soon left us.

Nicholas Scull, a surveyor, afterward surveyor-general, who lov'd books, and sometimes made a few verses.

William Parsons, bred a shoemaker, but, loving reading, had acquir'd a considerable share of mathematics, which he first studied with a view to astrology, that he afterwards laught at it. He also became surveyor-general.

William Maugridge, a joiner, a most exquisite mechanic, and a solid, sensible man.

Hugh Meredith, Stephen Potts, and George Webb I have characteriz'd before.

Robert Grace, a young gentleman of some fortune, generous, lively, and witty; a lover of punning and of his friends.

And William Coleman, then a merchant's clerk, about my age, who had the coolest, clearest head, the best heart, and the exactest morals of almost any man I ever met with. He became afterwards a merchant of great note, and one of our provincial judges. Our friendship continued without interruption to his death, upward of forty years; and the club continued almost as long, and was the best school of philosophy, morality, and politics that then existed in the province; for our queries, which were read the week preceding their discussion, put us upon reading with attention upon the several subjects, that we might speak more to the purpose; and here, too, we acquired better habits of conversation, every thing being studied in our rules which might prevent our disgusting each other. From hence the long continuance of the club, which I shall have frequent occasion to speak further of hereafter.[2]

But my giving this account of it here is to show something of the interest I had, every one of these exerting themselves in

[2] In a careful and interesting paper read before the American Philosophical Society by Dr. Patterson, one of its vice-presidents, on the twenty-fifth of May, 1843, in commemoration of its centennial anniversary, will be found much new and important information about the Junto. As this paper is not generally accessible, my readers will excuse me for quoting somewhat freely from its pages. Dr. Patterson says:

"The Junto was, properly speaking, a debating society. At first it met at a tavern; but subsequently at the house of one of the members, Robert Grace, whom Franklin characterizes as 'a gentleman of some fortune, generous, lively, and witty, a lover of punning and of his friends.' I am happy to say that Robert Grace is not without his successors in our present society.

"One of the rules of the club was that the institution should be kept a secret; the intention being, as Franklin states, to avoid applications of improper persons for admittance. The number of members at any one time was limited to twelve, but vacancies were filled as they occurred, and the names of twenty-three members are preserved.

"On admission into the club, a course was followed which is too remarkable in itself, and in its bearing upon a difficult question in the history of this society, not to be here introduced. It is thus presented in Franklin's papers:

"'Any person to be qualified—to stand up, and lay his hand upon his breast, and be asked these questions, viz.:

"'1st. Have you any particular disrespect to any present member? Answer: I have not.

"'2d. Do you sincerely declare that you love mankind in general, of what profession or religion soever? Ans. I do.

"'3d. Do you think any person ought to be harmed in his body, name, or goods, for mere speculative opinions, or his external way of worship? Ans. No.

"'4th. Do you love truth for truth's sake, and will you endeavor impartially to find and receive it yourself, and communicate it to others? Ans. Yes.'

"No minutes of the proceedings of the original Junto are preserved, but Franklin mentions in his "Autobiography" several questions of great interest which were discussed at it, and several pieces read before it and afterward published in his newspaper.

"It was at one time proposed to increase the number of members; but to this Franklin was opposed, and instead of it he made 'a proposal that every member separately should form a subordinate club, with the same rules respecting queries, etc., and without informing them of the connection with the Junto.' 'This project was approved, and every member undertook to form a club; but they did not all succeed. Five or six only were completed, which were called by different names, as the Vine, the Union, the Band.' Of these subordinate companies, a brief paragraph in Franklin's 'Life' is the only remaining record.

"While Franklin was abroad, he shows by his correspondence that he still held the institution of his youth in affectionate remembrance. This appears repeatedly in his letters to his friend Hugh Roberts. He calls it 'the good old club,' 'the ancient Junto.' So late

recommending business to us. Breintnal particularly procur'd us from the Quakers the printing forty sheets of their history, the rest being to be done by Keimer; and upon this we work'd exceedingly hard, for the price was low. It was a folio, pro patria size, in pica, with long primer notes. I compos'd of it a sheet a day, and Meredith worked it off at press; it was often eleven at night, and sometimes later, before I had finished my distribution for the next day's work, for the little jobbs sent

as 1765, he says: 'I wish you would continue to meet the Junto, notwithstanding that some effects of our political misunderstanding may sometimes appear there. It is now perhaps one of the oldest clubs, as I think it was formerly one of the best, in the King's dominions.' Even in 1766, he writes: 'Remember me affectionately to the Junto.'

"It appears, then, that the Junto continued in existence about forty years. But did it keep up its original character? This may well be doubted. The members grew gradually to be old men, and it is hardly to be supposed that they would submit to the task of writing essays, or would formally propose questions, and afterward debate them. Their fortunes were made, their education completed; and it is therefore much more probable that when the remnant of the once youthful and active Junto met together, they indulged themselves in social conversation and temperate conviviality. Such is said to be the tradition in the Roberts family; and it is confirmed by a letter from Dr. Franklin to their ancestor, written in 1761, in which he says: 'You tell me you sometimes visit the ancient Junto. I wish you would do it oftener. Since we have held that club till we are grown gray together, let us hold it out to the end. For my own part, I find I love company, chat, a laugh, a glass, and even a song, as well as ever; and at the same time relish better than I used to do the grave observations and wise sentences of old men's conversation; so that I am sure the Junto will be still as agreeable to me as it ever has been. I therefore hope it will not be discontinued, as long as we are able to crawl together.'"

In May, 1765, Hugh Roberts writes as follows to Dr. Franklin: "I sometimes visit the worthy remains of the ancient Junto, for whom I have a high esteem; but alas, the political, polemical divisions have in some measure contributed to lessen that harmony we there formerly enjoyed." To this letter Franklin answers in July following, urging his friend's attendance at the Junto, almost in the same terms used some years before, and which we have just quoted, and then closes his exhortation in the following touching words: "We loved and still love one another. We are grown gray together, and yet it is too early to part. Let us sit till the evening of life is spent. The last hours are always the most joyous. When we can stay no longer, it is time enough then to bid each other good-night, separate, and go quietly to bed."

The following rules for the regulation of the Junto, drawn up in 1728, will give a clearer idea of its character, and, I may add, of the character of its members. Forty years later the Junto became the nucleus of the American Philosophical Society, of which Franklin was the first president:*

Have you read over these queries this morning, in order to consider what you might have to offer the Junto touching any one of them? viz.:

1. Have you met with anything in the author you last read, remarkable or suitable to be communicated to the Junto, particularly in history, morality, poetry, physic, travels, mechanic arts, or other parts of knowledge?

2. What new story have you lately heard, agreeable for telling in conversation?

3. Hath any citizen in your knowledge failed in his business lately, and what have you heard of the cause?

4. Have you lately heard of any citizen's thriving well, and by what means?

5. Have you lately heard how any present rich man, here or elsewhere, got his estate?

6. Do you know of a fellow-citizen, who has lately done a worthy action, deserving praise and imitation; or who has lately committed an error, proper for us to be warned against and avoid?

7. What unhappy effects of intemperance have you lately observed or heard: of imprudence, of passion, or of any other vice or folly?

8. What happy effects of temperance, of prudence, of moderation, or of any other virtue?

9. Have you or any of your acquaintance been lately sick or wounded? If so, what remedies were used, and what were their effects?

10. Whom do you know that are shortly going voyages or journeys, if one should have occasion to send by them?

11. Do you think of anything at present in which the Junto may be serviceable to mankind, to their country, to their friends, or to themselves?

* Sparks's "Works of Franklin," vol. ii. p. 9.

in by our other friends now and then put us back. But so determin'd I was to continue doing a sheet a day of the folio, that one night, when, having impos'd my forms, I thought my day's work over, one of them by accident was broken, and two pages reduced to pi, I immediately distributed and compos'd it over again before I went to bed; and this industry, visible to our neighbors, began to give us character and credit; particularly, I was told, that mention being made of the new printing-office at the merchants' Every-night club, the general opinion was that it must fail, there being already two printers in the place, Keimer and Bradford; but Dr. Baird (whom you and I saw many years after at his native place, St. Andrew's in Scotland) gave a contrary opinion: "For the industry of that Franklin," says he, "is superior to any thing I ever saw of the kind; I see him still at work when I go home from club, and he is at work again before his neighbors are out of bed." This

12. Hath any deserving stranger arrived in town since last meeting, that you have heard of? And what have you heard or observed of his character or merits? And whether, think you, it lies in the power of the Junto to oblige him, or encourage him as he deserves?

13. Do you know of any deserving young beginner lately set up, whom it lies in the power of the Junto any way to encourage?

14. Have you lately observed any defect in the laws of your country, of which it would be proper to move the Legislature for an amendment? Or do you know of any beneficial law that is wanting?

15. Have you lately observed any encroachment on the just liberties of the people?

16. Hath anybody attacked your reputation lately? And what can the Junto do toward securing it?

17. Is there any man whose friendship you want, and which the Junto, or any of them, can procure for you?

18. Have you lately heard any member's character attacked, and how have you defended it?

19. Hath any man injured you from whom it is in the power of the Junto to procure redress?

20. In what manner can the Junto, or any of them, assist you in any of your honorable designs?

21. Have you any weighty affair on hand, in which you think the advice of the Junto may be of service?

22. What benefits have you lately received from any man not present?

23. Is there any difficulty in matters of opinion, of justice, and injustice, which you would gladly have discussed at this time?

24. Do you see anything amiss in the present customs or proceedings of the Junto which might be amended?

When the Philosophical Society was instituted, a book containing some of the questions discussed by the Junto was put into the hands of Dr. William Smith, who selected from it, and published in his "Eulogium on Franklin" the following specimens:

"Is sound an entity or body?

"How may the phenomena of vapors be explained?

"Is self-interest the rudder that steers mankind, the universal monarch to whom all are tributaries?

"Which is the best form of government, and what was that form which first prevailed among mankind?

"Can any one particular form of government suit all mankind?

"What is the reason that the tides rise higher in the Bay of Fundy than the Bay of Delaware?

"Is the emission of paper money safe?

"What is the reason that men of the greatest knowledge are not the most happy?

"How may the possessions of the Lakes be improved to our advantage?

"Why are tumultuous, uneasy sensations united with our desires?

"Whether it ought to be the aim of philosophy to eradicate the passions?

"How may smoky chimneys be best cured?

"Why does the flame of a candle tend upwards in a spire?

"Which is least criminal—a bad action joined with a good intention, or a good action with a bad intention?

"Is it consistent with the principles of liberty in a free government to punish a man as a libeller when he speaks the truth?"—Ed.

struck the rest, and we soon after had offers from one of them to supply us with stationery; but as yet we did not chuse to engage in shop business.

I mention this industry the more particularly and the more freely, tho' it seems to be talking in my own praise, that those of my posterity, who shall read it, may know the use of that virtue, when they see its effects in my favour throughout this relation.

George Webb, who had found a female friend that lent him wherewith to purchase his time of Keimer, now came to offer himself as a journeyman to us. We could not then imploy him; but I foolishly let him know as a secret that I soon intended to begin a newspaper, and might then have work for him. My hopes of success, as I told him, were founded on this, that the then only newspaper, printed by Bradford, was a paltry thing, wretchedly manag'd, no way entertaining, and yet was profitable to him; I therefore thought a good paper would scarcely fail of good encouragement. I requested Webb not to mention it; but he told it to Keimer, who immediately, to be beforehand with me, published proposals for printing one himself, on which Webb was to be employ'd. I resented this; and, to counteract them, as I could not yet begin our paper, I wrote several pieces of entertainment for Bradford's paper, under the title of the Busy Body, which Breintnal continu'd some months. By this means the attention of the publick was fixed on that paper, and Keimer's proposals, which we burlesqu'd and ridicul'd, were disregarded. He began his paper, however, and, after carrying it on three quarters of a year, with at most only ninety subscribers, he offer'd it to me for a trifle; and I, having been ready some time to go on with it, took it in hand directly; and it prov'd in a few years extremely profitable to me.[3]

I perceive that I am apt to speak in the singular number, though our partnership still continu'd; the reason may be that,

[3] This paper was called "The Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette." Keimer printed his last number, the 39th, on the twenty-fifth day of September, 1729.

Its leading articles were an instalment of "Chambers's Dictionary," Art. "Air," a message from Governor Burnet of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, the reply of the Assembly, and an obituary of the governor, who had just died. The following announcement filled the rest of the sheet:

"Philadelphia, September 25.

"It not quadrating with the circumstances of the printer hereof, S. K., to publish this Gazette any longer, he gives notice that this paper concludes his third quarter; and is the last that will be printed by him. Yet, that his generous subscribers may not be balked or

in fact, the whole management of the business lay upon me. Meredith was no compositor, a poor pressman, and seldom sober. My friends lamented my connection with him, but I was to make the best of it.

Our first papers made a quite different appearance from any before in the province; a better type, and better printed; but some spirited remarks of my writing,[4] on the dispute then

disappointed, he has agreed with B. Franklin and H. Meredith, at the new printing-office, to continue it to the end of the year, having transferred the property wholly to them [D. Harry declining it],* and probably if further encouragement appears it will be continued longer. The said S. K. designs to leave this province early in the spring or sooner, if possibly he can justly accommodate his affairs with every one he stands indebted to."

The next number, 40, appeared on the second of October, in new type, with the following announcement, the title "Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences" having been dropped, and with it the feature of the paper which it designated:

"The 'Pennsylvania Gazette' being now to be carryed on by other hands, the reader may expect some account of the method we design to proceed in.

"Upon a view of Chambers's great dictionaries, from whence were taken the materials of 'The Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences,' which usually made the first part of this paper, we find that besides their containing many things abstruse or insignificant to us, it will probably be fifty years before the whole can be gone through in this manner of publication. There are likewise in those books continual references from things under one letter of the alphabet to those under another, which relate to the same subject and are necessary to explain and complete it; these taken in their turn may be ten years distant; and since it is likely that they who desire to acquaint themselves with any particular art or science would gladly have the whole before them in a much less time, we believe our readers will not think such a method of communicating knowledge to be a proper one.

"However, though we do not intend to continue the publication of those dictionaries in a regular alphabetical method, as has hitherto been done; yet, as several things exhibited from them in the course of these papers, have been entertaining to such of the curious who never had and cannot have the advantage of good libraries; and as there are many things still behind, which being in this manner made generally known, may perhaps become of considerable use by giving such hints to the excellent natural genius's of our country, as may contribute either to the improvement of our present manufactures or toward the invention of new ones; we propose from time to time to communicate such particular parts as appear to be of the most general consequence.

"As to the 'Religious Courtship,' part of which has been retal'd to the public in these papers, the reader may be informed, that the whole book will probably in a little time be printed and bound by itself; and those who approve of it will doubtless be better pleased to have it entire, than in this broken, interrupted manner.

"There are many who have long desired to see a good newspaper in Pennsylvania; and we hope those gentlemen who are able, will contribute toward the making this such. We ask assistance because we are fully sensible, that to publish a good newspaper is not so easy an undertaking as many people imagine it to be. The author of a Gazette (in the opinion of the learned) ought to be qualified with an extensive acquaintance with languages, a great easiness and command of writing, and relating things clearly and intelligibly and in few words; he should be able to speak of war both by land and sea; be well acquainted with geography, with the history of the time, with the secret interests of princes and States, the secrets of courts, and the manners and customs of all nations. Men thus accomplished are very rare in this remote part of the world; and it would be well if the writer of these papers could make up among his friends what is wanting in himself.

"Upon the whole, we may assure the publick, that, as far as the encouragement we meet with will enable us, no care and pains shall be omitted that may make the 'Pennsylvania Gazette' as agreeable and useful an entertainment as the nature of the thing will allow."

After the publication of two numbers the "Gazette" was published twice a week, beginning with No. 43.—Ed.

* In the previous number Keimer announced that he had made over his business to David Harry, with the design to leave this province as soon as he could get in his debts and justly balance with every one of his few creditors, etc.

[4] The following are the spirited remarks here referred to:

"His Excellency, Governor Burnet, died unexpectedly about two days after

going on between Governor Burnet and the Massachusetts Assembly, struck the principal people, occasioned the paper and the manager of it to be much talk'd of, and in a few weeks brought them all to be our subscribers.

Their example was follow'd by many, and our number went on growing continually. This was one of the first good effects of my having learnt a little to scribble; another was, that the leading men, seeing a newspaper now in the hands of one who could also handle a pen, thought it convenient to oblige and encourage me. Bradford still printed the votes, and laws, and other publick business. He had printed an address of the House to the governor, in a coarse, blundering manner; we reprinted it elegantly and correctly, and sent one to every member. They were sensible of the difference: it strengthened the hands of our friends in the House, and they voted us their printers for the year ensuing.

the date of this reply to his last message; and it was thought the dispute would have ended with him, or at least have lain dormant till the arrival of a new governor from England, who possibly might or might not be inclined to enter too vigorously into the measures of his predecessor. But our last advices by the post acquaint us that his honor the lieutenant-governor (on whom the government immediately devolves upon the death or absence of the commander-in-chief) has vigorously renewed the struggle on his own account, of which the particulars will be seen in our next. Perhaps some of our readers may not fully understand the original ground of this warm contest between the governor and Assembly. It seems that people have for these hundred years past, enjoyed the privilege of rewarding the governor for the time being, according to their sense of his merit and services; and few or none of their governors have complained, or had cause to complain, of a scanty allowance. When the late Governor Burnet brought with him instructions to demand a settled salary of 1000 pounds sterling per annum, on him and all his successors, and the Assembly were required to fix it immediately; he insisted on it strenuously to the last, and they as constantly refused it. It appears by their votes and proceedings that they thought it an imposition, contrary to their own charter, and to Magna Charta; and they judged that there should be a mutual dependence between the governor and governed; and that to make the governor independent would be dangerous and destructive to their liberties, and the ready way to establish tyranny. They thought likewise, that the province was not the less dependent on the Crown of Great Britain, by the governor's depending immediately on them, and his own good conduct, for an ample support; because all acts and laws, which he might be induced to pass, must nevertheless be constantly sent home for approbation, in order to continue in force. Many other reasons were given, and arguments used in the course of the controversy, needless to particularize here, because all the material papers relating to it have been already given in our public news.

"Much deserved praise has the deceased governor received for his steady integrity in adhering to his instructions, notwithstanding the great difficulty and opposition he met with, and the strong temptations offered from time to time to induce him to give up the point. And yet, perhaps, something is due to the Assembly (as the love and zeal of that country for the present establishment is too well known to suffer any suspicion of want of loyalty), who continue thus resolutely to abide by what they think their right, and that of the people they represent; manage all the arts and menaces of a governor, famed for his cunning and politics, backed with instructions from home, and powerfully aided by the great advantage such an officer always has of engaging the principal men of a place in his party, by conferring, when he pleases, so many posts of profit and honor. Their happy mother country will perhaps observe, with pleasure, that though her gallant cocks and matchless dogs abate their natural fire and intrepidity when transported to a foreign clime (as this nation is), yet her sons in the remotest part of the earth, and even to the third and fourth descent, still retain that ardent spirit of liberty, and that undaunted courage, which has in every age so gloriously distinguished Britons and Englishmen from the rest of mankind."—W. T. F.

Among my friends in the House I must not forget Mr. Hamilton, before mentioned, who was then returned from England, and had a seat in it. He interested himself for me strongly in that instance, as he did in many others afterward, continuing his patronage till his death.*

Mr. Vernon, about this time, put me in mind of the debt I ow'd him, but did not press me. I wrote him an ingenious letter of acknowledgment, cray'd his forbearance a little longer, which he allow'd me, and as soon as I was able, I paid the principal with interest, and many thanks; so that erratum was in some degree corrected.

But now another difficulty came upon me which I had never the least reason to expect. Mr. Meredith's father, who was to have paid for our printing-house, according to the expectations given me, was able to advance only one hundred pounds currency, which had been paid; and a hundred more was due to the merchant, who grew impatient, and su'd us all. We gave bail, but saw that, if the money could not be rais'd in time, the suit must soon come to a judgment and execution, and our hopeful prospects must, with us, be ruined, as the press and letters must be sold for payment, perhaps at half price.

In this distress two true friends, whose kindness I have never forgotten, nor ever shall forget while I can remember any thing, came to me separately, unknown to each other, and, without any application from me, offering each of them to advance me all the money that should be necessary to enable me to take the whole business upon myself, if that should be practicable; but they did not like my continuing the partnership with Meredith, who, as they said, was often seen drunk in the streets, and playing at low games in alehouses, much to our discredit. These two friends were William Coleman and Robert Grace. I told them I could not propose a separation while any prospect remain'd of the Meredithes' fulfilling their part of our agreement, because I thought myself under great obligations to them for what they had done, and would do if they could; but, if they finally fail'd in their performance, and our partnership must be dissolv'd, I should then think myself at liberty to accept the assistance of my friends.

Thus the matter rested for some time, when I said to my

* I got his son once 5 or [illegible]

partner, "Perhaps your father is dissatisfied at the part you have undertaken in this affair of ours, and is unwilling to advance for you and me what he would for you alone. If that is the case, tell me, and I will resign the whole to you, and go about my business." "No," said he, "my father has really been disappointed, and is really unable; and I am unwilling to distress him farther. I see this is a business I am not fit for. I was bred a farmer, and it was a folly in me to come to town, and put myself, at thirty years of age, an apprentice to learn a new trade. Many of our Welsh people are going to settle in North Carolina, where land is cheap. I am inclin'd to go with them, and follow my old employment. You may find friends to assist you. If you will take the debts of the company upon you; return to my father the hundred pound he has advanced; pay my little personal debts, and give me thirty pounds and a new saddle, I will relinquish the partnership, and leave the whole in your hands." I agreed to this proposal; it was drawn up in writing, sign'd, and seal'd immediately. I gave him what he demanded, and he went soon after to Carolina, from whence he sent me next year two long letters, containing the best account that had been given of that country, the climate, the soil, husbandry, etc., for in those matters he was very judicious. I printed them in the papers, and they gave great satisfaction to the publick.

As soon as he was gone, I recurr'd to my two friends; and because I would not give an unkind preference to either, I took half of what each had offered and I wanted of one, and half of the other; paid off the company's debts, and went on with the business in my own name, advertising that the partnership was dissolved. I think this was in or about the year 1729.[1]

About this time there was a cry among the people for more paper money, only fifteen thousand pounds being extant in the province, and that soon to be sunk. The wealthy inhabitants oppos'd any addition, being against all paper currency, from an apprehension that it would depreciate, as it had done in New England, to the prejudice of all creditors. We had discuss'd this point in our Junto, where I was on the side of an addition, being persuaded that the first small sum struck in

[1] By the agreement of dissolution, still extant, it appears that it took place July 24, 1729.—S.

1723 had done much good by increasing the trade, employment, and number of inhabitants in the province, since I now saw all the old houses inhabited, and many new ones building: whereas I remembered well, that when I first walk'd about the streets of Philadelphia, eating my roll, I saw most of the houses in Walnut-street, between Second and Front streets, with bills on their doors, "To be let;" and many likewise in Chestnut-street and other streets, which made me then think the inhabitants of the city were deserting it one after another.

Our debates possess'd me so fully of the subject, that I wrote and printed an anonymous pamphlet on it, entitled "*The Nature and Necessity of a Paper Currency.*" It was well receiv'd by the common people in general; but the rich men dislik'd it, for it increas'd and strengthen'd the clamor for more money, and they happening to have no writers among them that were able to answer it, their opposition slacken'd, and the point was carried by a majority in the House. My friends there, who conceiv'd I had been of some service, thought fit to reward me by employing me in printing the money; a very profitable jobb and a great help to me. This was another advantage gain'd by my being able to write.

The utility of this currency became by time and experience so evident as never afterwards to be much disputed; so that it grew soon to fifty-five thousand pounds, and in 1739 to eighty thousand pounds, since which it arose during war to upwards of three hundred and fifty thousand pounds, trade, building, and inhabitants all the while increasing, tho' I now think there are limits beyond which the quantity may be hurtful.

I soon after obtain'd, thro' my friend Hamilton, the printing of the Newcastle paper money, another profitable jobb as I then thought it; small things appearing great to those in small circumstances; and these, to me, were really great advantages, as they were great encouragements. He procured for me, also, the printing of the laws and votes of that government, which continu'd in my hands as long as I follow'd the business.

I now open'd a little stationer's shop. I had in it blanks of all sorts, the correctest that ever appear'd among us, being assisted in that by my friend Breintnal. I had also paper, parchment, chapmen's books, etc. One Whitemash, a compositor I had known in London, an excellent workman, now

came to me, and work'd with me constantly and diligently; and I took an apprentice, the son of Aquila Rose.

I began now gradually to pay off the debt I was under for the printing-house. In order to secure my credit and character as a tradesman, I took care not only to be in *reality* industrious and frugal, but to avoid all appearances to the contrary. I drest plainly; I was seen at no places of idle diversion. I never went out a fishing or shooting; a book, indeed, sometimes debauch'd me from my work, but that was seldom, snug, and gave no scandal; and, to show that I was not above my business, I sometimes brought home the paper I purchas'd at the stores thro' the streets on a wheelbarrow. Thus being esteem'd an industrious, thriving young man, and paying duly for what I bought, the merchants who imported stationery solicited my custom; others proposed supplying me with books, and I went on swimmingly. In the mean time, Keimer's credit and business declining daily, he was at last forc'd to sell his printing-house to satisfy his creditors. He went to Barbadoes, and there lived some years in very poor circumstances.

His apprentice, David Harry, whom I had instructed while I work'd with him, set up in his place at Philadelphia, having bought his materials. I was at first apprehensive of a powerful rival in Harry, as his friends were very able, and had a good deal of interest. I therefore propos'd a partnership to him, which he, fortunately for me, rejected with scorn. He was very proud, dress'd like a gentleman, liv'd expensively, took much diversion and pleasure abroad, ran in debt, and neglected his business; upon which, all business left him; and, finding nothing to do, he follow'd Keimer to Barbadoes, taking the printing-house with him. There this apprentice employ'd his former master as a journeyman; they quarrel'd often; Harry went continually behindhand, and at length was forc'd to sell his types and return to his country work in Pensilvania. The person that bought them employ'd Keimer to use them, but in a few years he died.

There remained now no competitor with me at Philadelphia but the old one, Bradford; who was rich and easy, did a little printing now and then by straggling hands, but was not very anxious about the business. However, as he kept the post-office, it was imagined he had better opportunities of obtaining

news; his paper was thought a better distributer of advertisements than mine, and therefore had many more, which was a profitable thing to him, and a disadvantage to me; for, tho' I did indeed receive and send papers by the post, yet the publick opinion was otherwise, for what I did send was by bribing the riders, who took them privately, Bradford being unkind enough to forbid it, which occasion'd some resentment on my part; and I thought so meanly of him for it, that, when I afterward came into his situation, I took care never to imitate it.

I had hitherto continu'd to board with Godfrey, who lived in part of my house with his wife and children, and had one side of the shop for his glazier's business, tho' he worked little, being always absorbed in his mathematics. Mrs. Godfrey projected a match for me with a relation's daughter, took opportunities of bringing us often together, till a serious courtship on my part ensu'd, the girl being in herself very deserving. The old folks encourag'd me by continual invitations to supper, and by leaving us together, till at length it was time to explain. Mrs. Godfrey manag'd our little treaty. I let her know that I expected as much money with their daughter as would pay off my remaining debt for the printing-house, which I believe was not then above a hundred pounds. She brought me word they had no such sum to spare; I said they might mortgage their house in the loan-office. The answer to this, after some days, was, that they did not approve the match; that, on inquiry of Bradford, they had been inform'd the printing business was not a profitable one; the types would soon be worn out, and more wanted; that S. Keimer and D. Harry had failed one after the other, and I should probably soon follow them; and, therefore, I was forbidden the house, and the daughter shut up.

Whether this was a real change of sentiment or only artifice, on a supposition of our being too far engaged in affection to retract, and therefore that we should steal a marriage, which would leave them at liberty to give or withhold what they pleas'd, I know not; but I suspected the latter, resented it, and went no more. Mrs. Godfrey brought me afterward some more favorable accounts of their disposition, and would have drawn me on again; but I declared absolutely my resolution to have nothing more to do with that family. This was resented by the

Godfreys; we differ'd, and they removed, leaving me the whole house, and I resolved to take no more inmates.

But this affair having turned my thoughts to marriage, I look'd round me and made overtures of acquaintance in other places; but soon found that, the business of a printer being generally thought a poor one, I was not to expect money with a wife, unless with such a one as I should not otherwise think agreeable. In the mean time, that hard-to-be-governed passion of youth hurried me frequently into intrigues with low women that fell in my way, which were attended with some expense and great inconvenience, besides a continual risque to my health by a distemper which of all things I dreaded, though by great good luck I escaped it. A friendly correspondence as neighbors and old acquaintances had continued between me and Mrs. Read's family, who all had a regard for me from the time of my first lodging in their house. I was often invited there and consulted in their affairs, wherein I sometimes was of service. I piti'd poor Miss Read's unfortunate situation, who was generally dejected, seldom cheerful, and avoided company. I considered my giddiness and inconstancy when in London as in a great degree the cause of her unhappiness, tho' the mother was good enough to think the fault more her own than mine, as she had prevented our marrying before I went thither, and persuaded the other match in my absence. Our mutual affection was revived, but there were now great objections to our union. The match was indeed looked upon as invalid, a preceding wife being said to be living in England; but this could not easily be prov'd, because of the distance; and, tho' there was a report of his death, it was not certain. Then, tho' it should be true, he had left many debts, which his successor might be call'd upon to pay. We ventured, however, over all these difficulties, and I took her to wife, September 1st, 1730. None of the inconveniences happened that we had apprehended; she proved a good and faithful helpmate, assisted me much by attending the shop; we throve together, and have ever mutually endeavor'd to make each other happy. Thus I corrected that great *erratum* as well as I could.[7]

[7] Mrs. Franklin survived her marriage over forty years. She died December 19, 1774. She seems to have been a sensible woman and a devoted wife. Franklin's correspondence abounds with evidence that their union was a happy one, and in a letter to Miss Catharine Ray, afterward wife of Governor Green of

About this time, our club meeting, not at a tavern, but in a little room of Mr. Grace's, set apart for that purpose, a proposition was made by me, that, since our books were often referr'd to in our disquisitions upon the queries, it might be convenient to us to have them altogether where we met, that upon occasion they might be consulted; and by thus clubbing our books to a common library, we should, while we lik'd to keep them together, have each of us the advantage of using the books of all the other members, which would be nearly as beneficial as if each owned the whole. It was lik'd and agreed to, and we fill'd one end of the room with such books as we could best spare. The number was not so great as we expected; and tho' they had been of great use, yet some inconveniences occurring for want of due care of them, the collection, after

Rhode Island, who sent him some cheese, he alludes to his wife in a way to reveal the ripened affection which subsisted between them. Sparks, vol. vii. p. 92:

"Mrs. Franklin was very proud that a young lady should have so much regard for her old husband as to send him such a present. We talk of you every time it comes to table. She is sure you are a sensible girl, and a notable housewife, and talks of bequeathing me to you as a legacy; but I ought to wish you a better, and hope she will live these hundred years; for we are grown old together, and if she has any faults, I am so used to them that I don't perceive them. As the song says:

"'Some faults we have all, and so has my Joan,
But then they're exceedingly small;
And, now I'm grown used to them, so like my own,
I scarcely can see them at all,
My dear friends,
I scarcely can see them at all.'

"Indeed I begin to think she has none, as I think of you. And since she is willing I should love you as much as you are willing to be loved by me, let us join in wishing the old lady a long life and a happy."

The author here quotes a stanza from one of his own "Songs," written for the Junto. It has been printed in Professor McVickar's "Life of Dr. Samuel Bard":

"My Plain Country Joan; A Song.

"Of their Chloes and Phyllises poets may prate,
I sing my plain country Joan,
These twelve years my wife, still the joy of my life,
Blest day that I made her my own.

"Not a word of her face, of her shape, or her air,
Or of flames or of darts you shall hear;
I beauty admire, but virtue I prize,
That fades not in seventy year.

"Am I loaded with care, she takes off a large share;
That the burden ne'er makes me to reel;
Does good fortune arrive, the joy of my wife
Quite doubles the pleasure I feel.

"She defends my good name, even when I'm to blame,
Firm friend as to man e'er was given;
Her compassionate breast feels for all the distressed,
Which draws down more blessings from heaven.

"In health a companion delightful and dear,
Still easy, engaging, and free;
In sickness no less than the carefulest nurse,
As tender as tender can be.

"In peace and good order my household she guides,
Right careful to save what I gain;
Yet cheerfully spends, and smiles on the friends
I've the pleasure to entertain.

"Some faults have we all, and so has my Joan,
But then they're exceedingly small;
And, now I'm grown used to them, so like my own,
I scarcely can see them at all.

"Were the finest young princess, with millions in purse
To be had in exchange for my Joan,
I could not get better wife, might get a worse,
So I'll stick to my dearest old Joan."
—Ed.

about a year, was separated, and each took his books home again.

And now I set on foot my first project of a public nature, that for a subscription library. I drew up the proposals, got them put into form by our great scrivener, Brockden, and, by the help of my friends in the Junto, procured fifty subscribers of forty shillings each to begin with, and ten shillings a year for fifty years, the term our company was to continue. We afterwards obtain'd a charter, the company being increased to one hundred: this was the mother of all the North American subscription libraries, now so numerous. It is become a great thing itself, and continually increasing. These libraries have improved the general conversation of the Americans, made the common tradesmen and farmers as intelligent as most gentlemen from other countries, and perhaps have contributed in some degree to the stand so generally made throughout the colonies in defence of their privileges.

*Mem°*. Thus far was written with the intention express'd in the beginning and therefore contains several little family anecdotes of no importance to others. What follows was written many years after in compliance with the advice contain'd in these letters, and accordingly intended for the public. The affairs of the Revolution occasion'd the interruption.

FAMOUS PAINTINGS FROM THE PARIS SALON.

*THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.*

*Photogravure from the original painting by C. Achille Fould, exhibited in the Paris Salon of 1898.*

# THE CLOSING YEARS OF GEORGE II

BY

Horace Walpole

(*Earl of Orford*)

## HORACE WALPOLE, EARL OF ORFORD

1717—1797

Horace Walpole, third son of Sir Robert Walpole, first Earl of Orford, was born in 1717. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge. After finishing his education, he travelled abroad for some years, principally in Italy, where he seems to have acquired those tastes for which he afterward became so well known. In 1741 he returned to England, and took his seat in Parliament. But he had no taste for politics, and never took any active part in public life. In 1747 he purchased a piece of ground near Twickenham. Here he built his famous mansion—Strawberry Hill. Its erection and decoration may almost be said to have formed the principal occupation of his long life. In 1758 he published his "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors." This was followed by "The Castle of Otranto," "The Mysterious Mother," and the "Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of Richard III." The works, however, to which he owes the preservation of his name are his memoirs of the closing years of George II and his "Letters." The first named give a vivid picture of the social and political life of the middle of the eighteenth century, and the second will always be interesting as pictures and records of the society and fashionable gossip of his day.

# THE CLOSING YEARS OF GEORGE II

IT was known now, that after great preparations at Toulon,[1] of which we had long been advertised, Marshal Richelieu was sailed with considerable force to attack Minorca, where we had but four regiments in Fort St. Philip, under General Blakeney, the deputy-governor, a stout soldier, but too old. Lord Tyrawley, the governor, was in England; so were his chief officers; members of Parliament. Admiral Byng was sent, but too late, and with only ten ships, and those in ill condition, and worse manned. The only hope was in Fort St. Philip—for in an island of that importance all was left to a hope. The late Duke of Argyle had begun a fort on the other side of the harbor, which would have been impregnable; but Lord Cadogan, out of hatred to him, destroyed it, and built this, less secure, at an enormous expense. On the 5th came notice of the French being landed on the island.

In the meantime passed through the Commons that distant and forlorn *succedaneum*, the Militia Bill. A few persons had sat till near six in the morning fabricating and fashioning it; Mr. Pitt recommended it in another fine dissertation, and it was voted without a division.

May 11th. Mr. Fox delivered a message from the Crown, desiring to be enabled against any emergency, and to make good the new treaty with Prussia. The next day Sir George Lyttleton moved a vote of credit for a million. It was much censured: Northey said he did not oppose it, nor meaned to disturb an unanimity which had been constant for two years in granting supplies. Now was not the time, but a day would come for inquiring how they had been misapplied. This vote of credit, he supposed, like that of last year, would be per-

[1] The threatened invasion had been a blind to disguise the design on Minorca.

verted to German treaties. We were told last year that the King had entered into engagements, and that we must not make him break his word.

Beckford said £6,300,000 were already given. What had been done for such a sum? who could trust ministers any further? We were all united; we wanted nothing but an able head. The person at the head of the treasury is always head of the administration—if he is not an able man how can we go on? The city said, Minorca was betrayed. I tell them, said he, they don't know the disability of the administration. When we seized the ships of France, did we imagine they would not revenge themselves? Are we more secure in America for this neglect of the Mediterranean? No. In the month of May you have prepared but two regiments, and they are not gone. The French have sent 2,500 men to the West Indies—twelve sail would have saved Minorca.

To all these objections Sir George Lyttleton replied, that this money would be restricted and subject to account. Was government not to be supported on the first misfortune that happened? When one happens, would you not prevent another? If, while we guarded Minorca, our own coasts had been neglected, the ministry would indeed be blamable. Nothing had raised the supplies but the security of our coasts. When the foreign troops should arrive, our fleets would be more at liberty. Our spirit and activity had been admired by all Europe; and it was more difficult to defend our spirit than our neglect. This answer was not particular enough to satisfy Nugent; he added his usual panegyric on the honesty of the Duke of Newcastle.

Pitt made a fine lamentation on the calamitous situation of affairs, and on the incapacity of the ministers; begging them, if they knew, to disclose the purposes for which this vote of credit was intended. Was it to raise more men? We had 40,000 national and 14,000 foreign troops. Was it to make marine treaties? He would joyfully assent. If Sir George could not say for what it was designed, would he at least peremptorily say for what it was not designed? Still, he was of so compounding a temper he would assent, though votes of credit had been so much abused. The ministers bragged of unanimity, of activity, of spirit—what had all this harmony of

councils and talents operated? Safety? Are we safe? Damage to the enemy? Let them show when and where. With this universal aye, all our outlying parts were exposed.

But he, alas! had no particular joy on being so strong on this question: he did not want to load unhappy men who had undone their country; men most unhappy, if they did not feel it. We were told that there was no option but between this country and America and the Mediterranean—so this great country could neither provide for defence or offence! Yet our activity was admired! Philosophers indeed had a term, *vis inertiæ*, the inactivity of action—was it by that we were to be saved? His charge, he said, was, that we had provoked before we could defend, and neglected after provocation; that we were left inferior to France in every quarter; that the vote of credit had been misapplied to secure the electorate; and that we had bought a treaty with Prussia by sacrificing our rights. He would not have signed it for the five great places of those who had signed it. They had left us unprovided, as a gap for German troops; and so German troops at last become an English measure!

The deceased gentleman (Mr. Pelham) had meant economy, and was dragged into foreign measures by one who had now got the treasury. Could he every day arraign, and yet continue to trust? and while new foreign measures were in embryo? Yet if this treaty was restrained to the defence of the King's dominions, he should not know how to oppose it. He had no resentment; nobody had injured him: of their measures and incapacity he thought ill. If he saw a child (Duke of Newcastle) driving a go-cart on a precipice, with that precious freight of an old King and his family, sure he was bound to take the reins out of such hands. He prayed to God that his Majesty might not have Minorca, like Calais, written on his heart! He concluded with proposing to take the very words of the last vote of credit.

Sir George Lyttleton answered with great modesty, that the administration had not suffered by Mr. Pelham's death, except by his advancement. Let it be considered who was at the head of the Treasury, of the Admiralty, of the Chancery, etc. Could it be said that we had done nothing, when we had taken 8,000 French seamen? Here he would rest the whole; no one calamity had happened yet.

George Grenville observed, that in December last the fleet consisted of 150 sail, of which 78 were of the line; of 42,700 seamen, of which 36,000 had been mustered; the marines had been voted since—was this inability to send fourteen ships to the Mediterranean? In January there were sixty-two ships at home capable of being employed. Fourteen ships had sufficed to keep the Brest and Rochfort squadrons in their harbors. He commended Lord Anson, and said, he had heard of representations being made from the Admiralty for sending force to the Mediterranean. In the last war he remembered that the Admiralty was not to blame. In America, Braddock had been defeated in July; not a man was sent thither till within the last fortnight. Fox replied, that he knew of no representation from the Admiralty. The fleet could not have been prepared so soon as Mr. Grenville alleged: it is no neglect if things are preparing. Dates, he knew, might save from punishment, but events only would save from blame. Some merit he thought there was in the Prussia treaty, of which the contrary, a breach, had been so much foretold. The question before the House was not so diffuse as that of last year, because the augmentation was made, and consequently not necessary now. He wished the incapacity was in the administration, not in the country itself.

Pitt took little notice of Fox, only rising again to lash Sir George Lyttleton, who had called it an opposal of epithets, very little proper to come from him, said he, whose character is a composition of epithets. But what! did we meet as an academy of compliments? But Lyttleton had mistaken the day, for himself, he said, had used no epithets that day. If Lyttleton would say, we had no more resources, he would tell him he was incapable, and when he disclaimed having had any hand in drawing the words of the question, he saw Sir George was not at liberty to change them.

Lyttleton, much hurt, but firm, cried, He says I am a thing made up of epithets—was not this the language of Billingsgate? The world complained that the House was converted into a bear-garden—he should not envy Mr. Pitt the glory of being the Figg or Broughton of it—yet if he assumed fewer airs of superiority, it would do him more honor.

Pitt, redoubling contempt, said with a sneer, We once lived

in a road of epithets together—hard! that my friend, with whom I have taken sweet council of epithets, should now reproach me with using them! Lyttleton, he said, was a pretty poetical genius; with his pen in his hand, nobody respected him more; but what! were not Billingsgate and Broughton epithets? He at once described Lyttleton as an innocent, and would have fixed the use of invectives on him. Sir George terminated the altercation and debate, by protesting it was not his fault if he did not still live in friendship with Mr. Pitt.

May 14th. The Prussian treaty was opened to the House by Sir George Lyttleton. It stipulated that the King of Prussia should pay £61,000 due on the Silesian loan; but admitted that £20,000 was due to him, which the Parliament was desired to grant. Pitt took the convention to pieces, interpreting it as a design in the King of Prussia of returning indignity for indignity; and as derogatory to the sovereignty of England, which was now giving £20,000 to a monarch, represented as intimidated, for unjust claims, examined and pronounced so, and now allowed by a commission of review, as unheard of as that exercised in Berlin; and founded on admission of damages, by what kind of liquidation could not be guessed. Had that King made a demand, or had this compensation been offered him?

But he saw, he said, that all the powers of Europe were setting up a new jurisprudence, and that we were no longer to enjoy the empire of the ocean. For himself, he should affect no superiority but was common to him with twelve millions, innocence of his country's ruin, the superiority of the undone over the undoers. If he could but be told that even by a protest we had secured the rights of our courts of admiralty, he would acquiesce; and should be glad, as it would bring the long sufferers on the Silesian loan into their money. Yet he had rather vote them the £60,000: we did not want such a sum; the necessary thing to us was the acknowledgment of the right. So thought the King of Prussia, and said, I will take nothing, to show I set my foot on your neck, and how I am intimidated. He hoped the committee would at least couple with the vote the assertion of our rights.

Murray answered in a long discussion, pleading like a lawyer for the King of Prussia, though formerly, when consulted as a lawyer, he had nobly confuted him, like a statesman. He

said, free ships make free goods, and that a prince whose property is taken must judge by his own courts. That we did not allow that decision—if his friendship were bought by allowing it, the purchase would be too dear. That the single question was, whether the convention did or did not give up our rights. That the King of Prussia had not been alienated by our fault, but by his own interest, and that breach had been kept up by his fear. That, under the name of reprisals, he had paid himself, having the Silesian loan in his power. That he had tried to list the powers of the Baltic, by the captivating maxim of "free ships make free goods." That he did not demand one sixpence for goods of strangers taken on board Prussian ships, and therefore could not demand satisfaction, as no injury was done to him. He had made no reply to our memorial, nor ever negotiated with us in defence of his principles; but retained the Silesian loan.

There had been thoughts of making war on him—but how? If by the Queen of Hungary, then France would have taken part, and a general war had ensued. As we detained his ships, he might demand to appeal—very difficult to grant that or to refuse it. He then enlarged on the King of Prussia's right and power of appeal—urged the long time lapsed, the money dispersed, the danger of a single-handed war with France; the advantage of reconciliation with Prussia, who by giving up the whole Silesian debt, gave up at once his whole commission of revision. He had only said, "Save my credit, give me something." Who would have held off for £20,000? We did make that sort of *amende* to him; we did save his credit. Just so, the French seized the smuggler Mandrin in the territory of Savoy and hanged him—but when we sent a fleet to America, and France wanted allies, she asked pardon of the King of Sardinia.

The same was our case with Spain on the Convention of 1739; they agreed to pay us for captures they had made and to liquidate with the South Sea Company. Nobody thought that by that accommodation they gave up their principles of searching. In the whole treaty we had allowed the King of Prussia's principles: nor did it appear whether his goods had been condemned as an enemy's or as contraband. Very uncertain what is contraband when not expressed in any treaty. Spain

calls tobacco so, because they think it makes the English fight better. If we did not allow the Northern powers to carry some contraband goods, they could have no trade. We had desired from the Prussian minister a plan of a treaty: he took a Swedish treaty for his model, in which it was expressly stipulated that "free ships do not make free goods." To have had it expressed now would have weakened it—a subtlety which justifies my saying that he argued as counsel for Prussia. Pitt taxing him with it, he pretended not to have said that it was stipulated so in the Swedish treaty, but understood so in it.

The committee, by a majority of 210 to 55, voted the money; and four days afterward war was proclaimed with France.

The same day (18th) the Militia Bill was read in the House of Lords for the second time. The Duke of Bedford, thinking the Duke of Newcastle would oppose or let it be dropped for want of time, supported it strongly. Newcastle did oppose it, but faintly, with Lord Granville and Lord Sandys, and suffered it to be committed.

Lord Halifax supported it well in the committee; Lord Temple dared the ministers to throw it out. Lord Granville immediately attacked it warmly, but immediately went through without a division.

On the 24th, Lord Stanhope spoke well on its behalf. Lord Granville again opposed it as absurd, unjust, and oppressive. He would not amend it, he said, for he disliked it; he would not be for it because it was unamended. He would not be influenced by its having passed the Commons, or by its being popular—yet it was not popular, for often it had not been attended in the Commons by above fifteen persons; consequently had been voted in not a legal House. Lord Granville always strongly asserted the dignity of his own House of Parliament against the other.

The Duke of Bedford argued for the bill, and affirmed that the people had only submitted to foreign forces, on the promise of a Militia Bill. The chancellor declared against it on the impracticability, and (those who love liberty will love him for it) on its omitting the declaration of the power of the militia being in the Crown, which had been asserted by Lord Clarendon and Lord Southampton on the Restoration. Himself, he

said, had never been reckoned a prerogative lawyer, yet he would never let the prerogative be lessened with his consent.

If I have here marked out Lord Hardwicke's memory to the indignation of free men, he might pardon me—there are always numbers ready to admire the advocates of prerogative—Laud had his adorers; Jeffries hardly escaped them.

Lord Bath spoke for the bill; the Duke of Newcastle against it; and it was rejected by 59 to 23.

On the 27th the Parliament was prorogued. Old Horace Walpole was at last declared a peer, with Mr. Villiers and Sir Dudley Rider; but the latter being taken ill on the very day he was to have kissed hands, and dying the next, the peerage was with much hardship withheld from his son.

I did not mention in its place because it falls in more properly here, that on an apprehension of an invasion in the winter, the Marquis of Rockingham, Lord Northumberland, Lord Downe, and others had offered to raise troops of light horse, which had been accepted; but Lord Gower proposing to the King, that instead of this scheme, the great lords should go into their counties, and raise recruits for the army, this plan was better liked, if not suggested, by the duke, and carried into execution with good success.

Lord Gower raised 400 men by his personal interest in Staffordshire; Lord Ilchester and his nephew, Lord Digby, were as successful as Somersetshire, enlisting the sons of many wealthy farmers, upon promise that they should not serve out of England. However, on a resolution of sending the force at Gibraltar to Mahon, it was determined to replace them with this Somersetshire regiment. Such a violation of public faith (for the recruits at least could not conceive that the brother and nephew of a secretary of state had not authority for their assurances), created the greatest clamor; and the men were driven by force on board the transports. The consequence was very pernicious, as might have been foreseen, and will be showed. I will mention another instance of the injustice and cruelty of such breach of covenant. In the late rebellion, some recruits had been raised under a positive engagement of dismission at the end of three years. When the term was expired, they thought themselves at liberty, and some of them quitted the corps in which they had been regimented. The duke ordered

them to be tried as deserters; and not having received a legal discharge, they were condemned. Nothing could mollify him; two were executed.

June 4th. The Prince of Wales attained the age prescribed for his majority; by which the Regency Bill remains only a dangerous precedent of power to posterity—no longer so to us, for whose subjection it was artfully, though, by the grace of God, vainly calculated! This epoch, however, brought to light the secrets of a court, where hitherto everything had been transacted with mysterious decency. The Princess had conducted herself with great respect to the King, with appearance of impartiality to ministers and factions. If she was not cordial to the duke, or was averse to his friends, it had been imputed less to any hatred adopted from her husband's prejudices, than to jealousy of the government of her son: if the world should choose to ascribe her attention for him to maternal affection, they were at liberty; she courted and watched him neither more nor less for their conjectures.

It now at last appeared that paternal tenderness or ambition were not the sole passions that engrossed their thoughts. It had already been whispered that the assiduity of Lord Bute at Leicester House, and his still more frequent attendance in the gardens at Kew and Carleton House, were less addressed to the Prince of Wales than to his mother. The eagerness of the pages of the backstairs to let her know whenever Lord Bute arrived (and some other symptoms) contributed to dispel the ideas that had been conceived of the rigor of her widowhood. On the other hand, the favored personage, naturally ostentatious of his person, and of haughty carriage, seemed by no means desirous of concealing his conquest. His bows grew more theatric, his graces contracted some meaning, and the beauty of his leg was constantly displayed in the eyes of the poor captivated Princess. Indeed, the nice observers of the court thermometer, who often foresee a change in the weather before it actually happens, had long thought that her Royal Highness was likely to choose younger ministers than that formal piece of empty mystery, Cresset, or the matron-like decorum of Sir George Lee.

Her simple husband, when he took up the character of the Regent's gallantry, had forced an air of intrigue even upon his

wife. When he affected to retire into gloomy *allées* with Lady Middlesex, he used to bid the Princess walk with Lord Bute. As soon as the prince was dead, they walked more and more, in honor of his memory.

The favor of Lord Bute was scarce sooner shown than the connection of Pitt and Legge with him. The mystery of Pitt's breach with Fox was at once unravelled—and a court secret of that nature was not likely long to escape the penetration of Legge, who wormed himself into every intrigue where his industry and subservience could recommend him—yet Legge had not more application to power than Newcastle jealousy of it. Such an entrenchment around the successor alarmed him. It was determined in his little council that the moment the Prince of Wales should be of age, he should be taken from his mother; but the secret evaporating, intimations by various channels were conveyed to the Duke of Newcastle and to the chancellor, how much the Prince would resent any such advice being given to the King, and that it would not be easy to carry it into execution.

The Prince lived shut up with his mother and Lord Bute; and must have thrown them under some difficulties; their connection was not easily reconcilable to the devotion which they had infused into the Prince; the Princess could not wish him always present, and yet dreaded his being out of her sight. His brother Edward, who received a thousand mortifications, was seldom suffered to be with him; and Lady Augusta, now a woman, was, to facilitate more privacy for the Princess, dismissed from supping with her mother, and sent back to cheesecakes, with her little sister Elizabeth, on pretence that meat at night would fatten her too much.

The ministers, too apt to yield when in the right, were now obstinate in the wrong place; and without knowing how to draw the King out of the difficulty into which they were pushing him, advised this extraordinary step. On May 31st, Lord Waldegrave, as the last act of his office of governor, was sent with letters of the same tenor to the Prince and to his mother, to acquaint them, that the Prince, being now of age, the King, who had ever shown the greatest kindness and affection for him, had determined to give him £40,000 a year, would settle an establishment for him, of the particulars of which he should

be informed, and that His Majesty had ordered that the apartments of the late Prince at Kensington, and of the Queen at St. James's, to be fitted up for him; that the King would take Prince Edward too, and give him an allowance of £5,000 a year.

After a little consultation in their small cabinet, both Prince and Princess sent answer in writing, drawn up, as it was believed, by Legge, and so artfully worded that the supposition was probable. The Prince described himself as penetrated by the goodness of his Majesty, and receiving with the greatest gratitude what his Majesty in his parental affection was pleased to settle on him; but he entreated his Majesty not to divide him from his mother, which would be a most sensible affliction to both. The answer of the Princess marked, that she had observed with the greatest satisfaction the impression which his Majesty's consideration of the Prince had made on him; and she expressed much sensibility of all the King's kindness to her. On the article of the separation she said not a word.

What now was the King to do? The Prince had accepted the allowance as given; and had refused to leave his mother, which had not been made a condition of the gift. Was the gift to be revoked, because the Prince had natural affection? Was the whole message to be carried into execution, and a young man, of age by act of Parliament, to be taken by force, and detained a prisoner in the palace? What law would justify such violence? Who would be the agents of such violence? His Majesty himself, and the late Prince of Wales, had furnished the Prince with precedents of mutinying against the Crown with impunity. How little ministers, who had planned the first step, knew what to advise for the second, was plain, from their giving no further advice for above a month, and from the advice which they did give then, and from the perplexity in which they remained for two months more, and from the ignominious result of the whole transaction, both to the King and to themselves at last—but we must first proceed to other occurrencies.

During these agitations of the court, which were little known, and less talked of, the attention of the public was directed to Minorca. Sixteen thousand French had landed there without

opposition; no part of the island indeed was capable of defence but Fort St. Philip. The inhabitants received the invaders even with alacrity, though their privileges had been preserved under the English Government, and though they enjoyed all the folly of their religion without the tyranny of it. The Jews and Greeks established there behaved with more gratitude: of the natives, sixteen only adhered to the English. The magistrates hurried to take new oaths, and to welcome the singular personage sent to be a conqueror.

This was the Duc de Richelieu; a man who had early surprised the fashionable world by his adventures, had imposed on it by his affectations, had dictated to it by his wit and insolent agreeableness, and who would be the hero of the age if histories were novels, or women wrote history. His first campaign was hiding himself at fourteen under the Duchess of Burgundy's bed, from whence he was led to the Bastile, and whither he had returned four several times. A genius so enterprising could not fail to captivate the ladies; the Duchess of Modena, the Regent's daughter, would fain have preferred him to the trist glory of reigning over an acre of territory with a dismal Italian husband.

Richelieu was soon after sent to, and as soon recalled from, Vienna, for carrying a black lamb in his state-coach at midnight to sacrifice to the moon, in order to obtain a recruit of vigor. The very exploit gained him as many hearts as if the boon had been granted. Yet with an advantageous person and adventurous disposition, he was supposed to want the two heroic attributes that generally compose a woman's Alexander. So much was his courage questioned, that he was driven to fight and kill the Prince of Lixin in the trenches of Philipsbourg. Ruling the female world, and growing exhausted with the fatigues of his government, he at last thought of reposing himself on the lesser care of the French monarchy, and making himself necessary to the pleasures of the mistresses, the Duchesse de Chateauroux and Madame Pompadour, he attained considerable weight in a government where trifling qualities are no disrecommendation.

Embarking with all the luxurious pomp of an Asiatic grandee, this genteel but wrinkled Adonis sailed to besiege a rock, and to attack a rough veteran, who was supposed to

think that he had little business left but to do his duty and die. His name was Blakeney; he had passed through all the steps of his profession, and had only attained the sweets of it by living to be past the enjoyment of them. He was remarkably generous and disinterested, and of great bravery, which had been but little remarked. Having the government of the castle of Stirling in the last rebellion, he was summoned to give it up as soon as the King's troops were defeated at Falkirk; but he replied, the loss of that battle made no alteration in his orders—yet he had then provision but for three weeks.

This gallantry, which had been overlooked for his sake, was now recollected and extolled for our own: the most sanguine hopes were conceived. Minorca was regarded as the nation's possession, Scotland as the King's; if the former was lost, it passed to an enemy—Stirling would only have gone to another friend. As every day brought out the weakness of the garrison of Mahon, all hope was contracted to the person of Blakeney; yet in no neglect were the ministry more culpable, for he proved to be superannuated.

The French covered the siege with a fleet of twelve men-of-war. Accounts were impatiently expected here of the arrival of Admiral Byng in those seas with his squadron, and with succors which he was ordered to take in at Gibraltar, and which it was hoped he would be able to fling in at St. Philip's. If he could effect that service, and disperse or demolish the French fleet, there was no doubt that the troops on the island must remain prisoners of war, or be the victims of their attempt; for as yet they had made little progress.

Having landed on the opposite side of the island, they found the roads most impracticably rocky; and if cut off from supplies from the continent, they must have perished from hunger, Minorca by no means supplying the natives with superabundance. The heats, too, were now coming on, which would be insupportable to new constitutions, to the natural impatience of the French, and still more to the effeminate general. Hitherto their transports had passed and repassed in full security. The Mediterranean, where we so long had reigned, seemed abandoned by the English. The truth was, the clamors of the merchants, sometimes reasonable, always self-interested, terrified the Duke of Newcastle; and while to prevent their

outcries in the city of London he minced the navy of England into cruisers and convoys, every other service was neglected.

I say it with truth (I say it with concerning, considering who was his associate) this was the year of the worst administration that I have seen in England; for now Newcastle's incapacity was left to its full play. While conjoined with Sir Robert Walpole, the attention of the latter to the security of the house of Brunswick and to the preservation of public tranquillity, prevented the mischiefs that the duke's insufficience might have occasioned. If Lord Granville, his next coadjutor, was rash and dangerous, yet he ventured with spirit, and had great ideas and purposes in view. He provided not the means of execution, but an heroic plan was not wanting; and if he improperly provoked some allies, he stuck at nothing to engross the whole co-operation of others.

Mr. Pelham was too timorous not to provide against complaint; his life was employed in gathering up the slips of his brother. But now Fox was called in to support a government, from a share in which it was determined he should be excluded, and every part of which, where he had influence it was a measure with Newcastle to weaken, the consequence could not but be fatal—and fatal they were! Indeed, Fox himself was not totally excusable. He came in despairing of the prosperity of his country; and neither conversant in, nor attentive to the province allotted to him, he thought too much of wresting the remains of power from his competitors. He had neither the patriotism which forms a virtuous character, nor the love of fame which composes a shining one, and often supplies the place of the other. His natural bent was the love of power, with a soul generous and profuse; but growing a fond father, he became a provident father—and from a provident father to a rapacious man, the transition was but too easy.

In the midst of the anxious suspense I have mentioned, on June 3d came news that Admiral Byng, after a very tedious passage, arriving at Gibraltar on the 2d of May, had, according to his orders, demanded of General Fowke, the governor, a battalion to be transported to Minorca, but that the governor, instead of obeying these directions, had called a council of war, where, in pursuance of the opinion of engineers whom they consulted, it was determined to be impracticable to

fling succors into St. Philip's, and that it would be weakening the garrison at Gibraltar to part with much force, which accordingly was refused.

But the same post brought an account that occasioned still more astonishment and dismay. Mazzoni, the Spanish minister at Paris, transmitted to D'Abreu, the Spanish resident in England, the copy of a letter which Monsieur Machault had received from Galissoniere, the French admiral, and which had been assiduously communicated to foreign ministers, relating "that on May 18th, the French admiral, as he lay off Mahon, had perceived the English squadron, who had approached nearer on the 19th, but seemed unwilling to engage. That on the 20th the English had the advantage of the wind, but still seemed unwilling to fight: that the engagement, however, had been *entamé*, but could not be universal, for the English kept *trop serrés;* that two or three English ships had sheered off; that night separated the fleets; that he (Galissoniere) had lost thirty-eight men, and had nine officers wounded; that he had taken no English ship, but had prevented their flying succors into Mahon. That he had expected to be attacked again the next day, but, to his great surprise, found the English had disappeared."

It is necessary to be well acquainted with the disposition of a free, proud, fickle, and violent people, before one can conceive of the indignation occasioned by this intelligence. Nothing can paint it so strongly as what was its instant consequence. Sir Edward Hawke and Admiral Saunders were immediately despatched in the Antelope to supersede Byng and West, to arrest and bring them prisoners to England. This was the first movement; the second should have been to reflect, that there was not the least ground for this information but what was communicated through the channel of Spanish agents (not very friendly to Britain), from the vaporing letter of the enemy's own admiral, interested to heighten or palliate his conduct: this should have been the second thought, but it was long ere it was suffered to place itself. In the Antelope, a little cargo of courage, as it was called, were sent at the same time Lord Tyrawley and Lord Panmure, to supersede General Fowke, and take the government of Gibraltar. Is it credible that Lord Tyrawley, despatched with such vaunted expe-

dition, was the actual governor of Minorca, where he ought to have been from the beginning of the war?

The impression against Mr. Byng was no sooner taken, than every art and incident that could inflame it were industriously used and adopted. Though he had demanded the Mediterranean service as his right, and had pressed for it as the scene of his father's [2] glory, his courage was now called in question, and omens were recollected to have foretold this miscarriage. A letter from him before the engagement had mentioned nothing of Minorca; it only said that if he found the French too strong he would retire under the cannon of Gibraltar. The King was now reported to have dashed this letter on the ground in a passion, saying, "This man will not fight!" His Majesty, it seems, had great skill in the symptoms of cowardice! He was represented, too, as neither eating nor sleeping, as lamenting himself that this account would be his death. As Minorca was but too likely to follow the fate of Calais, his ministers prepared to write Mahon on that heart, which had never yet felt for any English possession. The duke, whose sensibility on this occasion can less be doubted, took care to be quoted too. He said: "We are undone! Sea and land are cowards! I am ashamed of my profession!"

But on the arrival of the admiral's own despatch, an abstract of which was immediately published, the rage of the people rose to the height. The letter spoke the satisfaction of an officer who thought he had done his duty and done it well—an air of triumph, that seemed little to become a man who had left the French masters of the sea, and the garrison of St. Philip's without hope of relief. Their despair on the disappearance of the British fleet must have been extreme, and could not fail to excite the warmest compassion here. The admiral was burned in effigy in all the great towns; his seat and park in Hertfordshire were assaulted by the mob, and with difficulty saved. The streets and shops swarmed with injurious ballads, libels, and prints, in some of which was mingled a little justice on the ministers. Charles Townshend undertook a weekly paper called the "Test," of which only one number was published; he had too much mercury and too little ill-nature to continue a periodical war.

[2] Lord Torrington.

We shall see in the following winter that some of the persons attacked were rather more settled in their passions, when they revived the title of this paper, and turned it on its patrons.

As I shall soon be obliged to open a blacker scene than what hitherto employed my pen, I will take leave of the preceding period with these few remarks: Considering how seldom the world is blessed with a government really good, and that the best are generally but negatively good, I am inclined to pronounce the times of which I have been writing happy. Every art and system that brings advantage to the country was permitted; commerce was in no shape checked; liberty, not being wanton, nay, being complaisant, was not restrained; the Church was moderate, and when the ministry required it yielding.

If the chancellor was ravenous, and arbitrary, and ambitious, he moved too deliberately and too gravely to bring on any eminent mischief. If the Duke of Newcastle was fond of power, and capricious, and fickle, and false, they were the whims of a child; he circumscribed the exertion of his pomp to laying, perhaps, the first stone of a building at Cambridge, for a benefaction to which he was forced to borrow an hundred pounds. His jealousy was not of the privileges of Parliament, but lest some second among his favorites should pay more court to his first favorite than to him; and if he shifted his confidence, and raised but to depress, and was communicative but to betray, he moved in a narrow circle, and the only victims of his whims were men who had shifted and betrayed as often, and who deserved no better fortune. If the duke was haughty and rigorous, he was satisfied with acting within the sphere of the army, and was content to govern it, not to govern by it. If the King was too partial to Hanover, and was unnecessarily profuse of subsidies to Germany, perhaps it was the only onerous grievance; and the King, who did no more harm, and the ministers, who, by vailing to this passion, purchased the power of doing no more harm, certainly constituted no very bad government—the occasions of war called forth another complexion —but we must proceed with a little regularity.

The reconciliation of the King and his nephew of Prussia had given great umbrage to the Empress-Queen. England had heaped as great obligations on the house of Austria as can be conferred by one nation on another; great enough al-

most to touch the obdurate heart of policy, and infuse real amity and gratitude. But the princess in question had imbibed passions still more human. Offended pride and plundered dignity had left no soft sensation in her heart. She was a woman, a queen, a bigot, an Austrian. A heretic her friend embracing a heretic her enemy, left no shades in the color of their heresy. France bid high for her friendship, and purchased it, by bidding up to her revenge. They made a treaty of neutrality, called only defensive during this war; as if princes could not leap from peace to war but through a necessary medium.

This news was received with indignation: England considered this desertion as almost rebellion in a people whom she had long kept in her pay with regret. Memorable were the wise and moderate words of Lord Granville to Coloredo, the Austrian Minister, who in a visit endeavored to palliate this league. The earl said: "We understand it is only a treaty of neutrality, and can but be glad of it—the people in general look on it otherwise; and I fear, a time will come when it may be right for us, and may be our inclination to assist your mistress again; but the prepossession against her will be too strong—nobody then will dare to be a Lord Granville."

The lawsuit with Princess Emily for free passage into Richmond Park, which I have formerly mentioned, continued. By advice of the attorney-general she now allowed ladders over the wall, without standing a trial.[3] I will here finish all I have to say on this head. This concession did not satisfy; the people sued for gates for foot passengers, and in the year 1758 obtained them; on which the Princess in a passion entirely abandoned the park. Her mother, Queen Caroline, had formerly wished to shut up St. James's Park, and asked Sir Robert Walpole what it would cost her to do it. He replied, "Only a crown, madam."

July 7th the attack on Leicester House was renewed. A Cabinet-council was held to consider a message which Newcastle and the chancellor proposed should be sent in his Majesty's name to the Prince, to know if he adhered to living with

[3] In one of the hearings on this case, Lord Mansfield, the chief justice, produced in court a libel published against Princess Emily, and insisted that the jury should take an oath that they had no hand in it; and yet when they had taken the oath, he put off the cause.

his mother, and to the demand of having Lord Bute for his groom of the stole. Mr. Fox asked if the Prince had ever made such a demand? "Oh, yes," said Newcastle. "By whom?" asked Fox. Newcastle: "Oh! by Munchausen and others." The fact was, the Prince had most privately by Munchausen requested it as a particular favor, and it was extraordinary that Newcastle had not seized with alacrity an opportunity of ingratiating himself with the successor, without the knowledge of his master. The truth was, he was overruled by the chancellor, who, having been slighted and frowned on by the Princess in the winter, was determined to be revenged; and the gentle method he took was to embroil the royal family, and blast the reputation of the mother of the heir-apparent.

Accordingly this second message was sent by Lord Waldegrave. The Prince answered in writing, "that since the King did him the honor to ask him the question, he did hope to have leave to continue with his mother, as her happiness so much depended on it—for the other point, he had never directly asked it—yet, since encouraged, he would explain himself, and from the long knowledge and good opinion he had of Lord Bute, he did desire to have him about his person." As if this letter confirmed, instead of contradicting their assertions, the two ministers produced it at the same council. Lord Granville opened the deliberation and began to favor Lord Bute; but finding how unwelcome such advice was, he turned short, and said it was best to proceed no further; as there must be a quarrel in the royal family, it was best the King should do nothing.

The Duke of Devonshire said with great decency, he hoped that was not the case; he hoped they were met to prevent such a rupture. "Oh, yes," replied Lord Granville, "it must happen; the Prince has declared he will use ill all that shall be placed about him; and though young lords will ambition the situation, they will not endure to be treated like footmen; the King will treat Lord Bute like a footman; and then he will make the Prince use the others in the same manner. This family always has and will quarrel from generation to generation."

Mr. Fox then observed that, as it would fall to his province in the House of Commons to defend the King's refusal, if

his Royal Highness should petition there for a larger allowance, he must know on what ground to defend it, for the opposition would produce his Majesty's former message, as evidence that the King had thought it right the Prince of Wales should have £40,000 a year. "You must explain," said the chancellor, "that in the first message something was meaned which was known to both parties"—and then went into a formal pleading against the Prince, at the conclusion of which, Newcastle prevailed to have the determination put off for the present; though, on being pressed by Fox, he agreed that it should be considered again. After sacrificing the Princess in this cruel manner, they persuaded the King that Fox was making his court to her.

At this conjuncture, the great office of chief-justice being vacant by the death of Sir Dudley Rider, Murray demanded it without a competitor, being above competition; and agreeably to his constant asseverations, that he meaned to rise by his profession, not by the House of Commons; though the jealousy of his aspiring in the latter had signally contributed to throw Pitt into his then opposition. As Murray was equally the buckler of Newcastle against his ally, Fox, and his antagonist, Pitt, one may conceive how a nature so apt to despond from conscious insufficience was alarmed at this event. No words can paint the distress it occasioned more strongly than what Charles Townshend said to Murray himself on the report of his intended promotion. "I wish you joy," said he, "or rather myself, for you will ruin the Duke of Newcastle by quitting the House of Commons and the chancellor by going into the House of Lords." The apostrophe was frank, considering Newcastle was his uncle;[4] but tenderness for his family seldom checked the burst of Townshend's vivacity. It was at the same period he said, when the struggle about Lord Bute was depending: "Silly fellow for silly fellow, I think it as well to be governed by my uncle with a blue ribbon, as by my cousin[5] with a green one."

What contributed to make the want of Murray more embarrassing was the confusion that followed the loss of Minorca, of

[4] Elizabeth, half-sister of the Duke of Newcastle, was first wife of Charles, Lord Viscount Townshend, Knight of the Garter, grandfather of Mr. Charles Townshend.

[5] Mr. Charles Townshend had married the Countess-Dowager of Dalkeith, first cousin of the Earl of Bute.

which the account came on July 14th. The French, who had kept us alarmed with the fears of an invasion, while they made immense preparations at Toulon, had sailed on the seventh of April, and landed with 16,000 men at Ciudadella on the 18th. Byng had sailed but on the same day. The garrison of Mahon, which had retired into St. Philip's, consisted of 2,800 men. Galissoniere had blocked up the port from whence Captain Edgcumbe with his little squadron of three men-of-war and five frigates had escaped, and were gone to meet Mr. Byng. As the roads had been broken up, and the works of the assailants were to be practised on firm rock, the trenches were not opened till the 8th of May; and from that time to the 20th they had made no impression. The engagement in sight of the fort, and the disappearance and despair of all succor which followed, had as little effect on the resolution of the garrison. They continued to fire obstinately on the besiegers till June 6th; and Marshal Richelieu gained so little immediate advantage from the retreat of the English squadron that he was obliged to demand additional force from France.

Having received it, on the 6th he opened a grand scene of batteries, which by the 14th had effectuated several breaches. Yet those brave men still held out, and in proportion as no account came of their surrender, the fame of Blakeney rose. At last it was determined in the French council of war to storm the place on the 27th at night, which was performed accordingly, and three forts were taken. At the Queen's fort (the last of the three), the fate of Minorca, and the truth of its defence was decided. Lieutenant-Colonel Jefferies, the soul of the garrison, unwilling to trust so important a commission to another, too rashly flew with one hundred men to defend the last redoubt—he found it taken—attempted to retire, and was made prisoner. This happened about midnight; by five next morning a suspension of arms was agreed on to bury the dead, and at two in the afternoon the garrison capitulated. They obtained honorable conditions.

If it is asked what part the hero Blakeney took in the event, it must be answered, that during the entire siege he had been in bed with the gout, and executed all his glory by deputy. But not only a commander was wanting: when the general assault was made, many of the British soldiers had done unre-

mitted duty for three days; and they had so few officers, that scarce a mine was fired, and some were attempted so late that the French carried off the matches before they could take effect.[6]

If the clamors of the people rose on the confirmation of this misfortune, so did the terrors of the administration. The very first effects of their fear showed, that, if they had neglected Minorca, they were at least prepared to transfer the guilt to others. They descended even to advertise in the "Gazette," that orders were sent to every port to arrest Admiral Byng, in case he should not have been met by Sir Edward Hawke.

All the little attorneys on the circuit contributed to blow up the flame against the admiral, at the same time directing its light from the original criminals. New offers were made to Murray, if he should decline for eight months the post of chief-justice and the peerage that was to accompany it.[7] The very distress that made Newcastle catch so eagerly at his assistance, was sufficient warning to make him refuse. He knew it was safer to expound laws than to be exposed to them; and he said peremptorily at last that if he was not to be chief-justice, neither would he any longer be attorney-general.

July 26th the prisoners arrived at Portsmouth. Mr. Byng was immediately committed to close confinement. His younger brother, who went to meet him, was so struck with the abuse he found wherever he passed, that he fell ill on the first sight of the admiral, and died next day in convulsions.

Byng himself expressed no emotions but surprise at the rigor of his treatment, persisting in declarations of having beaten the French. West, whose behavior had been most gallant, was soon distinguished from his chief, and was carried to court by Lord Anson. The King said to West: "I am glad to hear you have done your duty so well; I wish everybody else had!"

[6] A Captain Cunningham, who had been ill-used in our service, and was retired to Leghorn, said: "They will want engineers," and immediately sold all he had, bought provisions and ammunition, and flung himself into St. Philip's. This gallant man died in the island of Guadaloupe, at the taking of which he served, in 1759.

[7] They offered him the duchy of Lancaster for life, with a pension of £2,000 a year; permission to remain attorney-general (which produced £7,000 a year), and the reversion of the first teller of the exchequer for his nephew, Lord Stormont. At the beginning of October they bid up to £6,000 a year in pension. They pressed him to stay but a month, nay, only to defend them on the first day. Was innocence ever so extravagant or so alarmed? "Good God," said Murray himself, "what merit have I that you should load this country, for which so little is done with spirit, with the additional burden of £6,000 a year?"

Anson himself did not escape so honorably; his incapacity grew the general topic of ridicule, and he was joined in all the satiric prints with his father-in-law, Newcastle, and Fox.

A new species of this manufacture now appeared, invented by George Townshend: they were caricatures on cards. The original one, which had amazing vent, was of Newcastle and Fox, looking at each other and crying, with Peachum in the Beggar's Opera, "Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong." On the Royal Exchange a paper was affixed, advertising, "Three Kingdoms to be let; inquire of Andrew Stone, broker, in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields."

From Portsmouth, Byng, strictly guarded, at once to secure him from the mob and inflame their resentment, was transferred to Greenwich. His behavior continued so cheerfully firm and unconcerned that those who thought most moderately of his conduct thought full as moderately of his understanding. Yet, if he could be allowed a judge, Lord Anson had in the year 1755 given the strongest testimonial in Byng's favor, recommending him particularly for an essential service as one whose head and heart would always answer. As a forerunner to the doom of the admiral, so much demanded from and so much intended by the ministry, General Fowke was brought to his trial for disobedience of orders in refusing the regiment for Minorca. He pleaded the latitude and discretion allowed to him by his orders, and the imminent danger of his important government. Though the danger of that was increased by the probability that France would either offer Minorca to purchase the alliance of Spain, or assistance to recover Gibraltar, yet Fowke found neither efficient to save him; no, nor the diversity of opinion in his judges: yet it was plain from their sentence, that they by no means thought he came under the rigor of the law, condemning him only to be suspended a year for having mistaken his orders. When a man is tried for an absolute breach of orders, and appears only to have mistaken them, in equity one should think that punishment ought to fall on those who gave the orders. However, as the mob was to be satiated with victims, that the real guilty might escape, Fowke was broken by the King and his regiment given to Jefferies.

The next symptom of discontent was an address to the King

from Dorsetshire, demanding an inquiry into the loss of Minorca, and justice on the culpable. This flame spread: the counties of Huntingdon, Buckingham, Bedford, Suffolk, Shropshire, Surrey, Somerset, and Lancashire, with the great towns, as Bristol, Chester, Leominster, and others, followed the example, and directed their members to promote the inquiry. But the strongest and most dictatorial was that presented by the city of London; to which the trembling ministers persuaded the King to pledge his royal word that he would save no delinquent from justice. A promise that, being dictated by men secure of the Parliament, plainly indicated on what class of criminals punishment was not designed to be inflicted. The Duke of Newcastle, indeed, could with more propriety than the rest engage the King in a promise, seemingly indefinite—he, who with the volubility of timorous folly, when a deputation of the city had made representations to him against the admiral, blurted out: "Oh! indeed he shall be tried immediately; he shall be hanged directly."

While England was taken up with the contemplation of her own losses and misconduct, a vaster war, more ample revolutions, and a novel hero were on the point of occupying the theatre of Europe. Before I lay open this scene, a word must be said on the situation in Sweden. France had long dictated in that indigent senate. That influence, however, was too precarious and liable to too many changes to satisfy the view of commanding a steady ally. Though senators are far from being incorruptible, the liberty of their country and its glory will often operate, and make them feel the weight of the richest chains.

A court, at once arbitrary and necessitous, France thought could never be tempted to slip out of their hands. Accordingly, they laid a plan for making the King absolute; and the conjuncture seemed well chosen: he was much devoted to his Queen, sister of Prussia, a woman artful and ambitious—yet the King had too much gratitude and virtue to yield to the temptation—he neither desired to be arbitrary nor French. It remained for the members of a free senate to act the ignominious part, which had been more excusable, as more natural in a King. France then threw all her weight into the faction opposite the court. A conspiracy was pretended to be discov-

ered of a design in the King to make himself arbitrary. Every affront that he would have deserved, had the aspersion been true, were offered to him and the Queen: their power was annihilated; their friends proscribed. The King added to the merit of refusing despotism the virtue of not endeavoring to recover his legal authority—nor let the weakness of his means be urged: no King is so impotent as not to be able to sacrifice some of his subjects to the most chimeric pretensions.

The greater scene we must trace farther back. The King of Prussia was the point of hatred in which the passions of several courts met. The Empress-Queen could never digest the loss of Silesia; the Czarina had long suspected him of tampering to set the young Czar, John, on the throne, the nephew of the Queen of Prussia. The court of Saxony dreaded so powerful a neighbor; and, while it trembled for its manufacture of porcelain, could scarce forgive the contempt with which the King of Prussia had left it untouched when he formerly made himself master of Dresden. Yet perhaps the two latter princes, the one in the arms of her grenadiers, the other in his china palace, or among his bears, had suffered their apprehensions to cool, if their ministers had had as little activity. For the Empress-Queen, her ministers might serve her passions, they could not outrun them.

The war that approached must be traced to its source, ere we can fix on the original aggressor. The house of Austria had long meditated the recovery of that predominant power, which so many circumstances and intrigues had concurred to unite in the person of Charles V. Ferdinand II had acted with most open violence; but almost all the race had usurped, whenever they saw a proper moment. Silesia had been wrested from the house of Brandenburg. At the very period that the empire vanished from the house of Austria, the crown of Prussia fell on the head of a man who thought much of aggrandizing himself, more of distinguishing himself, not at all of the justice or injustice of the means of attaining either. On the contrary, he seemed to admire the subtlety of policy as much for its beauty as for its use. He at once imposed on the Queen of Hungary and invaded her.

The provocation was vehement; the usurpations and arts of

her house were taken from her and used against her; and after a bloody war, she had no resource but in swearing to new treaties, with intention of violating them on the first opportunity: that opportunity was so eagerly sought that she could not wait till it arrived; and many busy emissaries conspired to hasten the crisis. Of these, the chief was Count Bruhl, the favorite of the King of Poland. This man, whom no merit, or no merit that is known, had recommended to Augustus III, governed absolutely, I may say, reigned in Saxony, for the Prince, who hated pomp, and divided his time between his priests and his forests, chose that Bruhl should be his proxy to display that grandeur which Germans take for empire—and he could not have made a properer choice. As elector, Bruhl was magnificent, expensive, tawdry, vain—as minister, weak and false. He had two or three suits of clothes for every day in the year: strangers were even carried to see his magazines of shoes. This man, who had mortgaged the revenues of Saxony to support his profusion, and who prepared nothing but baubles against a prince that lived in a camp with the frugality of a common soldier—this daring trifler aspired to form a league with two mighty empires, to overturn the throne of Prussia, and pretended to a share in the spoils.

At the same time the councils of Vienna were directed by Count Kaunitz, a man lately returned from an embassy to Paris, where he had pushed all the luxurious effeminacy of dress and affectation to an excess common to imitators, and of all imitators most common to Germans. I will mention but one instance: it was fashionable to wear a little powder; every morning when he dressed, he had the whole air of a room put in agitation with powder, and when announced to be properly impregnated, he just presented himself in it, and received the atoms in equal dispersion over his hair. These were the politicians that took upon them to annihilate the house of Brandenburg at the very period that it was headed by Frederick III. I mention them only to show what pismires roused the lion. Yet Kaunitz had parts—Bruhl had no more than just served to govern his master's none. The tools associated to their plot were such as recommended themselves by activity, cunning, or inveteracy; yet one they had, sensible enough to negotiate a conspiracy, and cool enough to conduct it: his name Count

Fleming, a haughty and sullen Saxon, who had been employed in England, and was now at Vienna.

In the year 1745, Bruhl had made a partition treaty with the Empress-Queen, by which part of the King of Prussia's dominions were to be allotted to Saxony. That treaty had produced nothing but the seizure of Dresden by Frederick. He palliated the violent possession he had taken of Silesia, to which he thought he had a right, by the moderation with which he restored Saxony, to which he had no title but provocation. Yet Augustus had scarce sworn to the articles of a peace by which he recovered his dominions before he was tempted to a violation of them by the Court of Vienna. As eager as Bruhl was to close with perfidy, yet he could not forget the invasion of Dresden: he suggested that a previous treaty between the courts of Vienna and Petersburg would expedite and secure their common wishes. To facilitate this union, the Saxon ministers in every Northern court received secret instructions to spread suggestions and alarms of great machinations at Berlin against the Czarina. As Bruhl was not penurious of lies, he took the pains to dictate these slanders himself in the blackest terms. In his intercepted despatches one sees how successfully he administered his calumnies, till the Czarina believed herself aimed at even by assassination—and this project of terrifying her into an attack upon the King of Prussia Bruhl had the modesty to call a somewhat artful, though good intention.

The Czarina was an amiable woman, of no great capacity. She had been deprived of a throne to which she had pretensions, and had passed her youth in the terror which must accompany such a claim to a despotic empire, where, if civilized manners were stealing in, humanity to a competitor was one of the last arts of which they were likely to find or adopt a pattern. Yet she had been treated with great lenity, and, which perhaps was still more extraordinary, as the addition of gratitude, another virtue, made the imitation still more difficult, returned it. Her transport on her rapid elevation was devout mercy; she made a vow never to put any person to death, and adhered to it: Siberia and the prisons, during her reign, were crowded with criminals, tortured, but never executed. She not only spared the little dethroned Czar John, and had him educated

with great care, but was as indulgent as she could be with safety to her rival, the Princess Anne, his mother.

With so much tenderness of heart, it was not wonderful that her heart was entirely tender—and how slight was that abuse of unbounded power, which only tended to gratify an unbounded inclination! Let us compare the daughters of two ferocious men, and see which was sovereign of a civilized nation, which of a barbarous one. Both were Elizabeths. The daughter of Peter was absolute, yet spared a competitor and a rival; and thought the person of an empress had sufficient allurements for as many of her subjects as she chose to honor with the communication. Elizabeth of England could neither forgive the claim of Mary Stuart nor her charms, but ungenerously imprisoned her when imploring protection; and without the sanction of either despotism or law, sacrificed Mary to her great and little jealousy. Yet this Elizabeth piqued herself on chastity; and while she practised every ridiculous art of coquetry to be admired at an unseemly age, kept off lovers whom she encouraged, and neither gratified her own desires nor their ambition. Who can help preferring the honest, open-hearted, barbarian Empress?

Besides an attempt on her person, the Czarina was made to believe that Frederick had designs on Courland, on Polish Prussia, and Dantzick, and that France, Prussia, and Sweden had fixed the successor if a vacancy should happen in Poland. She signed the league with the Empress-Queen, and resolved to attack the King of Prussia. Saxony was summoned to accede, on its own terms of having two duchies and three circles dismembered, on the conquest of Prussia. Bruhl engaged his master to sign, but obtained so much favor as to have the secret articles concealed; and, having obtained that indulgence, spared no falsehoods to deny the existence of any secret articles at all; then endeavored to draw the King of England to accede to the same secret articles; and persisted all the time in the strongest professions of friendship to the King of Prussia.

But Bruhl, as the King of Prussia said, had more art in forming plots than in concealing them; and having to do with a vigilant Prince, whose own practice had taught him not to trust to professions, every lie that was despatched from the secretary's office at Dresden was accompanied by a duplicate

to Berlin. Bruhl, so indefatigable and cautious, little thought that Frederick knew all his secrets before they reached the places of their destination.

Had the King of Prussia wanted intelligence, the preparations of his great enemies and the folly of his little ones would have alarmed him. The troops of the two Empresses were in motion, yet neither so much as professed an intention of succoring the King of England, their ally. The Empress-Queen excused herself in form, when her assistance, so dearly purchased, was demanded. The Muscovite Empress was raising forces against the new ally of Britain with the very money she received to hold her troops in readiness for England; and the court of Saxony, to facilitate their junction with the Austrian forces, cut a new road to Bohemia, which Bruhl had the ostentatious imprudence to christen in an inscription the military road.

The King of Prussia was the only object against whom all these armaments could be levelled; and they were intended to crush him as early as the year 1755; yet the contracting powers had acted with so little providence that not one of them had magazines, arms, provisions, or money sufficient to set their great machine in motion. The Czarina, though mistress of such a continent, had neither sailors, nor soldiers, nor treasure; and having begun to march her troops, was reduced to recall them, and to accept 1,000,000 florins from Vienna. The Empress-Queen had affected great economy and regulation of her finances, but the sums that were squeezed from the subject, as a foundation of frugality, were wasted on buildings and ceremonies and pageants. The Emperor indeed was rich, and banker to his wife; she indulged him in this only pleasure: surrounded by the frightfullest maids of honor she could select, she permitted him to hoard what she never let him have temptation or opportunity to squander.

However, toward the middle of the summer of 1756, the bomb was ready to burst; and Frederick (as he wrote to his uncle of England) saw it was more prudent *prævenire quam præveniri*. Yet by no means ambitious of a defensive war, and fully apprised that the first stroke he should strike would set his crown, his reputation, his life, at stake, he attempted to avert the storm; at least, resolved to convince Europe that he

was not the aggressor. He asked of the Empress-Queen the meaning of those mighty armaments. She gave him an evasive answer. He demanded a categoric one, concluding his letter with these words: "*Point de reponse en style d'oracle.*" Yet the Pythian, though she grew more haughty, was not less enigmatic.

He had told her that he would take an ambiguous answer as a hostile declaration; accordingly, toward the end of August, at a great supper, the King of Prussia whispered Mitchell, the British Resident, to come to him at three in the morning. When he carried him to his camp, and told him there were an hundred thousand men setting out that instant, they knew not whither; and bade him write to his master, that he was going to defend his Majesty's dominions and his own. He ordered two armies into Upper and Lower Silesia, assembled another body at Glatz, and left another in Prussia to oppose the Russians. Yet, though Frederick knew that his most numerous and most determined enemies were in Bohemia, he would not venture to leave Saxony behind him. He marched with another army to Leipsic, and despatched a sixth to Dresden—yet again endeavored peace. A third time he sent to the Empress-Queen, that if she would give a positive assurance of not attacking him that year or the next, he would directly withdraw his troops. She refused that satisfaction—and Saxony fell an instantaneous sacrifice. The King of Poland, however, was so far prepared as to have encamped his little army in the only strong position he had; to which, on the approach of the Prussian army, he withdrew. Frederick, with insulting politeness, sent word to Augustus that he had ordered relays of post-horses to be prepared for him, if he chose, as it was the season of holding the Diet, to go to Poland. He promised his protection to the royal family and civil officers. "*Jusqu' à votre ministre,*" said he, "*qui est trop au dessous de moi pour le nommer.*" He lamented Augustus being in the hands of a man whom he offered to prove guilty of the grossest conspiracies.

Dresden was not an easier contest than a contented one. They were rigid Protestants, offended by a bigoted Catholic court, and ruined by an oppressive court. They were charmed to see a king at church, and with pleasure remembered Frederick at their devotions when he conquered them before. Au-

gustus and Bruhl and 12,000 men were in the strong camp at Pirna; the Queen and Saxon royal family remained at Dresden. Keith was ordered to search the archives there for the original pieces, of which Frederick had the copies in his hands. The Queen made all the resistance in her power, and told the marshal that, as his master had promised to use no violence, all Europe would exclaim against this outrage. "And then," said she with spirit, "you will be the victim; depend upon it, your King is a man to sacrifice you to his own honor." Keith was startled, and sent for further orders; and on receiving reiteration of them, possessed himself of the papers, though the Queen herself sat on the most material trunk, and would not rise till he convinced her that he could not avoid proceeding to force.

Frederick in the meantime was employed in straitening the camp at Pirna, and unavoidably wasted the season for pushing into Bohemia before the Austrians were well prepared to receive him. General Brown advanced to disengage the Saxons, and Keith, who was ready to check his progress, wrote to the King that he was on the point of giving battle. Frederick, leaving Augustus blocked up, posted away to his little army, and arrived just in time to command the charge. The battle was fought at Lowoschutz on September 29th. The Prussians were not above 25,000 men; Brown had double their number, yet Frederick thought himself, or endeavored to be thought, victorious. The inveteracy between the contending nations was remarkable, but the bravery of the Prussians most signalized, eight squadrons sustaining the efforts of thirty-two of Austrians. Brown retired a little, but with so much order, and he and Piccolomini remained so firmly intrenched, that the King would not venture to renew the attack. With the same vivacity of expedition with which he had left it, he returned to his army besieging that of Augustus.

October 11th, Brown, with 15,000 select men, made forced marches to arrive on the back of the camp of Pirna. This was in private concert with the Saxons, who, flinging a bridge over the Elbe at Konigstein, passed the river on the 12th under favor of a foggy night. Darkness and the mist dispersing ere they had made four leagues, to their amazement they found the King of Prussia between them and the Austrians, and mas-

ter of all the defiles. He advised them to return to their camp—they prepared to follow his advice, which it was to no purpose to reject—but, to the increase of their astonishment, found that this universal man had battered down their bridge. They laid down their arms. Augustus shut himself up in the castle of Konigstein, where Frederick sent word to the Queen that she would be indulged in visiting him, and that care was taken to furnish her lord with provisions and diversions.

I have abridged this narrative as much as possible. From this time the King of Prussia was too much connected with our affairs to be passed over in silence; but his actions have been too singular and too splendid to want illustration from a private annalist. Europe was the tablet on which he has written his own memoirs with his own sword, as he will probably with his pen. Besides, I live too near the times, and too far from the scene of action, to be able to penetrate into the exact detail of his campaigns and measures, and to winnow the truth from such a variety of interested, exaggerated, contested relations, as are at once produced by eminent glory, and strive to obscure it. I shall observe the same circumspection whenever I have further occasion to mention this extraordinary man.

Affairs at home wore the same troubled aspect. As addresses and petitions were in vogue, and the approaching session likely to be warm, George Townshend took the opportunity of writing a circular letter to great boroughs and corporations, instructing them to instruct their representatives to stickle for another Militia Bill. Besides its being drawn in a wretched style, the impropriety of a private man assuming to himself such dictatorial authority, and the indecency of a man who had last year so severely censured Mr. Fox's circular letter, were notorious. Townshend's epistle met the contempt it deserved.

Mr. Byng, having notice to prepare for his trial, had demanded his witnesses; and now added a list of thirty more, but they were refused. Among those he summoned was Captain Young, who had been one of his loudest censurers. If the step was injudicious, it at least did not indicate any consciousness of guilt. Yet the people and the ministry continued to treat him as a criminal, and the former reporting that he had endeavored to escape, the latter increased the strictness of his

confinement. He complained to the secretary of the Admiralty of the rigorous treatment he had received from Admiral Townshend, the governor of Greenwich. A creature office was not likely to feel more tenderness than his superiors. Cleland returned the most insulting orders.

Mr. Byng at last thought it time to make representations as well as to adhere to his innocence. He published his case. Of the engagement I shall say not a word, till I come to give an account of his trial. Of the arts used to blacken him the pamphlet gave the strongest evidence—and had very great effect in opening the eyes of mankind. It appeared that the admiral's own letter, which had served as the great engine of his condemnation, had been mangled and altered in a way most unworthy of honest men and gentlemen. Some parts were omitted, by which others were rendered nonsense; other periods, which gave the reasons of his behavior, as obedient to his orders, were perverted to speak the very language of cowardice: for instance, making the best of my way to Gibraltar was substituted to the genuine passage, making my way to cover Gibraltar. And thus the ministers sunk their own positive (and, by their neglect of Minorca, grown necessary) orders, that he might appear to have retired to save himself, not Gibraltar.

Other preceding despatches the admiral published in the same pamphlet, in which he had represented the bad condition of the fleet committed to him; and with much reason concluded those expostulations had been the first causes of his ruin; they who had been guilty of the neglect determining that the first discoverer should bear the punishment. Pity and indignation took place. Mr. Byng was everywhere mentioned with moderation, the ministers with abhorrence—but three months were to come before his trial; he was a prisoner, his adversaries powerful; his pamphlet was forgotten; new slanders replaced the old. I shall defer the prosecution of Mr. Byng's story till the following year, for though his trial began the end of December, no material progress could be made in it.

But, though the fate of Mr. Byng remained in suspense, the crisis for the ministers drew to a quicker termination, being hurried on by several circumstances that heightened public discontent and which could not be imputed to the unhappy admiral.

Among these incidents was the loss of the important fort of Oswego, which the French seized and demolished before a design on it was suspected. Another was of Hanoverian growth, and, happening under the eye of the people, threatened very alarming consequences. There were at this time five camps in England: one at Chatham under Lord George Sackville; another in Dorsetshire; the artillery at Byfleet in Surrey, commanded by the Duke of Marlborough, master of the ordnance; the Hessians at Winchester; the Hanoverians at Coxheath, near Maidstone. The sobriety and devotion of the foreigners had been remarkable, and amid such a scene of uneasiness and faction they had even reconciled the public voice to German mercenaries.

The imprudence of their superiors, up to their very chief, had like to have widened the breach forever. A Hanoverian soldier buying four handkerchiefs at Maidstone took by mistake the whole piece, which contained six. All parties have allowed that the fellow did it in ignorance; yet a robbery was sworn against him, and he was committed to jail. Count Kilmanseg, the commanding officer, demanded him with threats of violence; but the mayor, no way intimidated out of his duty, refused to deliver him. Kilmanseg despatched an express to Kensington; the chancellor, Newcastle, and Fox were all out of the way; Murray, the attorney-general, was so rashly complaisant as to draw a warrant, which Lord Holderness was ordered to copy, for the release of the man.

This in a few days occasioned such a flame, being mixed, as might have been expected, even in the tumultuous addresses of the time, that it was thought proper to transfer the crime, according to the politics of the year, to the subordinate agents. Kilmanseg was ordered to retire without taking leave; and the poor soldier (as a warning to Mr. Byng) received three hundred lashes. The ignorant secretary of state was menaced by the opposition; the real criminal, Murray, with no ignorance to plead, found such an outrageous violation of the law no impediment to his succeeding as chief-justice.

The disturbances flowing from these blunders, neglects, and illegalities alarmed Newcastle. He found it was no longer a reasoning for wantoning with the resentment of the successor and his mother: he determined to gratify them. The chan-

cellor, who was with great difficulty drawn to make a sacrifice of his revenge, was sent to the King, to prevail on him to yield that Lord Bute might be at the head of the Prince's family. The old man could not but observe to the chancellor how contradictory this advice was to the refusal himself had suggested, pressed. "Sir," replied the judge with sanctimonious chicane, "your Majesty has said, that you would not make the Earl of Bute groom of the stole, and undoubtedly your Majesty cannot make the Earl of Bute groom of the stole; but your Majesty has never said that you would not make the Earl of Bute treasurer, or place him in some other great post." However, this sophistry was too gross; and the King thought it less dishonorable flatly to break his declared resolution than palliate it to himself with so mean an evasion.

Newcastle, not to lag behind in the race of untruths, told Fox that nothing more would be said in council of the Prince's family; he believed nothing more would be done in it. In the meantime he regulated the whole establishment, though it hung a while in suspense, as he wished to extract from the Princess a promise of giving no further trouble.

Fox now found it was time to consult his own security; he saw Newcastle flinging up work all round himself; and suspected that Pitt would be invited to defend them. He saw how little power he had obtained by his last treaty with the duke; he saw himself involved in the bad success of measures on which he had not been consulted, scarce suffered to give an opinion; and he knew that if Newcastle and Pitt united, he must be sacrificed as the cement of their union. Indeed, his Grace, so far from keeping terms, had not observed common decency with him. A few instances, which Fox selected to justify to the King the step he was reduced to take, shall suffice. Early in the summer, Newcastle complaining of want of support, Fox told him that if it would facilitate his Grace's measures, he would resign secretary of state to Mr. Pitt and take an inferior place. This at the beginning of October the duke recollected, and told Lord Barrington, that if Fox would not take it ill, he would offer his place to Pitt the next day. So far from not taking it ill, Fox made it a matter of complaint that his Grace had dared to think he was sincere in the offer.

In the list for the Prince's family Fox saw the names of eight or ten members of Parliament, of whom he had not heard a word till the Duke of Newcastle told him all was settled with the King; and which, though meant to soften, was an aggravation by the manner, at the same time acquainted him, that the King would let Lord Digby (Fox's nephew) be a lord of the bedchamber to the Prince, preferably to the other competitors: "But it was at my desire," said the duke; "for his Majesty was very averse to do anything for you." Fox replied coldly, "Lord Digby is not likely to live." "Oh!" said Newcastle, with a brutality which the hurry of folly could not excuse, "then that will settle it." Fox made no reply, but the next day wrote him a letter to notify him that he would go on no longer. Newcastle, thunderstruck with having accomplished what he had projected, reached the letter (he received it at the board of the treasury) to Nugent, and cried, "What shall I do?" and then hurried to Lord Granville, and said he would resign his place to him. "I thought," said Granville, "I had cured you of such offers last year; I will be hanged a little before I take your place, rather than a little after."

Fox, too, went to vent his woes on Lord Granville, and prefacing them with a declaration of his inambitious temper, that shrewd, jolly man interrupted him and said: "Fox, I don't like to have you say things that will not be believed. If you was my age, very well; I have put on my nightcap; there is no more daylight for me. But you should be ambitious; I want to instil a nobler ambition into you; to make you knock the heads of the kings of Europe together, and jumble something out of it that may be of service to this country." However, he had too much experience of Newcastle to think it possible for Fox to go on with him, or to expect that Newcastle would let him.

In my own opinion, Fox hoped to terrify and to obtain an increase of sway. He went to Lady Yarmouth and uttered his grievances, and appealed to her whether he had not formerly told her, that if on the death of Mr. Pelham the Duke of Newcastle had taken him sincerely, he would have acted as faithfully under him as he had under Sir Robert Walpole: "*Ah! Monsieur Fox,*" cried Lady Yarmouth, "*il y avoit bien de la difference entre ces deux hommes la!*" She entreated him for

the sake of the King, for the sake of the country, not to quit. Not prevailing, she begged that Lord Granville might carry the message instead of her. After recapitulating his subjects of complaint, the substance of the message was, that concluding Mr. Pitt was to come into the King's service, and finding his own credit decrease daily, and how impossible it was for him to act any longer with the Duke of Newcastle, he was willing to serve his Majesty to the best of his abilities in any post, not of the Cabinet.

When Granville arrived with this letter at Kensington, he said, "I suppose your Majesty knows what I am bringing?" "Yes," replied the King, "and I dare say you disapproved and dissuaded it." "Yes, indeed, sir," said he (as he repeated the dialogue himself to Fox, "And why did you say so?" asked Fox. "Oh!" said he, shuffling it off with a laugh, "you know one must, one must.") The King, whom Newcastle had just left, seemed much irritated against Fox, talked of his ingratitude and ambition, quoted the friends of Fox that he had preferred, and particularly of his having raised so young a peer as Lord Ilchester above so many ancient barons, and when he had vented his anger against Fox, he abruptly asked Lord Granville, "Would you advise me to take Pitt?"

"Sir," said he, "you must take somebody."

"What!" cried the King; "would you bear Pitt over you?"

"While I am your Majesty's president," replied the earl, "nobody will be over me."

The King then abused Lord Temple much; and at last broke forth the secret of his heart. "I am sure," said he, "Pitt will not do my business." "You know," said Lord Granville to Fox, "what my business meant—Hanover." The supposition did honor to Pitt; but it seems, the King did not know him. The conversation ended with the King's saying, he would leave it to Fox's honor whether he would desert him now.

Fox was by no means hard-hearted on the occasion. He began to say that he would serve for the next session, but would positively resign in the spring. In the meantime he was casting about for means of union with Pitt. His resentment to Newcastle prescribed this; and his friend the Duke of Bedford, who, from the moment he had lost his turnpike bill, said that this country would be ruined by the Duke of Newcastle and the

chancellor, loudly dictated it. Fox applied to Horace Walpole, and told him, that as soon as he should be ready to break with Newcastle, he would desire him to acquaint Mr. Pitt that he should be willing to unite with him.

Walpole, who by no means approved the adoption of such Pelham politics as acting with a man only till an opportunity offered of undermining him, and who had for some time withdrawn himself from all participation of measures which he thought neither fair or wise, replied: "That it was true, he admired Mr. Pitt, though he had not the honor of his friendship; that he earnestly wished to see them united; but before he carried any such message, he must be convinced it was for Mr. Fox's honor and service."

Walpole had uniformly persisted in detaching himself from Fox, from the moment the latter had entered into engagements with Newcastle, with whom the other had determined never to have the most minute connection. Yet, I fear, passions of more mortal complexion had co-operated a little to this disunion (I cannot call it breach, as he never had the least quarrel) with Fox.

Rigby, who had vast obligations to him, was, however, grown weary of Walpole's ardor for factions, intrigues, and wished a little to realize his politics. He had not only abandoned his friend for the Duke of Bedford, but thought it time to turn this new friendship to account; and had drawn the duke out of that opposition to the court in which, by Walpole's arts, as has been shown, he had involved him. In short, Rigby, by no means in affluence, and with too much common sense to amuse himself any longer with politics that had no solid views, sacrificed the Duke of Bedford to Fox and fortune, when Walpole wished to have him sacrificed to his humor. This had made a breach between them; and Walpole, whose resentments were impetuous, and by no means of an accommodating mould, was little desirous of serving that league and of breaking Fox's fall, especially by dishonorable means. It was enough to do wrong to gratify his own passions—he was not at all disposed to err, only in contradiction to them. This detail would be impertinent, if a crisis, which Fox reckoned decisive, had not turn (as will be seen) on these secret springs; and if the author did not think it is duty to avow his own failings

and blemishes with the same frankness which he has used on other characters. The only difference is, that in others he would probably have treated the same faults with greater asperity, which the justice of the reader will supply.

Lady Yarmouth entreated Fox to see the King as soon as possible; she wished to prevent the rupture, for all the Hanoverians had contracted strange notions of the truculence of Pitt's virtue. October 18th, Fox had an audience. The monarch was sour; but endeavored to keep his temper; yet made no concessions, no request to the retiring minister to stay. At last he let slip the true cause of his indignation: "You," said he, "have made me make that puppy Bute groom of the stole," for so the junto had persuaded him, when they were forced to bend to Bute themselves.

Fox protested that he had never named it in council; he had only suggested it as a prudent measure to Newcastle. Still the King dropped suspicions of his having connections with the Princess. "Sir," replied Fox, "what I am so happy in, my attachment to your son,[8] might have assured you of that!" On his side the monarch disavowed having made any offers to Pitt. Yet so little condescension appeared, that Fox determined to quit directly, and took his leave with saying, that his intention was so much known, that now he could not avoid resigning. The King, during the whole conversation, seemed to leave open his dominion of saying or unsaying thereafter as the negotiations on the anvil should have a prosperous or unfortunate issue. The chancellor was treating with Pitt: that is, had sent to desire to see him, and plied him on the 19th and 20th with large offers.

Pitt refused all in direct terms, alleging that the Duke of Newcastle had engrossed the King's whole confidence—and it was understood that he meaned to put an exclusive negative on that duke. Yet he deigned to name the price at which that diamond, his virtue, might be purchased for the Crown. Ireland he demanded for Lord Temple; for Legge, the chancellorship of the exchequer; for George Grenville, paymaster; for James Grenville, secretary to the lord lieutenant; for Charles Townshend, treasurer to the chambers, or some such thing; for himself, secretary of state; for his country, the militia and

[8] Duke of Cumberland.

some other rattles. He named the Duke of Devonshire to the treasury, and without consulting, answered for him.

In the meantime the Prince's new family kissed hands. Lord Bute, as groom of the stole; Lord Huntingdon, master of the horse; Lord Euston, Lord Pembroke, Lord Digby, lords of the bedchamber; Mr. Monson and Mr. Ingram, grooms; Mr. Stone, secretary; Lord Bathhurst, treasurer; Mr. Masham, auditor; Mr. Brudenel, master of the robes; besides equerries and clerks of the green cloth. Mr. Cadogan was appointed privy purse to Prince Edward, who had also grooms and equerries. The late governor, Lord Waldegrave, was offered a pension on Ireland, and refused it; they then gave him the reversion of a teller's place; and one cannot tell which was most rejoiced at the separation, he or the Princess, who had been suspicious enough to take for a spy a man who would even scorn to employ one. The fate of one man was singular. The Prince of Wales himself condescended to desire Mr. Stone to prevent Scott, his subpreceptor, from being continued in any employment about him; and it was granted. Scott has been mentioned in the civil wars of the tutorhood as attached to Stone; the reason given for his exclusion was, his having talked with contempt of the Prince's understanding,[9] and with freedom of the Princess's conduct. The truth was, Scott was a frank man, of no courtly depth, and had indiscreetly disputed with Lord Bute, who affected a character of learning. The King, who loved to mark [10] his empire in the loss of it, refused to give the golden key himself to Lord Bute, as was usual, but sent it by the Duke of Grafton, who slipped it into his pocket, and advised him to take no notice of the manner. The earl, on being wished joy, was said to reply, he felt none while the Duke of Newcastle was minister.

On the 21st, in the morning, the palace—not at all the scene of action—had its solitude alarmed. The pages of the backstairs were seen hurrying about and crying, "Mr. Pitt wants my Lady Yarmouth." The great stranger made her an abrupt visit—said he had come to explain himself, lest it should be thought he had not been sufficiently explicit. He repeated his

[9] He once, before Lord Waldegrave, said to the Prince, who excused his own inapplication on the foot of idleness; "Sir, yours is not idleness; your brother Edward is idle, but you must not call being asleep all day being idle."

[10] See the motto to this book.

exclusion of Newcastle, and gave some civil though obscure hints, as if, in losing his Grace, Hanover might not lose all his friends. The visit itself seemed to indicate that. The mistress of the King and the friend of the minister was not the first person to whom one should have expected a patriot would have addressed himself, who proscribed the minister, as he had long attacked the electorate. And indeed it looked as if Mr. Pitt was afraid of having been too explicit and not too little so.

However, the difficulty was increased. The question seemed at first to be, whether Cæsar or Pompey should have the honor of supporting Crassus—when neither would, Crassus made a show of venturing to stand alone; and it seemed almost as easy for him as for either of the others. For Fox could neither trust to a Parliament devoted to Newcastle, nor dared, in his own unpopular situation, to call a new one. Pitt had not party at all; a new party would have suited him best, for he could not have fewer adherents than in the old one; and considering the temper of the nation on the late miscarriages, in which he had no hand, might acquire some clamorous voices; but the very dissatisfaction made the experiment too dangerous.

How each was counselled by his friends may be seen in a moment. Stone, cold and never sanguine, advised Newcastle to give up a desperate game; Murray threw in censures on his conduct to Fox; the Duke of Grafton, though hating Fox, wisely suggested a reconciliation with him; the chancellor, sullen and mortified, protested he would follow his Grace, but endeavored to encourage him to stand alone; affirming they could carry everything by their numbers; and having ever been ready to torture the law to annoy his enemies, he could not help expecting to find the same support from it for himself and his friends. Sir George Lyttleton concurred with him—and, if that was encouragement, offered to accept any employment. Nugent and Lord Duplin, on the contrary, dissuaded such rash measures; the latter said sensibly, "Fox and Pitt shall not need but sit still and laugh, and we must walk out of the house."

Fox's court (except Doddington, who was too shrewd not to think ill of their cause, and who accordingly acted disgusted on not having been consulted) talked as if triumphant, the moment they heard the reconciliation of Newcastle and Pitt was des-

perate. The Duke of Marlborough said Newcastle must be sent to Sussex; Claremont was too near. The Duke of Bedford would have permitted him to retire thither with a pension, and eagerly drove Fox to unite with Pitt. The party of the latter, that is, Lord Temple, was indecently forward to come into place, and having always hated by the scale of his ambition, he had only passions to sacrifice, not principles, when the terms of his advancement were to be adjusted.

Newcastle sinking, catched at feathers: his Grace proposed to Lord Egmont to be secretary of state; but he demanded an English peerage for his son as the price of his own acceptance of one of the first posts in England. Ministries were become such precarious tenures that scarce any man would list in them under places for life. The foreign ministers, a nation not apt to joke, complained bitterly of our frequent revolutions, and D'Abreu, the Spanish resident, said, before they ventured to negotiate they were obliged to ask who would be minister next session?

At last the important point was decided, and Perfidy after thirty years had an intermission. The Duke of Newcastle (with all the satisfaction which must have attended the discovery that not one man of sense would trust him any longer) declared his resolution of resigning.

October 27. The King sent for Fox, acquainted him that Newcastle would retire, and asked him if Pitt would join with him; bade him try. Fox the next day went to the Prince's levee, and taking Pitt apart at the head of the stairs said to him, "Are you going to Stowe? I ask because I believe you will have a message of consequence by persons of consequence." "You surprise me," said Pitt; "are you to be of the number?" Fox: "I don't know." Pitt: "One likes to say things to men of sense, and of your great sense, rather than to others, and yet it is difficult even to you." Fox: "What! you mean you will not act with me as a minister?" Pitt: "I do." And then to soften the abruptness of the declaration, left Fox with saying he hoped Fox would take an active part, which his health would not permit him to do.

The next day the Duke of Devonshire was ordered by the King to try to compose some ministry; and by the same authority sent for Mr. Pitt; at the same time endeavoring to

make him accommodate with Fox. But they had given too much weight to Pitt by these submissions for such a negotiator to be able to recover the balance. Pitt, knowing both his own strength and the weakness of the mediator, behaved with haughty warmth; complained of the indignity offered him by sending Fox, whom he proscribed from the Cabinet; softened a little in general, yet said, he must promote the inquiries; excused himself for having named his grace to the treasury, but as it was necessary to place some great lord there to whom the Whigs would look up, his partiality had made him presume to propose his Grace; professed not only duty to the King, but obligation for the person now commissioned to treat with him. The duke took up spirit and told him, if he refused, the King would be supported without him. Pitt did not mean to drive them to that extremity.

The negotiations took up many days, all parties raising difficulties, none bringing facilities. Pitt, who wanted friends for places, more than places for friends, seemed to think that he must figure by the greatness, since he could not by the number of his demands. Yet of his small squadron, he seemed solicitous to provide only for his allies the Grenvilles, as if what filled his only little administration would suffice for the nation's. He even affected to have forgot Charles Townshend, and as if recollecting himself, cried, "Oh, there is one that will not like to be at the bottom of the list!" The mediator duke took care this neglect should not be a secret.

On one point Pitt affected decency. Being asked who he wished to have secretary of war, he replied, he did not pretend to meddle there. He relaxed on the article of sending away the Hanoverians; softened toward a war on the Continent; owned the King of Prussia was a great object, but would not determine on foreign affairs till he had received more lights from the King's servants. With regard to the inquiries, he said at last, he would neither hinder nor move them; he was not vindictive. Addresses all the while were repeated with violence. The city of London, always governed by the absurdest heads in it, demanded to have the supplies stopped, till grievances should be redressed. Indeed it was much easier to delay than to raise them; and yet nothing but the wickedness of the intention could justify the folly of the injunction.

If Mr. Pitt had no occasion to dismiss many, Newcastle and Fox were not careless of saving all they could; in which they found great facility, as Mr. Pitt had not cousins enough to fill the whole administration. Neither of the former gave up their views on the power they quitted. Fox particularly labored to throw every difficulty in Pitt's way, and with some cause; at once excluded from the government, and menaced with a censure, it behooved him not to make over too much strength to his antagonist; and if he did not succeed in recovering his own fall, at least he left so narrow a seat to Mr. Pitt, that it required another convulsion before the latter could fix himself with any firmness. Fox hoped first to divide Pitt and Legge. The Duke of Devonshire, who thought he had influence on the latter, tried it, but in vain.

Fox too had fruitlessly endeavored to gain Legge; and on his first thought of breaking with Newcastle, had writ a confidential letter to Legge, begging him to come to town, and concert measures with him on the deplorable situation of affairs. Legge made no answer. Fox, in wrath, sent for his letter back. Legge returned it at once without a word; and depending on his favor with Lord Bute, now thought himself so considerable a part of the new accession, that he hoped to engross the treasury himself; and actually proposed Lord Hertford for first lord. Fox labored to engage the Duke of Devonshire to accept the treasury, and the Duke of Bedford to go to Ireland, at once to fix another ally in the Cabinet and to disappoint both Legge and Temple. Bedford was refractory; but luckily the throne of Ireland was heaven itself in the eyes of the duchess; and the vast emoluments of secretary were full as vehement temptations to their secretary Mr. Rigby.

Fox in the meantime endeavored to buoy up the spirits of the King, telling him he neither wanted expedients nor courage; entreated him to have patience; that Pitt would rise in his demands; that at last and at worst he would take the treasury himself, and go to the Tower rather than they should shave his Majesty's head. "Ah!" cried the King sensibly, "if you go to the Tower, I shall not be long behind you!" The Duke of Bedford was as courageous as Fox, and proposed warm opposition, or to support Fox in the administration. And thus far Fox had judged right; Pitt's demands no longer

abated. He required the dismission of Lord Holderness on the affair of the Hanoverian soldier; and proposed to take Sir Thomas Robinson for coadjutor, only exchanging provinces; himself would take the northern—that was, the Hanoverian; and it is worthy remark, that formerly in a dialogue with Fox, when the Duke of Newcastle had pretended to govern the House of Commons by Sir Thomas Robinson, Pitt, with utter contempt, had said, "He may as well send his jack-boot to govern us."

Lord Holderness wrote to Mr. Pitt that he was willing to resign as the other great persons were to do; but if it was to be inflicted as a punishment, he would insist on having his crime proved, nor till then would resign. This comforted the King; he abhorred the thought of seeing Pitt, and complained of the hardship of being forced to tell the only secrets he had to a man whom he would never let into his closet. His expostulations on these occasions were always pathetic and sensible: "What a strange country," said he to Fox, "is this! I have never known but two or three men in it who understood foreign affairs; you do not study them—and yet here comes one man (Pitt) and says he has not so much as read Wicquefort, has all to learn, and demands to be secretary of state! Indeed, he has proposed Sir Thomas Robinson too, who does understand foreign affairs, but then Mr. Pitt insists on taking the province which Sir Thomas understands." In the same conversation the King said, "The Duke of Newcastle is an honest man, and loves the Duke of Devonshire, but he will be jealous of him to-morrow, if the latter takes the treasury."

In this situation with no treasury, no plan for supplies, no communication for the foreign ministers, all government at a stand, it was necessary to defer the meeting of the Parliament. Pitt at last condescended to acquaint the Duke of Devonshire that Lord Temple would be content to take the business of the navy on him.

Yet the more they acquiesced, the more Fox labored to defeat all accommodations by which he was to be excluded. His last effort, and a rash one it was, concluded to have the great lords and commoners summoned to a meeting at Lord Granville's, where the indignities offered to the King, and the exorbitances of Mr. Pitt's demands, were to be laid before them. They were

to be entreated to stand by the King in lopping Mr. Pitt's list; and, with their approbation, a message was to be sent to him in the name of the council, that his Majesty would not endure the readmission of Mr. Legge; that Mr. Pitt should in other things be contented, except that Mr. Fox must be chancellor of the exchequer.

On this foot, and on no other, the Duke of Devonshire consented to take the treasury. Fox wished him to retain Ireland, that so, if they could weather the approaching sessions, the duke might be ready to resign the treasury into his hands, which seemed to be the drift of his intrigues; if Devonshire could not keep Ireland, then Bedford was designed to it. The secret was kept till the very day it was to be disclosed, when the Duke of Grafton, having learned it either from the King or Devonshire, was amazed at the wildness of mischief with which it was big, and went to lament with his son-in-law, Lord Hertford. It happened that Mr. Conway and Horace Walpole were at dinner with the earl, and to them, as soon as the duke was gone, he communicated what he had heard.

They were no less astonished than the others had been, and saw plainly that Fox was precipitating the King and the chief persons in England upon a measure from which it would be impossible for them to recede, to which it was impossible Pitt should submit, and that in consequence of such a rupture at such a crisis, heated as the passions of men were, even a civil war might ensue. To crush such a plan in its embryo was, in reality, serving Fox, and certainly the nation. These were sufficient inducements; and yet, as I have said, Walpole had the additional satisfaction of disappointing the views of that cabal when he persuaded Mr. Conway to go directly to the Duke of Devonshire, and alarm him with the true picture of the measure in which he had been drawn to concur. His timid nature easily caught the panic: he made the intended meeting be laid aside, the message put off, and the next day, without acquainting Fox with his determination of accepting without conditions, went to Kensington, and consented to take the treasury. Fox and the Duke of Bedford, who were waiting in the outward room, were thunderstruck; the latter expostulated warmly with Devonshire; the other, who had found Mr. Conway at Devonshire House the night before, did not want to be told

who shot the arrow; still less, when Devonshire officiously assured him it was not Mr. Conway.

Fox has said to the real author of his miscarriage, that from that hour he dated all the events in the subsequent revolutions. This happened on the 2d and 3d of November. The Duke of Devonshire having yielded, the new system began to range itself. Legge professed acquiescence—artfully; if Pitt acceded, he must of course; if Pitt did not, Legge would have all the merit of his own moderation. But that conqueror grew still more tractable: he first yielded to take the southern province; next, even to bear with Lord Holderness, if his Majesty insisted on it; yet hoped it would be waived, as he (otherwise) might set out with doing something disagreeable to his Majesty, (he) having engaged his honor, if a question should be moved on that lord, not to oppose it. Some parting rays of popular virtue were still made to glimmer; the party even ordered one Evans, a lawyer, to draw up articles of impeachment against Lord Anson; and transports were ordered for the Hanoverians, as the country magistrates urged that they were not obliged to billet them. The nation all the while expected great services from Pitt; but even the Duke of Newcastle had talked reformation, and once had gone so far as to cashier the pensions of three old widows. Pitt's was a nobler style; and as Addison said of Virgil, if he did contaminate himself, he at least tossed about his dirt with an air of majesty.

With more sincerity the little band of patriots disposed themselves to fill the conquered provinces; yet so few of them were in Parliament, and so many had difficulties of being so chosen, that it almost promised to be an administration out of Parliament. Fox even skirmished his borough from Dr. Hay, one of the new Admiralty; and had others been as desperate, would have opposed most of them on their re-elections. Pitt himself was distressed; and he, who had lately so warmly attacked the Duke of Newcastle from the seat which he held by one of that duke's boroughs, could not propose to his Grace to re-elect him, when rising on his ruins. But a little parliamentary craft of shifting boroughs adjusted this; though Newcastle vaunted that he would show both Pitt and Fox that the Parliament was his.

The Duke of Bedford for some time impeded the entire ar-

rangement by warmly refusing to take Ireland. Yet he, too, at last was mollified, after having, as was his way, declared himself with violence enough to show that if he changed afterward, it was by the influence of others. Fox had gone to Woburn to persuade him; in vain, yet returning, and indeed knowing what advocates he left behind, ventured (lest that kingdom should be given up before Bedford was brought to a proper temper) to assure the Duke of Devonshire that Bedford would accept the lord lieutenancy.

When all was adjusted the Duke of Newcastle resigned November 11th. As he retired without terrors and without parade, it was easy to penetrate his hopes of returning to court. It was assiduously propagated in all the public papers that he departed without place or pension; and his enormous estate, which he had sunk from thirty to thirteen thousand pounds a year by every ostentatious vanity, and on every womanish panic, between cooks, mobs, and apothecaries, was now represented by his tools as wasted in the cause of the government. To show how unrewarded he chose to relinquish the administration this was the catalogue of his disinterestedness. His dukedom was entailed on his nephew, Lord Lincoln, the only one[1] conferred by George II. Another nephew, Mr. Shelley, had the reversion of the pipe-office. His cousin, young T. Pelham, already of the Board of Trade, got another reversion in the custom-house. This creature, Sir George Lyttleton, was indemnified with a peerage. His secretary, Mr. West, was rewarded with a reversion for himself and son. Jones, a favorite clerk and nephew of the chancellor, had another reversion. An Irish earldom was given to Mr. O'Brien.

All this being granted, his Grace retired to Claremont, where, for about a fortnight, he played at being a country-gentleman. Guns and green frocks were bought, and at past sixty he affected to turn sportsman; but getting wet in his feet he hurried back to London in a fright, and his country was once more blessed with his assistance.

Newcastle's resignation was on the 19th followed by that of the chancellor. Great endeavors had been used to retain him, or to engage Murray to succeed him; but what terrified or dis-

[1] On the removal of Sir Robert Walpole, the King had consented to make the earls of Northampton and Ailesbury dukes, but neither having a son, they declined that honor.

gusted the former could have no temptation to the latter, who was equally a friend to Newcastle, was by no means equally ambitious, was more timorous, and still less disposed to serve with Pitt alone. Fatigue determined the scale with Lord Hardwicke, which power and profit would have kept suspended. The great seal was given in commission to Lord Chief-Justice Willes, Judge Wilmot, and Baron Smyth. Wilmot was much attached to Legge, and a man of great vivacity of parts. He loved hunting and wine, and not his profession. He had been an admired pleader before the House of Commons, but being reprimanded on the contested election for Wareham with great haughtiness by Pitt, who told him he had brought thither the pertness of his profession, and being prohibited by the Speaker from making a reply, he flung down his brief in a passion, and never would return to plead there any more. Fox procured the place of attorney-general for Henley; the comptroller's staff for Mr. Edgcumbe; the band of pensioners and treasurership of the household for Lord Berkeley, of Stratton, and Lord Bateman; an English barony for Lord Hilsborough; and asked another for his own wife and son—too ambitious a declaration of the figure he still intended to make in the House of Commons. But this was with great indignation refused; and the King, who knew how little he should displease by it, abused him in very undignified terms to the Duke of Grafton, saying, "He now wants to set his dirty shoe on my neck."

Lord Sandys was again shuffled to the top of the wheel, as Doddington was again to the bottom, the former being raised to Speaker of the House of Lords, the latter dismissed, with Lord Darlington and a few others. Pitt's list was confined to this small number; himself, Legge, and Lord Temple have been mentioned; George Grenville succeeded Doddington as treasurer of the navy; James Grenville, a lord of the treasury; Potter, a joint-paymaster of Ireland; Sir Richard Lyttleton had the jewel office; Martin, secretary of the treasury; the Admirals West and Forbes, with Dr. Hay, Elliot, and Hunter, were put into the Admiralty; John Pitt was made surveyor of the roads, and Charles Townshend, treasurer of the chambers. At the same time garters were given to the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Carlisle, Lord Northumberland, and Lord Hertford. A red ribbon and an Irish peerage to old Blakeney, who went to

Kensington in a hackney-coach with a foot soldier behind it. As Blakeney had not only lost his government, but was bedrid while it was losing, these honors were a little ridiculed; but the new ministers and Admiralty inclining to treat Mr. Byng with less rigor, this step was taken by the old court to refresh the resentment of the populace.

Excepting Lord Temple and Pitt himself, the Cabinet was still engrossed by the adherents of Newcastle and Fox; and little harmony was to be expected, or was designed, from a jumble of three such discordant interests. The invention was Fox's, who, first of all men, projected to leave his friends in place, to distress his hostile successors. Formerly the dependents of a minister resigned with affected dignity, or were abruptly dismissed—pensions and reversions now broke the fall of the few who were disgraced.

Pitt now appeared as first minister; yet between his haughtiness on one hand, and the little share he assumed, except in foreign affairs, on the other; with the affected court paid by Fox's party to the Duke of Devonshire, and with the King's disposition to communicate himself only to his old servants, all applications were made to that duke, whom the roses of power soon charmed to a forgetfulness of the thorns. Yet the irresolution of his temper, and desire of preventing further dissensions, made him yield so much to Pitt that Fox, finding himself no more minister by his proxy than he was in person, left the town in discontent; but was soon recalled by his friends, who assured him that Pitt could not long retain his post, both from his ill-health and the weakness of his party. From the first hour of his power he was confined with the gout, and remained so during the greatest part of the winter: and for accession of strength he had nothing but the partiality [2] of the Tories, who, taking all opportunities of declaring for him, gave great offence; and both his gout and his new friends were topics of unlimited abuse, which was poured on him by Fox's direction and dependents. A paper war of the most inveterate kind was opened. Two weekly papers called the " Test " and " Contest," beside occasional pamphlets, were the vehicles of satire. Mur-

[2] That partiality was not cordial, but founded on their hatred to Fox, and probably from secret intimations that the Princess, who meant to adopt them, was inclined to Pitt, and abhorred Fox for his connection with the Duke of Cumberland.

phy, a player, wrote the former on behalf of Fox, and Francis, a poetic clergyman, signalized himself on the same side.

The Parliament met December 2d. Pitt had prepared a long speech which the King would not read, but sent to him to shorten it. The House of Commons soon adjourned for the re-elections; and during the few days it sat, harmony so far took place that there was no division, scarce a debate;[3] but the seeds sown in the preceding occurrence soon developed themselves in the ensuing year.

[3] A spurious speech having been vended for the King's, it was complained of, I think, by Lord Sandwich, in the House of Lords, and the authors punished, Lord Hardwicke still taking the lead very dictatorially, but occasionally flattering Pitt on the composition of the true one.

# THE BURR-HAMILTON DUEL
## ITS CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES

BY

Aaron Burr

## AARON BURR

### 1756—1836

Aaron Burr, one of the most picturesque figures in American history, was born in New Jersey in 1756, and died at Staten Island, 1836. He graduated at Princeton in 1772; in 1775 went into the army. In 1777 he was made lieutenant-colonel, and was for a short time in command of West Point. Resigning in consequence of ill health in the spring of 1779, he was admitted to the bar, and began the practise of law at Albany, N. Y. In 1784, and again in 1798–'99, he was elected to the State Assembly. In 1789 he was appointed attorney-general of the State, and in 1791 was chosen United States senator. He was an early, zealous, and unscrupulous "Republican," and the especial rival of Alexander Hamilton, the prominent leader of the Federalists. In the presidential struggle of 1800 John Adams (then President), Thomas Jefferson, Charles C. Pinckney, and Burr were the candidates, and the votes for Jefferson and Burr were equal—seventy-three for each. After a week of balloting Jefferson was selected the President, Burr being Vice-President. He had been favored by Jefferson for that place from the first, but his ambition was higher, and he did his utmost to defeat Jefferson, who was the regular candidate of the party. This course politically ruined Burr; he was thereafter trusted by no party, though in 1804 the Federalists nominated him for governor of New York, the result being his defeat by Morgan Lewis. These disappointments and defeats, added to the intensely bitter character of the partisan warfare of the time, led to the duel (July 11, 1804) in which Hamilton was killed by Burr. For this act, which was then deemed little less than murder, Burr was legally disfranchised in New York, and covered with the heavier curse of popular indignation. In the spring of 1805 he started for the western part of the country, bent, as was generally believed, upon establishing a government in the Mexican territories, and possibly comprising a portion of the Louisiana purchase. He bought a large tract of land on Red River, and intimated that the conquest of Mexican States was a part of the plan. Four years of effort amounted to nothing, and in 1812 he returned in extreme poverty, and began to practise law in New York; but his course had alienated the people, and he could never regain his position in the courts. At the age of seventy-eight he married Madame Jumel, a widow, who had a large estate in the upper part of the city of New York; but they were soon afterward divorced. His memoirs are contained to a great degree in his letters, which show the brilliancy and versatility of his abilities and his strongly affectionate nature.

# THE BURR–HAMILTON DUEL

IN February, 1804, Colonel Burr was nominated, at a public meeting held in the city of New York, as a candidate for the office of governor. At this meeting Colonel Marinus Willett presided as chairman, and Ezekiel Robbins acted as secretary. Both these gentlemen were well known as efficient members of the Democratic party. Judge Morgan Lewis was the opposing and successful candidate. This contest was of an acrimonious character. While the great mass of the Democratic party supported Judge Lewis, a section of that party, alike distinguished for their talents and patriotism, sustained Colonel Burr. Nor were these divisions confined to the ranks of the Democracy. Among the Federalists similar dissensions sprang up. General Hamilton, and all that portion of politicians over whom he had a controlling influence, opposed the election of Colonel Burr with an ardor bordering on fanaticism. The press teemed with libels of the most atrocious character. An event connected with this election has rendered it memorable in the history of our State and country. A letter, written by Dr. Charles D. Cooper, and published pending the election, ultimately led to the hostile and fatal meeting between General Hamilton and Colonel Burr. Immediately after the death of the former gentleman, Judge William P. Van Ness, the second of Colonel Burr, published the correspondence between the parties, with a statement of the conversations he held with General Hamilton and Judge Pendleton, the second of the general. As their accuracy has never been called in question, they are now presented in the form in which they then appeared.

## Statement

On the afternoon of the seventeenth of June last (1804), says Judge Van Ness, I received a note from Colonel Burr [1] request-

[1] Colonel Burr then resided at Richmond Hill.

ing me to call on him the following morning. Upon my arrival he alleged that it had, of late, been frequently stated to him that General Hamilton had, at different times and upon various occasions, used language and expressed opinions highly injurious to his reputation; that he had for some time felt the necessity of calling on General Hamilton for an explanation of his conduct, but that the statements which had been made to him did not appear sufficiently authentic to justify the measure; that a newspaper had, however, been recently put into his hands, in which he perceived a letter signed Charles D. Cooper, containing something which he thought demanded immediate investigation. Urged by these circumstances, and justified by the evident opinion of his friends, he had determined to write General Hamilton a note upon the subject, which he requested me to deliver. I assented to this request, and, on my return to the city, which was at eleven o'clock the same morning, I delivered to General Hamilton the note which I received from Colonel Burr for that purpose, and of which the following is a copy:

No. I

NEW-YORK, June 18, 1804.

SIR,

I send for your perusal a letter signed Charles D. Cooper, which, though apparently published some time ago, has but very recently come to my knowledge. Mr. Van Ness, who does me the favour to deliver this, will point out to you that clause of the letter to which I particularly request your attention.

You must perceive, sir, the necessity of a prompt and unqualified acknowledgment or denial of the use of any expressions which would warrant the assertions of Mr. Cooper.

I have the honour to be

Your obedient servant,

A. BURR.

General HAMILTON.

General Hamilton read the note of Mr. Burr, and the printed letter of Mr. Cooper to which it refers, and remarked that they required some consideration, and that in the course

of the day he would send an answer to my office. At half past ten o'clock General Hamilton called at my house, and said that a variety of engagements would demand his attention during the whole of that day and the next, but that on Wednesday, the 20th inst., he would furnish me with such an answer to Colonel Burr's letter as he should deem most suitable and compatible with his feelings. In the evening of Wednesday, the twentieth, while I was from home, the following letter, addressed to Colonel Burr, was left at my house, under cover to me.

No. II

NEW-YORK, June 20, 1804.

SIR,

I have maturely reflected on the subject of your letter of the 18th inst., and the more I have reflected the more I have become convinced that I could not, without manifest impropriety, make the avowal or disavowal which you seem to think necessary. The clause pointed out by Mr. Van Ness is in these terms: "I could detail to you *a still more despicable* opinion which General Hamilton *has expressed* of Mr. Burr." To endeavour to discover the meaning of this declaration, I was obliged to seek in the antecedent part of this letter for the opinion to which it referred as having been already disclosed. I found it in these words: "General Hamilton and Judge Kent have declared, in *substance*, that they looked upon Mr. Burr to be a *dangerous man*, and one *who ought not to be trusted with the reins of government*."

The language of Doctor Cooper plainly implies that *he* considered this opinion of you, which he attributes to me, as a *despicable* one; but he affirms that I have expressed some other *more despicable*, without, however, mentioning to whom, when, or where. 'Tis evident that the phrase "still more despicable" admits of infinite shades, from very light to very dark. How am I to judge of the degree intended? Or how shall I annex any precise idea to language so indefinite?

Between gentlemen, *despicable* and *more despicable* are not worth the pains of distinction; when, therefore, you do not interrogate me as to the opinion which is specifically ascribed to me, I must conclude that you view it as within the limits

to which the animadversions of political opponents upon each other may justifiably extend, and, consequently, as not warranting the idea which Doctor Cooper appears to entertain. If so, what precise inference could you draw as a guide for your conduct, were I to acknowledge that I had expressed an opinion of you *still more despicable* than the one which is particularized? How could you be sure that even this opinion had exceeded the bounds which you would yourself deem admissible between political opponents?

But I forbear further comment on the embarrassment to which the requisition you have made naturally leads. The occasion forbids a more ample illustration, though nothing could be more easy than to pursue it.

Repeating that I cannot reconcile it with propriety to make the acknowledgment or denial you desire, I will add, that I deem it inadmissible, on principle, to consent to be interrogated as to the justice of the *inferences* which may be drawn by others from whatever I have said of a political opponent in the course of fifteen years competition. If there were no other objection to it, this is sufficient, that it would tend to expose my sincerity and delicacy to injurious imputations from every person who may at any time have conceived the *import* of my expressions differently from what I may then have intended or may afterward recollect. I stand ready to avow or disavow promptly and explicitly any precise or definite opinion which I may be charged with having declared of any gentleman. More than this cannot fitly be expected from me; and, especially, it cannot be reasonably expected that I shall enter into any explanation upon a basis so vague as that you have adopted. I trust, on more reflection, you will see the matter in the same light with me. If not, I can only regret the circumstance, and must abide the consequences.

The publication of Doctor Cooper was never seen by me till after the receipt of your letter. I have the honour to be, &c.,

A. HAMILTON.

Colonel BURR.

On the morning of Thursday, the twenty-first, I delivered to Colonel Burr the above letter, and, in the evening, was fur-

nished with the following letter for General Hamilton, which I delivered to him at 12 o'clock on Friday, the 22d inst.

No. III

NEW-YORK, June 21, 1804.

SIR,

Your letter of the 20th inst. has been this day received. Having considered it attentively, I regret to find in it nothing of that sincerity and delicacy which you profess to value.

Political opposition can never absolve gentlemen from the necessity of a rigid adherence to the laws of honour and the rules of decorum. I neither claim such privilege nor indulge it in others.

The common sense of mankind affixes to the epithet adopted by Doctor Cooper the idea of dishonour. It has been publicly applied to me under the sanction of your name. The question is not whether he has understood the meaning of the word, or has used it according to syntax and with grammatical accuracy, but whether you have authorized this application, either directly or by uttering expressions or opinions derogatory to my honour. The time "when" is in your own knowledge, but no way material to me, as the calumny has now first been disclosed so as to become the subject of my notice, and as the effect is present and palpable.

Your letter has furnished me with new reasons for requiring a definite reply.

I have the honour to be,
Sir, your obedient,
A. BURR.

General HAMILTON.

General Hamilton perused it, and said it was such a letter as he had hoped not to have received; that it contained several offensive expressions, and seemed to close the door to all further reply; that he had hoped the answer he had returned to Colonel Burr's first letter would have given a different direction to the controversy; that he thought Mr. Burr would have perceived that there was a difficulty in his making a more specific reply, and would have desired him to state what had fallen from him that might have given rise to the inference of Doctor Cooper. He would have done this frankly; and

he believed it would not have been found to exceed the limits justifiable among political opponents. If Mr. Burr should be disposed to give a different complexion to the discussion, he was willing to consider the last letter not delivered; but if that communication was not withdrawn, he could make no reply, and Mr. Burr must pursue such course as he should deem most proper.

At the request of General Hamilton, I replied that I would detail these ideas to Colonel Burr; but added, that if in his first letter he had introduced the idea (if it was a correct one) that he could recollect of no terms that would justify the construction made by Dr. Cooper, it would, in my opinion, have opened a door for accommodation. General Hamilton then repeated the same objections to this measure which were stated in substance in his first letter to Colonel Burr.

When I was about leaving him he observed, that if I preferred it, he would commit his refusal to writing. I replied, that if he had resolved not to answer Colonel Burr's letter, that I could report that to him verbally, without giving him the trouble of writing it. He again repeated his determination not to answer; and that Colonel Burr must pursue such course as he should deem most proper.

In the afternoon of this day I reported to Colonel Burr, at his house out of town, the answer and the determination of General Hamilton, and promised to call on him again in the evening to learn his further wishes. I was detained in town, however, this evening, by some private business, and did not call on Colonel Burr until the following morning, Saturday, the 23d June. I then received from him a letter for General Hamilton, which is numbered IV; but, as will presently be explained, never was delivered. The substance of it will be found in number XII.

When I returned with this letter to the city, which was about two o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, I sent a note to General Hamilton's office, and also to his house, desiring to know when it would be convenient to him to receive a communication. The servant, as he informed me, received for answer at both places that General Hamilton had gone to his country-seat. I then wrote the note of which No. V is a copy, and sent it out to him in the country.

No. V

June 23, 1804.

Sir,

In the afternoon of yesterday I reported to Colonel Burr the result of my last interview with you, and appointed the evening to receive his further instructions. Some private engagements, however, prevented me from calling on him till this morning. On my return to the city, I found, upon inquiry, both at your office and house, that you had returned to your residence in the country. Lest an interview there might be less agreeable to you than elsewhere, I have taken the liberty of addressing you this note, to inquire when and where it will be most convenient to you to receive a communication.

Your most obedient and very humble servant,

W. P. Van Ness.

General Hamilton.

To this I received for answer No. VI, which follows.

No. VI

Grange, June 23, 1804.

Sir,

I was in town to-day till half past one I thank you for the delicacy which dictated your note to me. If it is indispensable the communication should be made before Monday morning, I must receive it here; but I should think this cannot be important. On Monday, by nine o'clock, I shall be in town at my house in Cedar-street, No. 52, where I should be glad to see you. An additional reason for preferring this is, that I am unwilling to occasion you trouble.

With esteem I am your obedient servant,

A. Hamilton.

At nine o'clock on Monday, the twenty-fifth of June, I called on General Hamilton, at his house in Cedar Street, to present the letter No. IV already alluded to, and with instructions for a verbal communication, of which the following notes, No. VII, handed me by Mr. Burr, were to be the basis. The

substance of which, though in terms as much softened as my injunctions would permit, was accordingly communicated to General Hamilton.

## No. VII

A. Burr, far from conceiving that rivalship authorizes a latitude not otherwise justifiable, always feels greater delicacy in such cases, and would think it meanness to speak of a rival but in terms of respect; to do justice to his merits; to be silent of his foibles. Such has invariably been his conduct toward Jay, Adams, and Hamilton; the only three who can be supposed to have stood in that relation to him.

That he has too much reason to believe that, in regard to Mr. Hamilton, there has been no reciprocity. For several years his name has been lent to the support of base slanders. He has never had the generosity, the magnanimity, or the candor to contradict or disavow. Burr forbears to particularize, as it could only tend to produce new irritations; but, having made great sacrifices for the sake of harmony; having exercised forbearance until it approached to humiliation, he has seen no effect produced by such conduct but a repetition of injury. He is obliged to conclude that there is, on the part of Mr. Hamilton, a settled and implacable malevolence; that he will never cease, in his conduct toward Mr. Burr, to violate those courtesies of life; and that, hence, he has no alternative but to announce these things to the world; which, consistently with Mr. Burr's ideas of propriety, can be done in no way but that which he has adopted. He is incapable of revenge, still less is he capable of imitating the conduct of Mr. Hamilton, by committing secret depredations on his fame and character. But these things must have an end.

Before I delivered the written communication with which I was charged, General Hamilton said that he had prepared a written reply to Colonel Burr's letter of the twenty-first, which he had left with Mr. Pendleton, and wished me to receive. I answered, that the communication I had to make to him was predicated upon the idea that he would make no reply to Mr. Burr's letter of the twenty-first of June, and that I had so understood him in our conversation of the twenty-

second. General Hamilton said that he believed, before I left him, he had proffered a written reply. I observed that, when he answered verbally, he had offered to put that refusal in writing; but that, if he had now prepared a written reply, I would receive it with pleasure. I accordingly called on Mr. Pendleton on the same day (Monday, June 25th), between one and two o'clock P.M., and stated to him the result of my recent interview with General Hamilton, and the reference he had made to him.

I then received from Mr. Pendleton No. VIII, which follows:

No. VIII

NEW-YORK, June 22, 1804.

SIR,

Your first letter, in a style too peremptory, made a demand, in my opinion, unprecedented and unwarrantable. My answer, pointing out the embarrassment, gave you an opportunity to take a less exceptionable course. You have not chosen to do it; but, by your last letter, received this day, containing expressions *indecorous* and improper, you have increased the difficulties to explanation intrinsically incident to the nature of your application.

If by a "definite reply" you mean the direct avowal or disavowal required in your first letter, I have no other answer to give than that which has already been given. If you mean any thing different, admitting of greater latitude, it is requisite you should explain.

I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,

ALEX. HAMILTON.

A. BURR, Esq.

This letter was unsealed, but I did not read it in his presence. After some conversation relative to what General Hamilton would say on the subject of the present controversy, during which Mr. Pendleton read from a paper his ideas on the subject, he left me for the purpose of seeing and consulting Mr. Hamilton, taking the paper with him. In about an hour he called at my house. I informed him that I had shown to Colonel Burr the letter he had given me from General Ham-

ilton; that, in his opinion, it amounted to nothing more than the verbal reply I had already reported; that it left the business precisely where it then was; that Mr. Burr had very explicitly stated the injuries he had received and the reparation he demanded, and that he did not think it proper to be asked now for further explanation. Toward the conclusion of the conversation I informed him that Colonel Burr required a general disavowal of any intention, on the part of General Hamilton, in his various conversations, to convey expressions derogatory to the honor of Mr. Burr. Mr. Pendleton replied that he believed General Hamilton would have no objections to make such declaration, and left me for the purpose of consulting him, requesting me to call in the course of the afternoon for an answer. I called on him, accordingly, about six o'clock. He then observed that General Hamilton declined making such a disavowal as I had stated in our last conversation; that he, Mr. Pendleton, did not then perceive the whole force and extent of it; and presented me with the following paper, No. IX, which I transmitted in the evening to Mr. Burr.

No. IX

In answer to a letter properly adapted to obtain from General Hamilton a declaration whether he had charged Colonel Burr with any particular instance of dishonorable conduct, or had impeached his private character either in the conversation alluded to by Dr. Cooper, or in any other particular instance to be specified, he would be able to answer consistently with his honor and the truth, in substance, that the conversation to which Doctor Cooper alluded turned wholly on political topics, and did not attribute to Colonel Burr any instance of dishonorable conduct, nor relate to his private character; and in relation to any other language or conversation of General Hamilton which Colonel Burr will specify, a prompt and frank avowal or denial will be given.

The following day (Tuesday, June 26th), as early as was convenient, I had an interview with Colonel Burr, who informed me that he considered General Hamilton's proposition a mere evasion, that evinced a desire to leave the injurious impressions which had arisen from the conversations of Gen-

eral Hamilton in full force; that when he had undertaken to investigate an injury his honor had sustained, it would be unworthy of him not to make that investigation complete. He gave me further instructions, which are substantially contained in the following letter to Mr. Pendleton, No. X:

No. X

June 26, 1804.

Sir,

The letter which you yesterday delivered to me, and your subsequent communication, in Colonel Burr's opinion, evince no disposition, on the part of General Hamilton, to come to a satisfactory accommodation. The injury complained of and the reparation expected are so definitely expressed in Colonel Burr's letter of the 21st instant, that there is not perceived a necessity for further explanation on his part. The difficulty that would result from confining the inquiry to any particular times and occasions must be manifest. The denial of a specified conversation only would leave strong implication that on other occasions improper language had been used. When and where injurious opinions and expressions had been uttered by General Hamilton must be best known to him, and of him only will Colonel Burr inquire. No denial or declaration will be satisfactory unless it be general, so as wholly to exclude the idea that rumours derogatory to Colonel Burr's honour has originated with General Hamilton, or have been fairly inferred from any thing he has said. A definite reply to a requisition of this nature was demanded by Colonel Burr's letter of the 21st instant. This being refused, invites the alternative alluded to in General Hamilton's letter of the 20th.

It was required by the position in which the controversy was placed by General Hamilton on Friday (June 22d) last, and I was immediately furnished with a communication demanding a personal interview. The necessity of this measure has not, in the opinion of Colonel Burr, been diminished by the general's last letter, or any communication which has since been received. I am, consequently, again instructed to deliver you a message as soon as it may be convenient for

you to receive it. I beg, therefore, you will be so good as to inform me at what hour I can have the pleasure of seeing you.

Your most obedient and humble servant,

W. P. Van Ness.

Nathaniel Pendleton, Esq.

In the evening of the same day I received from him the following answer:

No. XI

June 26, 1804.

Sir,

I have communicated the letter which you did me the honour to write to me of this date, to General Hamilton. The expectations now disclosed on the part of Colonel Burr appear to him to have greatly extended the original ground of inquiry, and, instead of presenting a particular and definite case for explanation, seem to aim at nothing less than an inquisition into his most confidential conversations, as well as others, through the whole period of his acquaintance with Colonel Burr.

While he was prepared to meet the particular case fairly and fully, he thinks it inadmissible that he should be expected to answer at large as to every thing that he may possibly have said in relation to the character of Colonel Burr at any time or upon any occasion. Though he is not conscious that any charges which are in circulation to the prejudice of Colonel Burr have originated with him, except one which may have been so considered, and which has long since been fully explained between Colonel Burr and himself, yet he cannot consent to be questioned generally as to any rumours which may be afloat derogatory to the character of Colonel Burr, without specification of the several rumours, many of them, probably, unknown to him. He does not, however, mean to authorize any conclusion as to the real nature of his conduct in relation to Colonel Burr by his declining so loose and vague a basis of explanation, and he disavows an unwillingness to come to a satisfactory, provided it be an honourable, accommodation. His objection is the very indefinite ground which Colonel Burr has assumed, in which he is sorry to be

able to discern nothing short of predetermined hostility. Presuming, therefore, that it will be adhered to, he has instructed me to receive the message which you have it in charge to deliver. For this purpose I shall be at home and at your command to-morrow morning from eight to ten o'clock.

I have the honour to be, respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

NATHANIEL PENDLETON.

WM. P. VAN NESS, Esq.

I transmitted this to Colonel Burr; and, after a conference with him, in which I received his further instructions, and that no misunderstanding might arise from verbal communication, I committed to writing the remarks contained in No. XII, which follows:

No. XII

WEDNESDAY MORNING, June 27, 1804.

SIR,

The letter which I had the honour to receive from you, under date of yesterday, states, among other things, that, in General Hamilton's opinion, Colonel Burr has taken a very indefinite ground, in which he evinces nothing short of predetermined hostility, and General Hamilton thinks it inadmissible that the inquiry should extend to his confidential as well as other conversations. To this Colonel Burr can only reply, that secret whispers traducing his fame and impeaching his honour are at least equally injurious with slanders publicly uttered; that General Hamilton had, at no time and in no place, a right to use any such injurious expression; and that the partial negative he is disposed to give, with the reservations he wishes to make, are proofs that he has done the injury specified.

Colonel Burr's request was, in the first instance, proposed in a form the most simple, in order that General Hamilton might give to the affair that course to which he might be induced by his temper and his knowledge of facts. Colonel Burr trusted with confidence, that, from the frankness of a soldier and the candour of a gentleman, he might expect an ingenuous declaration. That if, as he had reason to believe, General

Hamilton had used expressions derogatory to his honour, he would have had the magnanimity to retract them; and that if, from his language, injurious inferences had been improperly drawn, he would have perceived the propriety of correcting errors which might thus have been widely diffused. With these impressions Colonel Burr was greatly surprised at receiving a letter which he considered as evasive, and which, in manner, he deemed not altogether decorous. In one expectation, however, he was not wholly deceived; for the close of General Hamilton's letter contained an intimation that, if Colonel Burr should dislike his refusal to acknowledge or deny, he was ready to meet the consequences. This Colonel Burr deemed a sort of defiance, and would have felt justified in making it the basis of an immediate message; but, as the communication contained something concerning the indefiniteness of the request; as he believed it rather the offspring of false pride than of reflection; and as he felt the utmost reluctance to proceed to extremities while any other hope remained, his request was repeated in terms more explicit. The replies and propositions on the part of General Hamilton have, in Colonel Burr's opinion, been constantly, in substance, the same.

Colonel Burr disavows all motives of predetermined hostility, a charge by which he thinks insult added to injury. He feels as a gentleman should when his honour is impeached or assailed; and, without sensations of hostility or wishes of revenge, he is determined to vindicate that honour at such hazard as the nature of the case demands.

The length to which this correspondence has extended only tending to prove that the satisfactory redress, earnestly desired, cannot be attained, he deems it useless to offer any proposition except the single message which I shall now have the honour to deliver.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

W. P. Van Ness.

Nathaniel Pendleton, Esq.

I handed this to Mr. Pendleton at twelve o'clock on Wednesday the twenty-seventh. After he had perused it, agreeable to my instructions, I delivered the message which it is unneces-

sary to repeat. The request it contained was acceded to. After which Mr. Pendleton remarked that a court was then sitting in which General Hamilton had much business to transact, and that he had also some private arrangements to make, which would render some delay unavoidable. I acceded to his wish, and Mr. Pendleton said he would call on me again in the course of the day or the following morning, to confer further relative to time and place.

Thursday, June 28th, ten o'clock P.M., Mr. Pendleton called on me with a paper which he said contained some views of General Hamilton, and which he had received from him. I replied, that if the paper contained a definite and specific proposition for an accommodation, I would with pleasure receive it, and submit it to the consideration of my principal; if not, that I must decline taking it, as Mr. Burr conceived the correspondence completely terminated by the acceptance of the invitation contained in the message I had yesterday delivered. Mr. Pendleton replied that the paper did not contain any proposition of the kind I alluded to, but remarks on my last letter. I, of course, declined receiving it. Mr. Pendleton then took leave, and said that he would call again in a day or two to arrange time and place.

Tuesday, July 3d, I again saw Mr. Pendleton; and, after a few subsequent interviews, the time when the parties were to meet was ultimately fixed for the morning of the eleventh of July instant. The occurrences of that interview will appear from the following statement, No. XIII, which has been drawn up and mutually agreed to by the seconds of the parties:

## No. XIII

Colonel Burr arrived first on the ground, as had been previously agreed. When General Hamilton arrived, the parties exchanged salutations, and the seconds proceeded to make their arrangements. They measured the distance, ten full paces, and cast lots for the choice of position, as also to determine by whom the word should be given, both of which fell to the second of General Hamilton. They then proceeded to load the pistols in each other's presence, after which the parties took their stations. The gentleman who was to give the word then explained to the

parties the rules which were to govern them in firing, which were as follows: "The parties being placed at their stations, the second who gives the word shall ask them whether they are ready; being answered in the affirmative, he shall say—*present*! After this the parties shall present and fire *when they please*. If one fires before the other, the opposite second shall say *one, two, three, fire*, and he shall then fire or lose his fire. He then asked if they were prepared; being answered in the affirmative, he gave the word *present*, as had been agreed on, and both parties presented and fired in succession. The intervening time is not expressed, as the seconds do not precisely agree on that point. The fire of Colonel Burr took effect, and General Hamilton almost instantly fell. Colonel Burr advanced toward General Hamilton with a manner and gesture that appeared to General Hamilton's friend to be expressive of regret; but, without speaking, turned about and withdrew, being urged from the field by his friend, as has been subsequently stated, with a view to prevent his being recognized by the surgeon and bargemen who were then approaching. No further communication took place between the principals, and the barge that carried Colonel Burr immediately returned to the city. We conceive it proper to add, that the conduct of the parties in this interview was perfectly proper, as suited the occasion."

In the interviews between Mr. Pendleton and Mr. Van Ness, they were not able to agree in two important facts that passed on the ground. "Mr. Pendleton expressed a confident opinion that General Hamilton did not fire first, and that he did not fire at all at Colonel Burr. Mr. Van Ness seemed equally confident in opinion that General Hamilton did fire first; and, of course, that it must have been *at* his antagonist."

Such was the statement made by the friend of Colonel Burr. It is now proposed to insert such explanations of, or remarks on, the communications between the parties as emanated from the friend of General Hamilton. None were given previous to document No. III. Immediately after that letter, dated June 21st, are the following remarks:

"On Saturday, the 22d of June, General Hamilton for the first time called on Mr. Pendleton, and communicated to him the preceding correspondence. He informed him that, in a conversation with Mr. Van Ness at the time of receiving

the last letter (No. III), he told Mr. Van Ness that he considered that letter as rude and offensive, and that it was not possible for him to give any other answer than that Mr. Burr must take such steps as he might think proper. He said, further, that Mr. Van Ness requested him to take time to deliberate, and then return an answer, when he might possibly entertain a different opinion, and that he would call on him to receive it. That his reply to Mr. Van Ness was, that he did not perceive it possible for him to give any other answer than that he had mentioned, unless Mr. Burr would take back his last letter, and write one which would admit of a different reply. He then gave Mr. Pendleton the letter hereafter mentioned of the 22d of June, to be delivered to Mr. Van Ness when he should call on Mr. Pendleton for an answer, and went to his country house."

[After No. V, dated June 23d, is the following:]

"Mr. Pendleton understood from General Hamilton that he immediately answered that, if the communication was pressing, he would receive it at his country house that day; if not, he would be at his house in town the next morning at nine o'clock. But he did not give Mr. Pendleton any copy of this note."

[After No. VIII, dated June 22d, is the following:]

"This letter, although dated on the 22d of June, remained in Mr. Pendleton's possession until the 25th, within which period he had several conversations with Mr. Van Ness. In these conversations Mr. Pendleton endeavoured to illustrate and enforce the propriety of the ground General Hamilton had taken. Mr. Pendleton mentioned to Mr. Van Ness as the result, that if Colonel Burr would write a letter, requesting to know, in substance, whether, in the conversation to which Dr. Cooper alluded, any particular instance of dishonourable conduct was imputed to Colonel Burr, or whether there was any impeachment of his private character, General Hamilton would declare, to the best of his recollection, what passed in that conversation; and Mr. Pendleton read to Mr. Van Ness a paper containing the substance of what General Hamilton would say on that subject, which is as follows:

"General Hamilton says he cannot imagine to what Doctor Cooper may have alluded, unless it were to a conversation at

Mr. Taylor's, in Albany, last winter (at which he and General Hamilton were present). General Hamilton cannot recollect distinctly the particulars of that conversation, so as to undertake to repeat them without running the risk of varying, or omitting what might be deemed important circumstances. The expressions are entirely forgotten, and the specific ideas imperfectly remembered; but, to the best of his recollection, it consisted of comments on the political principles and views of Colonel Burr, and the results that might be expected from them in the event of his election as governor, without reference to any particular instance of past conduct or to private character."

"After the delivery of the letter of the 22d, as above mentioned, in another interview with Mr. Van Ness, he desired Mr. Pendleton to give him, *in writing,* the substance of what he had proposed on the part of General Hamilton, which Mr. Pendleton did, in the following words." [See No. IX.]

[After No. XII, dated June 27th, is the following:]

"With this letter a message was received, such as was to be expected, containing an invitation which was accepted, and Mr. Pendleton informed Mr. Van Ness he should hear from him the next day as to further particulars.

"This letter was delivered to General Hamilton on the same evening, and a very short conversation ensued between him and Mr. Pendleton, who was to call on him early the next morning for a further conference. When he did so, General Hamilton said he had not understood whether the message and answer was definitely concluded, or whether another meeting was to take place for that purpose between Mr. Pendleton and Mr. Van Ness. Under the latter impression, and as the last letter contained matter that naturally led to animadversion, he gave Mr. Pendleton a paper of remarks in his own handwriting, to be communicated to Mr. Van Ness, if the state of the affair rendered it proper.

"In an interview with Mr. Van Ness on the same day, after explaining the causes which had induced General Hamilton to suppose that the state of the affair did not render it improper, Mr. Pendleton offered this paper to Mr. Van Ness, but he declined receiving it, alleging that he considered the correspondence as closed by the acceptance of the message that he had delivered.

"Mr. Pendleton then informed Mr. Van Ness of the inducements mentioned by General Hamilton in the paper for at least postponing the meeting until the close of the circuit; and, as this was uncertain, Mr. Pendleton was to let him know when it would be convenient."

*Remarks on the letter of June 27, 1804, which Mr. Van Ness declined to receive*

"Whether the observations on this letter are designed merely to justify the result which is indicated in the close of the letter, or may be intended to give an opening for rendering any thing explicit which may have been deemed vague heretofore, can only be judged of by the sequel. At any rate, it appears to me necessary not to be misunderstood. Mr. Pendleton is therefore authorized to say, that in the course of the present discussion, written or verbal, there has been no intention to evade, defy, or insult, but a sincere disposition to avoid extremities, if it could be done with propriety. With this view General Hamilton has been ready to enter into a frank and free explanation on any and every object of a specific nature; but not to answer a general and abstract inquiry, embracing a period too long for any accurate recollection, and exposing him to unpleasant criticisms from, or unpleasant discussions with, any and every person who may have understood him in an unfavorable sense. This (admitting that he could answer in a manner the most satisfactory to Colonel Burr) he should deem inadmissible in principle and precedent, and humiliating in practice. To this, therefore, he can never submit. Frequent allusion has been made to slanders said to be in circulation. Whether they are openly or in whispers, they have a form and shape, and might be specified."

"If the alternative alluded to in the close of the letter is definitely tendered, it must be accepted; the time, place, and manner to be afterward regulated. I should not think it right, in the midst of a circuit court, to withdraw my services from those who may have confided important interests to me, and expose them to the embarrassment of seeking other counsel, who may not have time to be sufficiently instructed in their causes. I shall also want a little time to make some arrangements respecting my own affairs."

"On Friday, the 6th of July, the circuit being closed, Mr. Pendleton informed Mr. Van Ness that General Hamilton would be ready at any time after the Sunday following. On Monday the particulars were arranged. On Wednesday the parties met at Weehawk, on the Jersey shore, at seven o'clock A.M. The particulars of what then took place appear in the statement, as agreed upon and corrected by the seconds of the parties." [See No. XIII.]

### DR. DAVID HOSACK TO WILLIAM COLEMAN

August 17, 1804.

Dear Sir,

To comply with your request is a painful task; but I will repress my feelings while I endeavour to furnish you with an enumeration of such particulars relative to the melancholy end of our beloved friend Hamilton as dwell most forcibly on my recollection.

When called to him upon his receiving the fatal wound, I found him half sitting on the ground, supported in the arms of Mr. Pendleton. His countenance of death I shall never forget. He had at that instant just strength to say, "This is a mortal wound, doctor;" when he sunk away, and became to all appearance lifeless. I immediately stripped up his clothes, and soon, alas! ascertained that the direction of the ball must have been through some vital part.[2] His pulses were not to be felt, his respiration was entirely suspended, and, upon laying my hand on his heart and perceiving no motion there, I considered him as irrecoverably gone. I, however, observed to Mr. Pendleton, that the only chance for his reviving was immediately to get him upon the water. We therefore lifted him up, and carried him out of the wood to the margin of the bank, where the bargemen aided us in conveying him into the boat, which immediately put off. During all this time I could not discover the least symptom of returning life. I now rubbed his

[2] For the satisfaction of some of General Hamilton's friends, I examined his body after death, in presence of Dr. Post and two other gentlemen. I discovered that the ball struck the second or third false rib, and fractured it about in the middle; it then passed through the liver and diaphragm, and, as far as we could ascertain without a minute examination, lodged in the first or second lumbar vertebra. The vertebra in which it was lodged was considerably splintered, so that the spiculæ were distinctly perceptible to the finger. About a pint of clotted blood was found in the cavity of the belly, which had probably been effused from the divided vessels of the liver.

face, lips, and temples with spirits of hartshorn, applied it to his neck and breast, and to the wrists and palms of his hands, and endeavoured to pour some into his mouth. When we had got, as I should judge, about fifty yards from the shore, some imperfect efforts to breathe were for the first time manifest; in a few minutes he sighed, and became sensible to the impression of the hartshorn or the fresh air of the water. He breathed; his eyes, hardly opened, wandered, without fixing upon any object; to our great joy, he at length spoke. "My vision is indistinct," were his first words. His pulse became more perceptible, his respiration more regular, his sight returned. I then examined the wound to know if there was any dangerous discharge of blood; upon slightly pressing his side it gave him pain, on which I desisted. Soon after recovering his sight, he happened to cast his eye upon the case of pistols, and observing the one that he had had in his hand lying on the outside, he said, "Take care of that pistol; it is undischarged, and still cocked; it may go off and do harm. Pendleton knows" (attempting to turn his head towards him) "that I did not intend to fire at him." "Yes," said Mr. Pendleton, understanding his wish, "I have already made Dr. Hosack acquainted with your determination as to that." He then closed his eyes and remained calm, without any disposition to speak; nor did he say much afterward, except in reply to my questions. He asked me once or twice how I found his pulse; and he informed me that his lower extremities had lost all feeling, manifesting to me that he entertained no hopes that he should long survive. I changed the posture of his limbs, but to no purpose; they had entirely lost their sensibility. Perceiving that we approached the shore, he said, "Let Mrs. Hamilton be immediately sent for; let the event be gradually broken to her, but give her hopes." Looking up we saw his friend, Mr. Bayard, standing on the wharf in great agitation. He had been told by his servant that General Hamilton, Mr. Pendleton, and myself had crossed the river in a boat together, and too well he conjectured the fatal errand, and foreboded the dreadful result. Perceiving, as we came nearer, that Mr. Pendleton and myself only sat up in the stern sheets, he clasped his hands together in the most violent apprehension; but when I called to him to have a cot prepared, and he at the same moment saw his poor

friend lying in the bottom of the boat, he threw up his eyes and burst into a flood of tears and lamentation. Hamilton alone appeared tranquil and composed. We then conveyed him as tenderly as possible up to the house. The distresses of this amiable family were such that, till the first shock was abated, they were scarcely able to summon fortitude enough to yield sufficient assistance to their dying friend.

Upon our reaching the house he became more languid, occasioned probably by the agitation of his removal from the boat. I gave him a little weak wine and water. When he recovered his feelings, he complained of pain in his back; we immediately undressed him, laid him in bed, and darkened the room. I then gave him a large anodyne, which I frequently repeated. During the first day he took upward of an ounce of laudanum; and tepid anodyne fomentations were also applied to those parts nearest the seat of his pain. Yet were his sufferings during the whole of the day almost intolerable.[3] I had not the shadow of a hope of his recovery; and Dr. Post, whom I requested might be sent for immediately on our reaching Mr. Bayard's house, united with me in this opinion. General Rey, the French consul, also had the goodness to invite the surgeons of the French frigates in our harbour, as they had had much experience in gunshot wounds, to render their assistance. They immediately came; but, to prevent his being disturbed, I stated to them his situation, described the nature of his wound, and the direction of the ball, with all the symptoms that could enable them to form an opinion as to the event. One of the gentlemen then accompanied me to the bedside. The result was a confirmation of the opinion that had already been expressed by Dr. Post and myself.

During the night he had some imperfect sleep, but the succeeding morning his symptoms were aggravated, attended, however, with a diminution of pain. His mind retained all its usual strength and composure. The great source of his anxiety seemed to be in his sympathy with his half-distracted wife and children. He spoke to me frequently of them—"My beloved wife and children" were always his expressions. But his fortitude triumphed over his situation, dreadful as it was; once,

[3] As his habit was delicate, and had been lately rendered more feeble by ill-health, particularly by a disorder of the stomach and bowels, I carefully avoided all those remedies which are usually indicated on such occasions.

indeed, at the sight of his children, brought to the bedside together, seven in number, his utterance forsook him; he opened his eyes, gave them one look, and closed them again till they were taken away. As a proof of his extraordinary composure of mind, let me add, that he alone could calm the frantic grief of their mother. "*Remember, my Eliza, you are a Christian,*" were the expressions with which he frequently, with a firm voice, but in a pathetic and impressive manner, addressed her. His words, and the tone in which they were uttered, will never be effaced from my memory. About two o'clock, as the public well know, he expired—

"Incorrupta fides—nudaque veritas
Quando ullum invenient parem?
Multis ille quidem flebilis occidit."

Your friend and humble servant,
DAVID HOSACK.

"After his death, a note, which had been written the evening before the interview, was found addressed to the gentleman who accompanied him to the field; thanking him with tenderness for his friendship to him, and informing him where would be found the keys of certain drawers in his desk, in which he had deposited such papers as he had thought proper to leave behind him, together with his last will." Among these papers was the following:

On my expected interview with Colonel Burr, I think it proper to make some remarks explanatory of my conduct, motives, and views.

I was certainly desirous of avoiding this interview for the most cogent reasons.

1. My religious and moral principles are strongly opposed to the practice of duelling, and it would ever give me pain to be obliged to shed the blood of a fellow-creature in a private combat forbidden by the laws.

2. My wife and children are extremely dear to me, and my life is of the utmost importance to them in various views.

3. I feel a sense of obligation towards my creditors; who, in case of accident to me, by the forced sale of my property, may be in some degree sufferers. I did not think myself at liberty, as a man of probity, lightly to expose them to this hazard.

4. I am conscious of no *ill will* to Colonel Burr distinct from political opposition, which, as I trust, has proceeded from pure and upright motives.

Lastly, I shall hazard much, and can possibly gain nothing by the issue of the interview.

But it was, as I conceive, impossible for me to avoid it. There were intrinsic difficulties in the thing, and *artificial* embarrassments from the manner of proceeding on the part of Colonel Burr.

*Intrinsic*, because it is not to be denied that my animadversions on the political principles, character, and views of Colonel Burr have been extremely severe; and, on different occasions, I, in common with many others, have made very unfavourable criticisms on particular instances of the private conduct of this gentleman.

In proportion as these impressions were entertained with sincerity, and uttered with motives and for purposes which might appear to be commendable, would be the difficulty (until they could be removed by evidence of their being erroneous) of explanation or apology. *The disavowal required of me by Colonel Burr, in a general and definite form, was out of my power*, if it had really been proper for me to submit to be so questioned; but I was sincerely of the opinion that this could not be; and in this opinion I was confirmed by that of a very moderate and judicious friend whom I consulted. Besides that, Colonel Burr appeared to me to assume, in the first instance, a tone unnecessarily peremptory and menacing, and, in the second, positively offensive. Yet I wished, as far as might be practicable, to leave a door open for accommodation. This, I think, will be inferred from the written communications made by me and by my direction, and would be confirmed by the conversations between Mr. Van Ness and myself which arose out of the subject.

I am not sure whether, under all the circumstances, I did not go further in the attempt to accommodate than a punctilious delicacy will justify. If so, I hope the motives I have stated will excuse me.

It is not my design, by what I have said, to affix any odium on the character of Colonel Burr in this case. *He doubtless has heard of animadversions of mine which bore very hard*

*upon him;* and it is probable that, as usual, they were accompanied with some falsehoods. He may have supposed himself under a necessity of acting as he has done. I hope the grounds of his proceeding have been such as ought to satisfy his own conscience.

I trust, at the same time, that the world will do me the justice to believe *that I have not censured him on light grounds* nor from unworthy inducements. *I certainly have had strong reasons for what I have said, though it is possible that in some particulars I have been influenced by misconstruction or misinformation.* It is also my ardent *wish that I may have been more mistaken than I think I* have been, and that he, by his future conduct, may show himself worthy of all confidence and esteem, and prove an ornament and blessing to the country.

As well, because it is possible that I may have injured Colonel Burr, however convinced myself that my opinions and declarations have been well founded, as from my general principles and temper in relation to similar affairs, I have resolved, if our interview is conducted in the usual manner, and it pleases God to give me the opportunity, to reserve and throw away my first fire, and I have thoughts even of reserving my second fire, and thus giving a double opportunity to Colonel Burr to pause and to reflect.

It is not, however, my intention to enter into any explanations on the ground—apology from principle, I hope, rather than pride, is out of the question.

To those who, with me, abhorring the practice of duelling, may think that I ought on no account to add to the number of bad examples, I answer, that my *relative* situation, as well in public as private, enforcing all the considerations which men of the world denominate honour, imposed on me (as I thought) a peculiar necessity not to decline the call. The ability to be in future useful, whether in resisting mischief or effecting good, in those crises of our public affairs which seem likely to happen, would probably be inseparable from a conformity with prejudice in this particular.

A. H.

The impression which the death of General Hamilton made on every class of people in the city of New York is best de-

scribed by simply remarking, that all party distinction was lost in the general sentiment of respect expressed for the illustrious dead. On Wednesday morning, the eleventh of July, 1804, the parties met; on Thursday, the 12th, General Hamilton died; and on Saturday, the 14th, he was interred, with military honors, "the Society of the Cincinnati being charged with the direction of the funeral ceremonies of its president-general." About noon, the different bodies forming the procession took their respective places. The body was conducted from the house of his brother-in-law, John B. Church, Esq., to Trinity Church, where an appropriate oration was delivered by the Hon. Gouverneur Morris.

TO THEODOSIA

NEW-YORK, July 10, 1804.

Having lately written my will, and given my private letters and papers in charge to you, I have no other direction to give you on the subject but to request you to burn all such as, if by accident made public, would injure any person. This is more particularly applicable to the letters of my female correspondents. All my letters, and copies of letters, of which I have retained copies, are in the six blue boxes. If your husband or any one else (no one, however, could do it so well as he) should think it worth while to write a sketch of my life, some materials will be found among these letters.

Tell my dear Natalie that I have not left her any thing, for the very good reason that I had nothing to leave to any one. My estate will just about pay my debts and no more—I mean, if I should die this year. If I live a few years, it is probable things may be better. Give Natalie one of the pictures of me. There are three in this house; that of Stewart, and two by Vanderlyn. Give her any other little tokens she may desire. One of those pictures, also, I pray you to give to Doctor Eustis. To Bartow something—what you please.

I pray you and your husband to convey to Peggy the small lot, not numbered, which is the fourth article mentioned in my list of property. It is worth about two hundred and fifty dollars. Give her also fifty dollars in cash as a reward for her fidelity. Dispose of Nancy as you please. She is honest, robust, and good-tempered. Peter is the most intelligent and

best-disposed black I have ever known. (I mean the black boy I bought last fall from Mr. Turnbull.) I advise you, by all means, to keep him as the valet of your son. Persuade Peggy to live with you if you can.

I have desired that my wearing apparel be given to Frederic. Give him also a sword or pair of pistols.

Burn immediately a small bundle, tied with a red string, which you will find in the little flat writing-case—that which we used with the curricle. The bundle is marked "*Put.*"

The letters of *Clara* (the greater part of them) are tied up in a white handkerchief, which you will find in the blue box No. 5. You may hand them to Mari, if you please. My letters to Clara are in the same bundle. You, and by-and-by Aaron Burr Alston, may laugh at *gamp* when you look over this nonsense.

Many of the letters of *Clara* will be found among my ordinary letters, filed and marked, sometimes "*Clara,*" sometimes "L."

I am indebted to you, my dearest Theodosia, for a very great portion of the happiness which I have enjoyed in this life. You have completely satisfied all that my heart and affections had hoped or even wished. With a little more perseverance, determination, and industry, you will obtain all that my ambition or vanity had fondly imagined. Let your son have occasion to be proud that he had a mother. Adieu. Adieu.

A. Burr.

I have directed that the flat writing-case and the blue box No. 5, both in the library, be opened only by you. There are six of these blue boxes, which contain my letters and copies of letters, except those two clumsy quarto volumes, in which letter-press copies are pasted. They are somewhere in the library. The keys of the other five boxes are in No. 5.

It just now occurs to me to give poor dear Frederic my watch. I have already directed my executors here to give him my wearing apparel. When you come hither you must send for Frederic, and open your whole heart to him. He loves *me* almost as much as Theodosia does; and he does love *you* to adoration.

I have just now found four packets of letters between *Clara*

*and Mentor* besides those in the handkerchief. I have thrown them loose into box No. 5. What a medley you will find in that box!

The seal of the late General Washington, which you will find in the blue box No. 5, was given to me by Mr. and Mrs. Law. You may keep it for your son, or give it to whom you please.

Assure Mrs. Law of my latest recollection. Adieu. Adieu.

A. Burr.

TO JOSEPH ALSTON

New-York, July 10, 1804.

My dear Sir,

You will find enclosed a statement of my affairs. Swartwout and Van Ness are joint executors with you and Theodosia. It was indispensable that there should be an executor on the spot. I have directed them to sell immediately my horses, and to sell nothing else until your pleasure shall be known. I pray that Theodosia may be consulted and gratified in this particular.

Explanations of every concern of my property is given in two sheets of paper which accompany my will. The enclosed is an abstract.

It would have been a great satisfaction to me to have had your assurance that you would assume my debts, and take and dispose of the propery at discretion. It may be done in a way which you would find a convenience. My creditors would take your assumption at such time as you might judge convenient. The property will, undoubtedly, produce more than the amount of my debts. What you may not incline to keep may be forthwith turned into cash.

The library, maps, pictures, and wine are articles which you will need, and which you cannot procure without great trouble and more money. I think, too, you would do well to retain Richmond Hill, as a more convenient residence than Montalto, particularly as no expense will be necessary for buildings or improvements.

My private letters I have directed to be put in the hands of Theodosia, that she may select from them her own, those of her mother, and some others. Among them and my copies you

will find much of trifling, something of amusement, and a little of interest.

Get from Mr. Taylor (the younger), of Columbia or Camden, my letters to his brother-in-law, the late J. E. Hunt, who was one of your chancellors.

Messrs. R. Bunner, William Duer, John Duer, and J. W. Smith, of this city, and John Van Ness Yates, of Albany, all lawyers and young men of talents, have manifested great and disinterested zeal in my favour on some recent occasions.[4] I pray you to take some notice of them, and give to each of them, and to William T. Broome, now in Paris, some small token of remembrance of me. William T. Broome, with great defects of temper, unites very considerable literary talents and acquirements. A little attention would attach them all to you.

My very worthy friend, Charles Biddle, of Philadelphia, has six or seven sons—three of them grown up. With different characters and various degrees of intelligence, they will all be men of eminence and of influence. Call to see the father when you pass through Philadelphia, and receive the sons kindly.

I have taught my friends in every quarter to look to you as my representative. There are many of them, your discernment will distinguish which, on whose loyalty and firmness you may rely through all changes.

I have called out General Hamilton, and we meet to-morrow morning. Van Ness will give you the particulars. The preceding has been written in contemplation of this event. If it should be my lot to fall, * * * * * * * * yet I shall live in you and your son. I commit to you all that is most dear to me—my reputation and my daughter. Your talents and your attachment will be the guardian of the one—your kindness and your generosity of the other.

Let me entreat you to stimulate and aid Theodosia in the cultivation of her mind. It is indispensable to her happiness and essential to yours. It is also of the utmost importance to your son. She would presently acquire a critical knowledge of Latin, English, and all branches of natural philosophy. All this would be poured into your son. If you should differ with

[4] They supported Colonel Burr for the office of governor in opposition to Morgan Lewis.

me as to the importance of this measure, suffer me to ask it of you as a last favour. She will richly compensate your trouble.

Most affectionately adieu,

A. BURR.

The elder Prevost,[5] Augustine James Frederic Prevost, is a most amiable and honourable man. Under the garb of coarse rusticity you will find, if you know him, refinement, wit, a delicate sense of propriety, the most inflexible intrepidity, incorruptible integrity, and disinterestedness. I wish you could know him; but it would be difficult, by reason of his diffidence and great reluctance to mingle with the world. It has been a source of extreme regret and mortification to me that he should be lost to society and to his friends. The case seems almost remediless, for, alas! *he is married!*

A. BURR.

If you can pardon and indulge a folly, I would suggest that Madame Sansay, too well known under the name of Leonora, has claims on my recollection. She is now with her husband at St. Jago of Cuba.

A. BURR.

### TO JOSEPH ALSTON

NEW-YORK, July 13, 1804.

General Hamilton died yesterday. The malignant federalists or tories, and the imbittered Clintonians, unite in endeavouring to excite public sympathy in his favour and indignation against his antagonist. Thousands of absurd falsehoods are circulated with industry. The most illiberal means are practised in order to produce excitement, and, for the moment, with effect.

I propose leaving town for a few days, and meditate also a journey for some weeks, but whither is not resolved. Perhaps to Statesburgh. You will hear from me again in about eight days.

A. BURR.

[5] Mrs. Burr's son by her first husband, Colonel Prevost, of the British army.

TO JOSEPH ALSTON

July 18, 1804.

The event of which you have been advised has driven me into a sort of exile, and may terminate in an actual and permanent ostracism. Our most unprincipled Jacobins are the loudest in their lamentations for the death of General Hamilton, whom, for many years, they have uniformly represented as the most detestable and unprincipled of men—the motives are obvious. Every sort of persecution is to be exercised against me. A coroner's jury will sit this evening, being the *fourth* time. The object of this unexampled measure is to obtain an inquest of murder. Upon this a warrant will issue to apprehend me, and, if I should be taken, no bail would probably be allowed. You know enough of the temper and principles of the generality of the officers of our state government to form a judgment of my position.

The statement [6] in the Morning Chronicle was not submitted to my perusal, I being absent at the time of the publication. Several circumstances not very favourable to the deceased are suppressed; I presume, from holy reverence for the dead. I am waiting the report of this jury; when that is known, you shall be advised of my movements. At present I have decided on nothing. Write under cover to Charles Biddle, Philadelphia.

A. Burr.

TO THEODOSIA

July 20, 1804.

La G. has, on a recent occasion, manifested a degree of sensibility and attachment which have their influence on *gamp*. Her conduct is also highly honourable to the independence of her mind, for all her associations and connexions would lead to a different result. An interview is expected this evening, which, if it take place, will terminate in something definitive.

It was, indeed, a pretty ludicrous description which you received. On the other side you may add, real good-temper and cheerfulness; a good education, according to the estimation of the world. I shall journey somewhere within a few days, but

[6] The statement made by William P. Van Ness, Colonel Burr's second.

whither is not yet decided. My heart will travel southward, and repose on the hills of Santee.

Adieu, my dear child.

A. BURR.

TO JOSEPH ALSTON

PHILADELPHIA, July 29, 1804.

The coroner's jury continued to the 26th (my last New-York date) to sit and adjourn. Upon suspicion that my friends had some knowledge of the subject, derived either from Van Ness or me, *warrants* have issued to bring them in to testify. Matthew L. Davis was apprehended, and, refusing to answer, was committed to prison, where he now lies; probably Colonel Willett is now also in jail on the same account. Swartwout, Van Ness, and others are secreted. How long this sort of persecution may endure cannot be conjectured.

The ferment, which was with so much industry excited, has subsided, and public opinion begins to take its proper course.

A. BURR.

FROM JOHN SWARTWOUT

NEW-YORK, August 2, 1804.

I was interrupted in my letter yesterday. The jury agreed to their verdict this morning at *two* o'clock, *viz.*, wilful murder by the hand of A. B. William P. Van Ness and Nathaniel Pendleton accessories before the fact. The only evidence, Bishop Moore. Edward Ferris, James Ferris, and a Mr. Milne dissented, and contemplate a protest against the illegal conduct of the coroner. Their counsel is James Woods. At four o'clock this morning I despatched an express to Van Ness. The printers, you perceive, continue their malevolence through the vilest motives; notwithstanding all this, there is a considerable reaction. The public palate has become satiated. The Nicholsons, the Gelstons, the Mills's, and many other demo's are rapidly travelling back to 1800. Mr. P. called and begged that the Chronicle might still be kept silent. He observed, that he mixed with these people, and found it to be the true policy. Although this is not my opinion, yet we must be governed by the advice of the majority.

The oration (by Gouverneur Morris) has displeased many

republicans of the first water. Governor Morgan Lewis speaks of the proceedings openly as disgraceful, illiberal, and ungentlemanly. In short, a little more noise on their side, and a little further magnanimity on ours, is all that is necessary. In all this bustle, judicious men see nothing but the workings of the meanest passions. The Salem Gazette and the Boston Chronicle seem to take the most correct ground.

TO JOSEPH ALSTON

PHILADELPHIA, August 3, 1804.

The preceding is a summary of the intelligence by this day's mail. The purport of the inquest is confirmed by a letter from J. B. P. I am further advised that an application has been made to Governor Lewis, of New-York, requiring him to demand me of the governor of this state, with which Lewis will most probably be obliged to comply. I shall, nevertheless, remain here some days (from 8 to 20), that I may the better know the measures of the enemy. *Have no anxiety about the issue of this business.*

A. BURR.

TO THEODOSIA

PHILADELPHIA, August 2, 1804.

Your letters of the 8th and 18th of July are received; the latter yesterday. You must not complain or find fault if I omit to answer, or even to write. Don't let me have the idea that you are dissatisfied with me a moment. I can't just now endure it. At another time you may play the Juno if you please. Your letters amuse and console me. Continue to write with this reliance, and without the expectation of pay in kind. I owe you no thanks for a letter if you demand prompt payment to the full amount.

All you write of the boy represents him such as I would have him. His refusal of the peaches reminded me of his mother. Just so she has done fifty times, and just so I kissed her; but then I did not give her peaches.

Nothing can be done with Celeste. There is a strange indecision and timidity which I cannot fathom. The thing, however, is abandoned; and, for a few months, I believe, all such things.

I shall be here for some days. How many cannot now be resolved. I am very well, and not without occupation or amusement. Nothing would give me so much pleasure as to hear that your time, or any part of it, is usefully employed.

A. BURR.

TO THEODOSIA

PHILADELPHIA, August 3, 1804.

You will have learned, through Mr. Alston, of certain measures pursuing against me in New-York. I absent myself from home merely to give a little time for passions to subside, not from any apprehension of the final effects of proceedings in courts of law. They can, by no possibility, eventually affect my person. You will find the papers filled with all manner of nonsense and lies. Among other things, accounts of attempts to assassinate me. These, I assure you, are mere fables. Those who wish me dead prefer to keep at a very respectful distance. No such attempt has been made nor will be made. I walk and ride about here as usual.

A. BURR.

TO THEODOSIA

PHILADELPHIA, August 11, 1804.

Your letter of the 25th July finds me in a moment of great occupation, being on the point of embarking for St. Simons. Write to me on receipt of this, and enclose to the postmaster at Darien, Georgia. The letter to me to be addressed to A. B., at Hampton, St. Simons; and pray write over again all you have written since the 25th, for the letters now on the way will not be received for some time. I shall lay a plan for meeting you somewhere, but whether I may have it in my power to visit the high hills of Santee is doubtful; I fear improbable. They say there is no going through the flat country at this season without hazard of life. Consult your husband about this, and write me as above directed. You shall hear from me the moment of my arrival anywhere; that is, I shall write, and you may read as soon as you can get the letter.

If any male friend of yours should be dying of ennui, recommend to him to engage in a duel and a courtship at the same time—prob. est.

Celeste seems more pliant. I do believe that eight days would

have produced some grave event; but, alas! those eight days, and perhaps eight days more, are to be passed on the ocean.

My love to Natalie; to her girl and your boy. I have received a very charming letter from her, which shall be noticed when I get the other side of you. Adieu.

A. Burr.

TO JOSEPH ALSTON

Philadelphia, August 11, 1804.

Your letters of the 21st and 25th July are just now received, and I have barely time to read them and transmit your orders to New-York about Montalto.

My plan is to visit the Floridas for five or six weeks. I have desired Theodosia to consult you whether there be any healthy point within a hundred miles or so of St. Simons at which we might meet. Might I safely travel through your low country at this season?

Theodosia fat and the boy pale are bad omens. For God's sake, or rather, for theirs, your own, and mine, hurry them off to the mountains. I could, perhaps, as easily find you there as elsewhere.

Warrants have been issued in New-York against all those charged with an agency in the death of General Hamilton, but no requisition or demand has been made by the governor of that state on this or any other, nor does it seem very probable that such demand will be immediately made. I am negotiating to get an assurance from authority that I shall be bailed, on receipt of which I shall surrender.

The eastern republicans take part against the calumniators in New-York. Swartwout is now here. He thinks the tide has already turned in New-York. You had better open a correspondence with him.

A. Burr.

TO THEODOSIA

Hampton, St. Simon's, August 28, 1804.

We arrived on Saturday evening, all well. The mail, which arrives but once a week, had just gone. An accidental opportunity enables me to forward this to Savannah.

I am at the house of Major Butler, comfortably settled. A very agreeable family within half a mile. My project is to go

next week to Florida, which may take up a fortnight or ten days, and soon after my return to go northward, by Augusta and Columbia, if I can find ways and means to get on; but I have no horse, nor does this country furnish one. In my letter to your husband, written at the moment of leaving Philadelphia, I desired him to name some place (healthy place) at which he could meet me. Enclose to "Mr. R. King, Hampton, St. Simon's."

A. Burr.

TO THEODOSIA

St. Simon's, August 31, 1804.

I am now quite settled. My establishment consists of a housekeeper, cook, and chambermaid, seamstress, and two footmen. There are, besides, two fishermen and four bargemen always at command. The department of laundress is done abroad. The plantation affords plenty of milk, cream, and butter; turkeys, fowls, kids, pigs, geese, and mutton; fish, of course, in abundance. Of figs, peaches, and melons there are yet a few. Oranges and pomegranates just begin to be eatable. The house affords Madeira wine, brandy, and porter. Yesterday my neighbour, Mr. Couper, sent me an assortment of French wines, consisting of Claret, Sauterne, and Champagne, all excellent; and at least a twelve months' supply of orange shrub, which makes a most delicious punch. Madame Couper added sweetmeats and pickles. The plantations of Butler and Couper are divided by a small creek, and the houses within one quarter of a mile of each other; accessible, however, only by water. We have not a fly, moscheto, or bug. I can sit a whole evening, with open windows and lighted candles, without the least annoyance from insects; a circumstance which I have never beheld in any other place. I have not even seen a cockroach.

At Mr. Couper's, besides his family, there are three young ladies, visiters. One of them arrived about three months ago from France, to join a brother who had been shipwrecked on this coast, liked the country so much that he resolved to settle here, and sent for this sister and a younger brother. About the time of their arrival, the elder brother was accidentally drowned; the younger went with views to make an establish-

ment some miles inland, where he now lies dangerously ill. Both circumstances are concealed from the knowledge of Mademoiselle Nicholson. In any event, she will find refuge and protection in the benevolent house of Mr. Couper.

The cotton in this neighbourhood, on the coast southward to the extremity of Florida, and northward as far as we have heard, has been totally destroyed. The crop of Mr. C. was supposed to be worth one hundred thousand dollars, and not an extravagant estimate, for he has eight hundred slaves. He will not get enough to pay half the expenses of the plantation. Yet he laughs about it with good humour and without affectation. Butler suffers about half this loss. Part of his force had been turned to rice. My travelling companion, secretary, and aid-de-camp is Samuel Swartwout, the youngest brother of John, a very amiable young man of twenty or twenty-one.

Now, verily, were it not for the intervention of one hundred miles of low, swampy, pestiferous country, I would insist on your coming to see me, all, all! Little *gamp*, and Mademoiselle Sum*tare*, and their appendages; for they are the principals.

I still propose to visit Florida. To set off in three or four days, and to return hither about the 16th of September; beyond this I have at present no plan. It is my wish, God knows how ardently I wish, to return by land, and pass a week with you; but, being without horses, and there being no possibility of hiring or buying, the thing seems scarcely practicable. Two modes only offer themselves—either to embark in the kind of mail stage which goes from Darien through Savannah, Augusta, and Columbia, to Camden, or to take a water passage either to Charleston or Georgetown. Either of these being accomplished, new difficulties will occur in getting from Statesburgh northward. I must be at New-York the first week in November. Consult your husband, and write me of these matters. Enclose to Mr. Roswell King, which I repeat, lest my former letters should not have been received. Our mail has just arrived, but has brought me no letter.

I erred a little in my history of the family of Mademoiselle N. There are still two brothers here. One a man d'une certaine age. Though not wealthy, they are not destitute of property.

Mr. C. has just now gone with his boat for the dashers who

live about thirty miles southwest on the main. He has requested me to escort Madame C. on Sunday to his plantation on the south end of this island, where we are to meet him and his party on Monday, and bring them home in our coach. Madame C. is still young, tall, comely, and well bred.

I have been studying all the maps and gazetteers to discover the best access to Statesburgh. Georgetown seems to be the nearest port; but whether there be thence a direct road, I cannot discover. Does our friend Doctor Blythe still reside at Georgetown? If so, I should repose on him for the means of transportation. Desire Mari to write to him to aid me in case I should take that route. If I should go to Charleston, meaning to Sullivan's Island, for Charleston I shall at this season most certainly avoid, I should put myself on General M'Pherson, who, I hear, is now living there with his family; thence up the Cooper river, about four miles above the town, is a ferry-house and tavern on the north side, and thence by Strawberry, where is the best tavern in the state, is a very direct and beautiful road, and thence, according to the maps, a very straight road to the high hills of Santee. But how to get from that ferryhouse is a question I cannot resolve. All these circumstances are mentioned that I may have your advice, meaning that of your husband. And, after all, it is possible that I may not be able to find a passage either to Charleston or Georgetown, and so be obliged to sail for New-York. Will close this letter, for to-morrow it must go to the postoffice at Darien, which is only about twenty-two miles distant.

September 1.

In one of Mr. Alston's letters he spoke of taking you and A. B. A. to the mountains; and, in a letter which I wrote him from Philadelphia, I proposed to meet you in the mountains. Now, for aught which I as yet know, it will be as easy for me to get to the mountains, or to the Alps, or the Andes, as to Statesburgh, and therefore, as before, I crave counsel.

Do you recollect the second daughter of Mr. Barclay, of Philadelphia, the sister of Nelly? She has grown up the very image of her sister. I saw her very often while I was last in Philadelphia. She talked perpetually of you, and made me promise that I would tell you so.

Adieu, my dear Theodosia. Remember that I have not received a letter from you since that of the 22d or 25th of July. I forget which was the date. I have no faith in the climate of your high hills, surrounded as they are by noxious swamps. God bless and preserve thee.

A. Burr.

TO THEODOSIA

St. Simon's, September 3, 1804.

You see me returned from Gaston's Bluff, now called *Hamilton's Bluff,* a London merchant, partner of Mr. Couper. We were four in the carriage; the three ladies and myself.

Mr. Morse informs you that this island is forty-five miles long, and that it lies north of the mouth Altamaha, commonly spelled Alatamaha. It is, in fact, twelve and a half miles in length, and lies southeast of that river. Its width is about two and a half miles. There are now residing on the island about twenty-five white families. Frederica, now known only by the name of *Old Town,* is on the west side of the island, and about midway between its northern and southern extremities. It was first settled by Governor Oglethorpe, and was, about fifty years ago, a very gay place, consisting of perhaps twenty-five or thirty houses. The walls of several of them still remain. Three or four families only now reside here. In the vicinity of the town several ruins were pointed out to me, as having been, formerly, country seats of the governor, and officers of the garrison, and gentlemen of the town. At present, nothing can be more gloomy than what was once called Frederica. The few families now remaining, or rather residing there, for they are all new-comers, have a sickly, melancholy appearance, well assorted with the ruins which surround them. The southern part of this island abounds with fetid swamps, which must render it very unhealthy. On the northern half I have seen no stagnant water.

Mr. Couper, with his escort of ladies, was to have met us this afternoon, but he has sent us word that he is taken ill on the way; that, owing to illness in the family of the ladies who were to have accompanied him, they have been obliged to renounce the visit. We therefore returned as we went. At Frederica and Gaston's Bluff we were convinced that insects

can subsist on this island. Moschetoes, flies, and cockroaches abounded.

THURSDAY, September 6, 1804.

Just returned from Darien. And what took you to Darien? To see the plantation of Mr. Butler on an island opposite that town, and to meet a day sooner the letters which I expected from you. In the last object I have been again disappointed, which I ascribe wholly to the irregularity of the mails. It is most mortifying and vexatious to be seven weeks without hearing of you or from you, and now a whole week must elapse before I can expect it.

You are probably ignorant that Darien is a settlement (called a town) on the north bank of the Alatamaha, about eight miles from its mouth. Major Butler's Island in this river is one mile below the town. It must become a fine rice country, for the water is fresh four miles below Major Butler's, and the tide rises from four to five feet, and the flats or swamps are from five to seven miles in width for a considerable distance up the river. The country, of course, presents no scenes for a painter. I visited Little St. Simon's and several other islands; frightened the crocodiles, shot some rice-birds, and caught some trout. Honey of fine flavour is found in great abundance in the woods about the mouth of the river, and, for aught I know, in every part of the country. You perceive that I am constantly discovering new luxuries for my table. Not having been able to kill a crocodile (alligator), I have offered a reward for one, which I mean to eat, dressed in soup, fricassees, and steaks. Oh! how you long to partake of this repast.

WEDNESDAY, September 12, 1804.

On Friday last, hearing that Mr. Couper had returned and was very seriously ill, I took a small canoe with two boys, and went to see him. He lay in a high fever. When about to return in the evening, the wind had risen so that, after an ineffectual attempt, I was obliged to give it up, and remain at Mr. C.'s. In the morning the wind was still higher. It continued to rise, and by noon blew a gale from the north, which, together with the swelling of the water, became alarming. From twelve to three, several of the outhouses had been destroyed; most of the trees about the house were blown down. The

house in which we were shook and rocked so much that Mr. C. began to express his apprehensions for our safety. Before three, part of the piazza was carried away; two or three of the windows bursted in. The house was inundated with water, and presently one of the chimneys fell. Mr. C. then commanded a retreat to a storehouse about fifty yards off, and we decamped, men, women, and children. You may imagine, in this scene of confusion and dismay, a good many incidents to amuse one if one had dared to be amused in a moment of much anxiety. The house, however, did not blow down. The storm continued till four, and then very suddenly abated, and in ten minutes it was almost a calm. I seized the moment to return home. Before I had got quite over, the gale rose from the southeast and threatened new destruction. It lasted great part of the night, but did not attain the violence of that from the north; yet it contributed to raise still higher the water, which was the principal instrument of devastation. The flood was about seven feet above the height of an ordinary high tide. This has been sufficient to inundate great part of the coast; to destroy all the rice; to carry off most of the buildings which were on lowlands, and to destroy the lives of many blacks. The roads are rendered impassable, and scarcely a boat has been preserved. Thus all intercourse is suspended. The mail-boat, which ought to have passed northward last Saturday, and by which it was intended to forward this letter, has not been heard of. This will go by a man who will attempt to get from Darien to Savannah on foot, being sent express by the manager of Major Butler; but how, or whether it will go on from Savannah, is not imagined.

Major Butler has lost nineteen negroes (drowned), and I fear his whole crop of rice, being about two hundred and sixty acres. Mr. Brailsford, of Charleston, who cultivates in rice an island at the mouth of the Alatamaha, has lost, reports say, seventy-four blacks. The banks and the buildings on the low lands are greatly injured. We have heard nothing from the southward, nor farther than from Darien northward. I greatly fear that this hurricane, so it is here called, has extended to the Waccama.

The illness of Mr. C., which still continues, and the effects of the storm, have defeated all my plans. To get to Florida

seems now impracticable; nor do any present means occur of getting from this island in any direction. Young Swartwout, who went ten days ago to Savannah, has not returned, nor is it possible that he should very speedily return. I have not received a letter since my arrival from any person north of Savannah (yes, one from C. Biddle, of 19th August), nor do I expect one for many days to come.

I had taken up another sheet to say something more, I know not what; but the appearance of a fine sheep's-head smoking on the table has attractions not to be resisted. *Laissez moi diner,* " and then," &c.

*Madame j'ais bien diner,* and *j'ai fait mettre mon* writing-desk *sur le table a diner.* What a scandalous thing to sit here all alone drinking Champagne—and yet—(*madame je bois a votre santé et a celle de monsieur* votre fils)—and yet, I say if Champagne be that exhilarating cordial which (*je bois a la santé de Madame Sumtare*) songs and rumour ascribe to it (*a la santé de Mademoiselle Sumtare*), can there be ever an occasion in which its application could be more appropriate, or its virtues more (*mais buvons a la santé de mon hôte et bon ami,* Major Butler). By-the-by, you have no idea—how should you have, seeing that you never heard a word about it?—you have no idea, I was going to say, of the zeal and animation, of the intrepidity and frankness with which he avowed and maintained—but I forget that this letter goes to Savannah by a negro, who has to swim half a dozen creeks, in one of which, *at least,* it is probable he may drown, and that, if he escape drowning, various other accidents may bring it to you through the newspapers, and then how many enemies might my indiscretion create for a man who had the sensibility and the honour to feel and to judge, and the firmness to avow (*a la santé de Celeste un* bumper toast). *La pauvre Celeste.* Adieu.

A. Burr.

TO THEODOSIA

Frederica, St. Simon's, September 15, 1804.

Having very unexpectedly procured a boat, I left my house yesterday afternoon, came hither by land, and proceed in a few minutes for St. Mary's. It is possible that I may extend my tour to St. John's, and even to St. Augustine's; but, if so, it

will be very rapid; a mere flight, for I propose to be at home (Hampton, St. Simon's) again in eight days.

On the 12th I sent by a special messenger, who was to go from Darien to Savannah on foot, my journal for the ten or fifteen days preceding, with some account of the hurricane; but a man this day from Darien says that our express can by no possibility reach Savannah; for that every bridge and causeway is destroyed, and the road so filled with fallen trees as to be utterly impassable. I apprehend that the roads on the whole coast as far north, at least, as Cape Hatteras, are in the same condition. If on my return I should receive intelligence confirming those apprehensions, it will compel me to abandon the hope of seeing you until the last of February. On this, as on all other occasions, let me find that you exhibit the firmness which I have been proud to ascribe to you. Let me hear that you are seriously engaged in some useful pursuit. Let me see the progressive improvement of your mind, and it will console me for all the evils of life.

My young friend Swartwout is still absent, and I suppose at Savannah. It is not probable that I shall see him again before my return to New-York.

A Mr. Bartram, of Philadelphia, travelled through Georgia and the Floridas in 1772. His travels are published in one large octavo volume. Procure and read it, and you will better understand what I may write you. I promise myself much gratification in this little trip. If an opportunity should offer for Charleston by water, I shall venture a letter to you. This will be forwarded before my return; if not, it will lay here. I am writing to you before sunrise, and am now summoned to the boat (canoe). A. Burr.

TO THEODOSIA

Hampton, St. Simon's, September 26, 1804.

I returned yesterday from my Florida excursion, about which I wrote you on the 15th inst. The weather prevented me from going farther than the river St. John's, about thirty miles from St. Augustine. I have been making out for you a journal of my tour, but I still entertain a slight hope of seeing you somewhere within a fortnight; if at all, it will be by the 10th of October. Pray keep yourselves in readiness to meet me at Columbia, or still more southward if I should require it.

Not a line from you or your husband since those of the 25th of July. Your letters have either been lost in the hurricane or are now in the mail-boat, which, by some mistake, has brought down the Darien mail and carried it on more southward, so that it will not reach Darien till I am off; yet I entertain a hope of finding letters at Savannah.

A boat has at length been found to take me to Savannah, and thither I go to-morrow, or rather set out, for I shall not reach it till the 30th instant. What course I shall take thence will be determined by what I may hear at that city. You will have a line from me as soon as I arrive there; meaning always that the line will be written, and sent on by the first mail, to get to you as soon as it can.

It is a fact that the Spanish ladies smoke segars. They say that a young lady will take a few puffs and hand it to her favoured lover as a mark of great kindness. This rumour, however, I cannot verify from personal observation, much less have I to boast of any such favour. But we will talk of these things if we should meet; if not, we will write about them.

I was treated with great kindness and respect at St. Mary's, and have everywhere experienced the utmost hospitality. My health has been perfect and uninterrupted. God bless thee.

A. BURR.

TO THEODOSIA

SAVANNAH, October 1, 1804.

Ten o'clock A.M., arrived in a storm (northeast). They had last evening a minor hurricane here, for the special use of this city. It overset some canoes, drowned a few negroes, unroofed some houses, and forced in a few windows. It was the affair of a few minutes, confined to a small space, and did no other mischief that I learn.

My last letter to you was from St. Simon's, about the 27th ult., the day previous to my departure. My voyage hither was full of variety, and not of the most pleasant kind, but no accident to affect health. My first reflection on landing was that I was one hundred miles nearer to you; but my inquiries since my arrival afford no prospect of getting on by land, except by the purchase of horses, to which there is one insuperable

objection. The condition of the roads has not yet admitted of travelling northward or westward in a carriage. The mail goes on horseback.

Not a line from any creature north of this place since I left Philadelphia. I hear, however, that the Darien mail, which I passed at Frederica, as mentioned with vexation in my last, had letters for me, doubtless from you.

I was kindly interrupted in these idle regrets by visiters, who continued in succession till dinner was announced. At the lodging-house, where rooms were provided for me, were the governor, a Scotch merchant, and a sea captain. In the evening a band of music came under the window, which I supposed to be a compliment to the governor, till one of the gentlemen who accompanied it came in and said that a number of citizens at the door wished to see the vice-president. Interrupted again.

TUESDAY, October 2.

Firstly, your pardon is craved for this torn sheet; it was entire when I commenced, but one half went last night to answer a note, there being no paper in the house, and Peter abroad with my key. You have not, I think, been introduced to Peter, my *now* valet. It is a black boy purchased last fall. An intelligent, good-tempered, willing fellow, about fifteen; a dirty, careless dog, who, with the best intentions, is always in trouble by sins of omission or commission. The latter through inadvertence, and often through excess of zeal. About three times a day, sometimes oftener, I get angry enough to choke him, but his honesty and good-nature prevail. In my will, made about the 10th of July, I recommend him to you as valet to A. B. A.

I have been this morning scouring the town and the docks in quest of ways and means to get on. There is a packet which will sail for Charleston on Saturday; a great way off to one so impatient as the writer of this. No stage nor a horse to be hired. Finding that the mail does not close till seven this evening, this letter shall be kept open till the last moment, and shall not be closed till I have settled some plan of getting forward, either to Statesburgh or New-York. It will, I think, be Statesburgh. Six hours hence you shall know. Have patience, my dear child, for six hours.

Lest I should forget it, let me now tell you that I am received with the warmest hospitality. Notwithstanding the desolation occasioned by the hurricane (and it is truly distressing), I have invitations which it would require weeks to satisfy. These attentions are almost exclusively from republicans.

FOUR O'CLOCK P.M.

*Io triumphe!* A letter; two, three letters. Two from you and one from your husband. Since writing I have had other good luck; *viz.*, two gentlemen have offered me each an excellent horse to go as far as Statesburgh by any route I may please. Another horse, and I am made. Note, my young friend Swartwout is with me, and I cannot well part with him. If another horse shall be found, I shall take the route through Orangeburgh, as being the most direct to Statesburgh. If the land route shall for any reason be found impracticable, I shall take possession of a Charleston packet, and perhaps take it on to Georgetown. By one way or the other you shall see me within ten or twelve days. Tell Mari that his letter being received this afternoon, and the postmaster having just now sent me word that the mail is about to close, I can only answer him thus.

You are now to keep your ground and expect me at the hills. Pray let A. B. A. know that *gamp* is a black man, otherwise he may be shocked at the appearance of A. B., who is now about the colour of Peter Yates. Not brown, but a true quadroon yellow; whether from the effects of climate, or travelling four hundred miles in a canoe, is no matter.

A. BURR.

TO THEODOSIA

FAYETTEVILLE, October 23, 1804.

I get on as usual; arrived here this afternoon, but detained all day by some trifling repairs to the carriage. I promised you a journal in the manner of modern travels, to show you how such books could be made without facts or ideas. My first four days, to wit, from Statesburgh to this place, would, I find, from notes which I have actually taken, make about one hundred pages and two hundred in the manner of Rochefoucault d'Liancourt; but the labour of so much writing has alarmed and almost discouraged me.

No more pauses, not even for weather, till Richmond, distant two hundred miles, and proposed to be travelled in five days. I know no person in this place but Mr. Grove, late member of Congress, who has not called on me. Tell your husband that I have heard nothing worthy of being communicated. Since I began to write it has begun to rain, as if to test my determination not to be stopped by weather. Adieu, chere T.

A. BURR.

WARRENTON, October 27, 1804.

We parted at Fayetteville. The morning following I started one hour before day, the moon showing us the way, and, at about seven or eight in the evening, was at Raleigh, being full fifty miles. It was a hard day's journey, and greater than will be made again on this trip. The fatigues of the day were in some measure compensated by the very hospitable reception which I met from the *negroes* of the capital of North Carolina. I reposed till nine the next morning, and came the next day only to Louisburgh (twenty-nine miles), where I slept in the little up-stairs room which you once occupied; but there is a new landlord. The Jew is broke up. The wind had been two days strong at northeast, threatening a storm, and raining a little from time to time. Last night it came on in earnest, raining and blowing vehemently. So I lay abed again till nine, and, after breakfasting for two hours, set off at eleven in all the storm. At twelve it began to snow, and continued to snow most plentifully till night. The ground looked like the depth of winter in Albany. Poor Andrew was almost perished, and *gamp's* hands were nearly frozen; still we kept on, and got here about five, being twenty-five miles. It will take me full three days more to reach Richmond, and perhaps longer, for the roads are so gullied as to be barely passable. This afternoon, stopping at a tavern and calling for the hostler, the man told me that, *forcseeing* the storm, he had sent him for a load of wood.

A gentleman who passed here yesterday says he left Major Butler on the way, going to Georgia by land. When I sat down to write my head was full of totally different matters; but, having gone on so far with road incidents, the other concerns must be omitted.

My landlord has just been telling me that Swartwout passed here eight days ago. They were three in the stage, all very apprehensive of being overset, as they were to start at two in the morning. In the excess of caution, they desired the landlord to give no rum to the driver. The landlord promised, and gave orders to the barkeeper. When the driver arrived, he called for a dram; was refused, and told the reason. Resenting this indignity, he swore he would get drunk; went to a store, bought rum, and got drunk. Set out at two, and overset the stage the first hour. The passengers were bruised, but not very seriously injured.

TO JOSEPH ALSTON

PETERSBURGH, October 31, 1804.

I came here on the morning of the 29th, intending to stay two hours. The hospitalities of the place have detained me three days. A party was prepared for me on the evening of my arrival. There were present between fifty and sixty, all pure republican. An invitation from the republican citizens, communicated through the mayor, to a public dinner, was made in terms and in a manner which could not be declined. We had the dinner yesterday at the hotel. In the evening I was attended by some fifteen or twenty to the theatre, where I was greatly amused, particularly by Mrs. West, whom I think the best female actress in America, not excepting Mrs. Merry.

I send you a collection of Curran's speeches, compiled, however, only from newspapers. There is reason to hope for one more perfect, made under the inspection of the author. Burk's history has agreeably disappointed me. I speak from the reading of thirty or forty pages. If it should gain your approbation, you may render him a service by procuring him subscriptions at the meeting of your legislature. My horses are at the door to take me to Richmond.

A. BURR.

TO THEODOSIA

RICHMOND, October 31 (Evening), 1804.

How faithfully I return you the paper which you *lent* me at Statesburgh. This is the last sheet, and I think you will have received back all but one of them.

My journey hither from Drummond, at which place you left me on Saturday evening, the 27th, just going to bed, beside a comfortable fire in a furnished room (what an unconscionable parenthesis), has been very pleasant; but why and wherefore cannot now be told, because you know it must be reserved for "The Travels of A. Gamp, Esq., A.M., LL.D., V. P. U. S.," &c., &c., &c., which will appear in due time.

Virginia is the last state, and Petersburgh the last town in the state of Virginia, in which I should have expected any open marks of hospitality and respect. You will have seen from my note of this morning to Mr. Alston how illy I have judged.

To think of meeting with such an actress as Mrs. West in such a place. Her voice is as sweet as Mrs. Merry's (the actress, not the other Mrs. Merry), her manners superior. In comedy she is unequalled. They say she excites equally in tragedy. I have no doubt but she is good at every thing. I could make you laugh at a ridiculous embarrassment, but I won't; nay, I dare not, for who knows but you may first see this in the newspaper. Madam, this is Colonel B., V. P. U. S., all out loud. Sir, this is Mrs. ——. Miss, this is &c., &c. The players stand, and the pit stand, and the gallery stand. No, there is no gallery. Indeed, I don't know when I have been better entertained with a play.

I arrived here about sunset. Am to dine to-morrow with Dr. B., and, from appearances, might be amused here a week. At the utmost I shall stay but two days, desiring to be at Washington on Monday. I am most comfortably lodged.

Young Dr. Rush travels with Major Butler, which I forgot to mention to your husband. Pray exert yourself to please and amuse Major Butler.

A. Burr.

TO THEODOSIA

Washington, December 4, 1804.

You have doubtless heard that there has subsisted for some time a contention of a very singular nature between the states of New-York and New-Jersey. To what lengths it may go, or how it may terminate, cannot be predicted; but, as you will take some interest in the question, I will state it for your satisfaction and consideration.

The subject in dispute is which shall have the honour of hanging the vice-president. I have not now the leisure to state the various pretensions of the parties, with the arguments on either side; nor is it yet known that the vice-president has made his election, though a paper received this morning asserts, but without authority, that he had determined in favour of the New-York tribunals. You shall have due notice of the time and place. Whenever it may be, you may rely on a great concourse of company, much gayety, and many rare sights; such as the lion, the elephant, &c.

On the subject of books, since I shall write to you only by this mail, tell Mr. Alston to order out from his bookseller the British Critic and the Edinburgh Review from their commencement, and to be continued as they shall come out. To form a library is the work of time, and by having these books, you may select and give orders without danger of imposition; for though I disclaim much reliance on the judgments of the editors, yet from their extracts and remarks a pretty correct opinion may be formed. I recommend also that you prohibit the sending out of any folio or quarto, unless particularly ordered. Octavo is at about half the price, and much more convenient.

I hope you read Quintilian in the original, and not in translation; and let me entreat you not to pass a word or sentence without understanding it. If I hear a very good account of you, Stuart shall make a picture to please you. God bless thee.

A. BURR.

TO JOSEPH ALSTON

WASHINGTON, December 15, 1804.

The trial of Judge Chace will not come on before the middle of January. He is summoned to appear the 2d January. I regret extremely that you cannot be present.

Biddle and Dallas have written a joint letter to Governor Bloomfield, of New-Jersey, urging a nol. pros. in the case of the vice-president. Dallas has, throughout this business, behaved with an independence, and open, active zeal which I could not have expected, and to which I had no personal claim.

The leading republican members of the United States

Senate have addressed a similar joint letter to the governor. Many individuals of the same *sect* co-operate in the measure, and have expressed their opinions by letter and in conversation. Nothing final and favorable will promptly be done. On the other hand, nothing hostile will be attempted. I enclose you the articles of impeachment against Judge Chace, as agreed upon.

A. BURR.

TO THEODOSIA

WASHINGTON, December 31, 1804.

Being the last time I shall write 1804. Now, how much wiser or better are we than this time last year? Have our enjoyments for that period been worth the trouble of living? These are inquiries not wholly congenial with the compliments of the new year, so we will drop them. You would laugh to know the occupation of my New Year's eve. It cannot be written, but it shall at some time be told.

I propose to move my quarters to-morrow, and the confusion has already commenced, and even pervades this letter. Mrs. Merry arrived a few days ago, and looks extremely well. Madame Turreau is supposed to be lost or captured. Mr. Chace's trial will not come on till after the middle of January. Peter Van Ness, the father of General John P., died on the 23d instant. He has left his sons about forty thousand dollars apiece.

Madame, when I enclose you a book or paper, be pleased, at least, to let me know that you or your husband have read it. Pretty business, indeed, for me to be spending hours in cutting and folding pamphlets and papers for people who, perhaps, never open them. Heaven mend you.

A. BURR.

TO THEODOSIA

WASHINGTON, January 15, 1805.

At five in the morning I shall start for Philadelphia. The object of this journey has been intimated in a former letter. One motive, however, lays down at the bottom of my heart, and has scarcely, as yet, been avowed to myself. You will conjecture, and rightly, that I mean Celeste. That matter shall receive its final decision. Now, to confess the truth,

which, however, I have but just discovered, but for this matter the journey would not have been taken. How little is this truth suspected by the hundreds who are at this moment *acting to the movement motives of profound political importance.*

I enclose you a pamphlet written with views the most friendly to A. B. So greatly do I differ from the author, that I have desired a friend to buy them up and burn them. I shall return to this city on the 20th. Adieu.

A. BURR.

TO THEODOSIA

WASHINGTON, January 28, 1805.

Your letter of the 1st of January found me at Philadelphia, and at the moment of leaving it. Your kind wishes came so warm from the heart, that, in a journey of eight hundred miles, at this inclement season, they had not yet cooled.

You treat with too much gravity the New-Jersey affair. It should be considered as a farce, and you will yet see it terminated so as to leave only ridicule and contempt to its abettors. The affair of Celeste is for ever closed, so there is one trouble off hand.

After you get through the book you are now reading, which I think is Anacharsis, or is it Gibbon? you better suspend history till you have gone through B. You do wrong to read so slow the first reading of B. I had rather you went through it like a novel, to get fixed in your mind a kind of map of the whole; after which, when you come to read *scientifically*, you would better see the relations and bearings of one part to another. In all journeys, whether on foot or on horseback, it is a relief to know not only where you start from, but where you are going to, and all the intermediate stages. I beg that in every letter you will give me one line about B., and ask me questions if you please.

A. BURR.

TO THEODOSIA

WASHINGTON, February 23, 1805.

I regret the unprofitable employment of your time, and sincerely hope such long visitations will not be repeated; but

you are something to blame to have taken no books with you, and again for not finding one at Clifton, where I know there are many. Still I believe in your good intentions and in their execution. It will add greatly to my happiness to know that the cultivation of your mind is not neglected; because I know that without it you will become unfit for the duties, as well as the enjoyments of life. Perhaps, also, my vanity may be something concerned.

Your last letters are written with more correctness, and apparently with more attention than is your habit. They have amused and pleased me much. By pleased, I mean gratified my pride. Your critical remarks are quite interesting. I advise you, as soon as you have finished a play, novel, pamphlet, or book, immediately to write an account and criticism of it. You can form no idea how much such a work will amuse you on perusal a few years hence. When A. B. A. has got so far as to read stories of the most simple kind, the least pleasing part of his intellectual education is finished. I might, perhaps, have added with truth, the most laborious part.

A. Burr.

The last public duty of any importance performed by Colonel Burr was to preside in the case of Judge Samuel Chase, who was impeached before the Senate of the United States for high crimes and misdemeanors. Colonel Burr evinced his accustomed promptitude, energy, and dignity. His impartiality and fairness won for him the applause of opponents as well as friends: and it may be confidently asserted, that never did president judge, in this or any other country, more justly merit applause than did the Vice-President on this occasion.

The Senate chamber, under his immediate direction, was fitted up in handsome style as a court, and laid out into apartments for the Senators, the House of Representatives, the managers, the accused and counsel, the members of the executive departments, besides a semicircular gallery constructed within the area of the chamber, which formed from its front an amphitheatre contiguous with the fixed gallery of the Senate chamber.

On the right and left of the president of the Senate, and in a right line with his chair, there were two rows of benches, with desks in front, and the whole front and seats covered with crimson cloth, so that the Senators fronted the auditory.

The secretary of the Senate retained his usual station in front of the president's chair; on the left of the secretary was placed the sergeant-at-arms of the Senate, and on his right the sergeant-at-arms of the House of Representatives.

A temporary semicircular gallery, which consisted of three ranges of benches, was elevated on pillars, and the whole front and seats thereof covered with green cloth. At the angles or points of this gallery there were two boxes, which projected into the area about three feet from the line of the front, which saved the abruptness of a square termination, and added considerably to the effect of the *coup d'œil.* In this gallery ladies were accommodated, and they assembled in numbers.

On the floor beneath this temporary gallery three benches were provided, rising from front to rear, and also covered with green cloth; these benches were occupied by the members of the House of Representatives; on the right there was a spacious box, appropriated for the members of the executive departments, foreign ministers, etc.

A passage was opened in front from the president's chair to the door; on the right and left hand of the president, and in front of the members of the House of Representatives, were two boxes of two rows of seats; that facing the president's right was occupied by the managers, that on the other side of the bar for the accused and his counsel. These boxes were covered with blue cloth. The marshal of the District of Columbia and a number of his officers were stationed in the avenues of the court and in the galleries.

On the third of January, 1805, the Senators were sworn as judges, and Monday, the fourth of February ensuing, was fixed as "the day for receiving the answer and proceeding on the trial of the impeachment of Samuel Chace." Accordingly, on the day appointed, the Senate convened, and

After proclamation was made that Samuel Chace should

appear conformable to the summons, or that his default should be recorded, Mr. Chace appeared. The president of the Senate (Mr. Burr) then stated to him, that, having been summoned to answer the articles of impeachment exhibited against him by the House of Representatives, the Senate were ready to hear any answer which he had to make; whereupon Mr. Chace addressed the court.

The trial continued until Friday, the first day of March, 1805, when, at half-past twelve o'clock, the court took their seats; and the president, having directed the secretary to read the first article of impeachment, observed, that the question would be put to each member, on each article separately, as his name occurred in alphabetical order. The first article was then read. When the question was hereupon put by the president of the court, and repeated after each article as read, viz.:

"Is Samuel Chace, Esquire, guilty of a high crime or misdemeanor in the article of impeachment just read?" The decision was as follows:

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Article 1st. | Guilty | 16; | not guilty | 18 |
| 2d. | " | 10; | " | 24 |
| 3d. | " | 18; | " | 16 |
| 4th. | " | 18; | " | 16 |
| 5th. | Not guilty, *unanimous.* | | | |
| 6th. | Guilty | 4; | not guilty | 30 |
| 7th. | " | 10; | " | 24 |
| 8th. | " | 19; | " | 15 |

The president then said: "There not being a constitutional majority on any one article, it becomes my duty to pronounce that Samuel Chace, Esquire, is acquitted on the articles of impeachment exhibited against him by the House of Representatives."

### TO THEODOSIA

WASHINGTON, March 10, 1804.

Still lingering here, being detained by some trifling, important concerns of business, for trifles are important in matters of finance; nothing vexatious, however. That, I hope and believe, is past.

Your anxieties about me evince a sort of sickly sensibility, which indicates that you are not well. I fear that you are suffering a debility, arising from climate or other cause, which affects both mind and body. When you are in health you have no sort of solicitude or apprehension about me; you confide that, under any circumstances, I am able to fulfil your expectations and your wishes. Resume, I pray you, this confidence, so flattering to me, so consoling to yourself, may I add, so justly founded?

On the 13th I shall leave this for Philadelphia. There is no reason to think that I shall this season visit either New-York or New-Jersey. The plan of summer operations is to go from Philadelphia to Fort Pitt (Pittsburg), thence through the states on each side of the Ohio. To visit St. Louis and the mouth of the Missouri; thence through Tennessee (where pass a month) to Orleans; and thence, either by water or land, to the Atlantic coast, not far from Yarnaco or the mouth of the Waccama. Thus you see that you are the end of all plans, and wherever they may begin, the termination is the same. This tour has other objects than mere curiosity. An operation of business, which promises to render the tour both useful and agreeable. I may be at Philadelphia long enough to receive your answer to this, after which you must *surcease* from writing till further advice. You will hear of me occasionally on my route. Write now, therefore, all you have to say.

Just at the moment of writing the last word I receive a message from the president informing me that Dr. Browne may have the office of secretary of the government of Louisiana (which means the upper district, whereof St. Louis is the capital). General Wilkinson is appointed governor of that territory. St. Louis is on the banks of the Mississippi, about twenty miles below the mouth of the Missouri. It contains about two hundred houses, and some very wealthy people. The inhabitants are French; retain the French manners of the last century; are said to be hospitable; gay to dissipation; the society polished and fashionable. All accounts represent the country as remarkably healthy, fertile, and beautiful. The salary of secretary is, I think, but eight hundred dollars per annum. Certain contingencies, however,

will make it worth about double that sum. Wilkinson and Browne will suit most admirably as eaters and laughers, and, I believe, in all other particulars.

Charles Williamson has not returned from Europe, but is hourly expected. My right of franking letters will cease on the 23d of this month, so that you are not to expect pamphlets, &c., by the mail. God bless thee.

A. Burr.

CHOICE EXAMPLES OF PALEOGRAPHY.

Fac-similes from Rare and Curious Manuscripts of the Middle Ages.

## *PAGE FROM THE FLORENCE VIRGIL.*

*Latin manuscript, written about 270 A.D.*

The page reproduced here is the commencement of the fourth book of the Æneid of Virgil. It is hardly possible to estimate the value of this superb manuscript, not only from the purity of its text, but on account of its remarkable history and its extreme antiquity. It has been reproduced in Italy in type cast to represent the original script, and its punctuation and peculiarities have been faithfully preserved. In the manuscript, the Eclogues are missing, but the Georgics and Æneid are complete.

ATREGIA AGRAVE IANDUDUMS AUCIA CURA
VULNUS ALIT VENIS ET CAECO CARPITUR IGNI
MULTA VIRI VIRTUS ANIMO MULTUSQ RECURSAT

GENTIS HONOS HAERENT INFIXI PECTORE VULTUS
VERBAQ: NEC PLACIDAM MEMBRIS DAT CURA QUIETEM
POSTERA PHOEBE ALUSTRABAT LAMPADE TERRAS
UMENTEMQ AURORA POLO DIMOVERAT UMBRAM
CUM SIC UNA XNI MEA MADLO QUITUR MALE SANA SORORE
ANNA SOROR QUAE MESUS PENSAM INSOMNIA TERRENT
QUIS NOVUS HIC NOSTRIS SUCCESSIT SEDIB: HOSPES:
QUEM SESE ORE FERENS QUAM FORTI PECTORE ET ARMIS:
CREDO EQUIDEM: NEC VANO AFIDES GENUS ESSE DEORUM:
DEGENERES ANIMOS TIMOR ARGUIT HEU QUIBUS ILLE
IACTATUS FATIS: QUAE BELLA EXHAUSTA CANEBAT:
SI MIHI NON ANIMO FIXUM IMMOTUMQ SEDERET:
NEC QUI ME VINCLO VELLEM SOCIARE IUGALI
POSTQUAM PRIMUS AMOR DECEPTAM MORTE FEFELLIT:
SI NON PERTAESUM THALAMI TAEDAEQ FUISSENT:
HUIC UNI FORSAN POTUISSUCCUMBERE CULPAE
ANNA FATEBOR ENIM MISERI POSTATAS TCHAEI
CONIUGIS ET PARSOS FRATERNA CAEDE PENATES:
SOLUS HIC INFLEXIT SENSUS ANIMUMQ LABANTEM
IMPULIT: AD GNOSCO VETERIS VESTIGIA FLAMMAE:
SET MIHI VEL TELLUS OPTEM PRIUS IMA DEHISCAT
VEL PATER OMNIPOTENS ADIGAT ME FULMINE AD UMBRAM
PALLENTES UMBRAS EREBI NOCTEMQ PROFUNDAM:
ANTI PUDOR QUAM TE VIOLO AUTTUA IURA RESOLVO
ILLE MEOS PRIMUS QUI ME SIBI IUNXIT AMORES
ABSTULIT ILLE HABEAT SECUM SERVETQ SEPULCHRO

# SOJOURN IN ROME

BY

Sarah Margaret Fuller
(*Marchioness d'Ossoli*)

## SARAH MARGARET FULLER, MARCHIONESS D'OSSOLI

1810—1850

Sarah Margaret Fuller, Marchioness d'Ossoli, was born in Cambridgeport, Mass., in 1810, and was drowned, with her husband and child, off Fire Island, in 1850, while voyaging home from Italy. She was of a complex, self-conscious nature, but of such remarkable ability that by the time she attained womanhood she was acquainted in large measure with the literature of Germany, France, and Italy, as well as with that of her own tongue. Her father dying in 1835, Margaret Fuller went to Boston to teach languages. In 1839 she began her famous conversations, and in the same year made her appearance as an author, publishing a translation of Eckermann's "Conversations with Goethe." In 1840 the "Dial" was founded as the mouthpiece of the New England Transcendental movement, and Margaret Fuller was installed as editor, with Emerson and George Ripley as aides. Contrary to popular belief, she took almost no part in the Brook Farm experiment, which was another outcome of the Transcendental wave which at that time dominated the philosophic community in New England. In 1844 Horace Greeley offered her a place in the literary department of the New York "Tribune," and two years later, after publishing the "Papers on Art and Literature," she sailed for Europe. Reaching Italy in 1847, she met and ardently sympathized with Mazzini and his republican ideas, taking charge of the hospital in Rome, by his request, while the city was besieged by the French. There she met and married the Marquis Giovanni Angelo Ossoli. Two years later, in 1850, she sailed for America from Leghorn with husband and child, to perish unhappily in the shipwreck off Fire Island, within hail of home. Her memoirs are cast in the form of letters, and reveal in its fullness her candid, discriminative, and ardent nature.

# SOJOURN IN ROME

TO M. S.

ROME, March 9, 1849.

LAST night, Mazzini came to see me. You will have heard how he was called to Italy, and received at Leghorn like a prince, as he is; unhappily, in fact, the only one, the only great Italian. It is expected, that, if the republic lasts, he will be President. He has been made a Roman citizen, and elected to the Assembly; the labels bearing, in giant letters, "*Giuseppe Mazzini, cittadino Romano,*" are yet up all over Rome. He entered by night, on foot, to avoid demonstrations, no doubt, and enjoy the quiet of his own thoughts, at so great a moment. The people went under his windows the next night, and called him out to speak; but I did not know about it. Last night, I heard a ring; then somebody speak my name; the voice struck upon me at once. He looks more divine than ever, after all his new, strange sufferings. He asked after all of you. He stayed two hours, and we talked, though rapidly, of everything. He hopes to come often, but the crisis is tremendous, and all will come on him; since, if any one can save Italy from her foes, inward and outward, it will be he. But he is very doubtful whether this be possible; the foes are too many, too strong, too subtle. Yet Heaven helps sometimes. I only grieve I cannot aid him; freely would I give my life to aid him, only bargaining for a quick death. I don't like slow torture. I fear that it is in reserve for him, to survive defeat. True, he can never be utterly defeated; but to see Italy bleeding, prostrate once more, will be very dreadful for him.

He has sent me tickets, twice, to hear him speak in the Assembly. It was a fine, commanding voice. But, when he finished, he looked very exhausted and melancholy. He looks as if the great battle he had fought had been too much for

his strength, and that he was only sustained by the fire of the soul.

All this I write to you, because you said, when I was suffering at leaving Mazzini,—"You will meet him in heaven." This I believe will be, despite all my faults.

[In April, 1849, Margaret was appointed, by the "Roman Commission for the Succor of the Wounded," to the charge of the hospital of the *Fate-Bene Fratelli;* the Princess Belgioioso having charge of the one already opened. The following is a copy of the orginal letter from the princess, which is written in English, announcing the appointment.]

Comitato di Soccorso Pei Feriti, April 30, 1849.

Dear Miss Fuller:—

You are named Regolatrice of the Hospital of the *Fate-Bene Fratelli.* Go there at twelve, if the alarm bell has not rung before. When you arrive there, you will receive all the women coming for the wounded, and give them your directions, so that you are sure to have a certain number of them night and day.

May God help us.

Christine Trivulze,
of Belgioioso.

Miss Fuller, Piazza Barberini, No. 60.

TO R. W. E.

Rome, June 10, 1849.

I received your letter amid the round of cannonade and musketry. It was a terrible battle fought here from the first till the last light of day. I could see all its progress from my balcony. The Italians fought like lions. It is a truly heroic spirit that animates them. They make a stand here for honor and their rights, with little ground for hope that they can resist, now they are betrayed by France.

Since the 30th April, I go almost daily to the hospitals, and, though I have suffered,—for I had no idea before, how terrible gunshot-wounds and wound-fever are,—yet I have taken pleasure, and great pleasure, in being with the men; there is scarcely one who is not moved by a noble spirit. Many, especially among the Lombards, are the flower of the Italian youth.

When they begin to get better, I carry them books and flowers; they read, and we talk.

The palace of the Pope, on the Quirinal, is now used for convalescents. In those beautiful gardens, I walk with them,—one with his sling, another with his crutch. The gardener plays off all his water-works for the defenders of the country, and gathers flowers for me, their friend.

A day or two since, we sat in the Pope's little pavilion, where he used to give private audience. The sun was going gloriously down over Monte Mario, where gleamed the white tents of the French light-horse among the trees. The cannonade was heard at intervals. Two bright-eyed boys sat at our feet, and gathered up eagerly every word said by the heroes of the day. It was a beautiful hour, stolen from the midst of ruin and sorrow; and tales were told as full of grace and pathos as in the gardens of Boccaccio, only in a very different spirit,—with noble hope for man, with reverence for woman.

The young ladies of the family, very young girls, were filled with enthusiasm for the suffering, wounded patriots, and they wished to go to the hospital to give their services. Excepting the three superintendents, none but married ladies were permitted to serve there, but their services were accepted. Their governess then wished to go too, and, as she could speak several languages, she was admitted to the rooms of the wounded soldiers, to interpret for them, as the nurses knew nothing but Italian, and many of these poor men were suffering, because they could not make their wishes known. Some are French, some German, and many Poles. Indeed, I am afraid it is too true that there were comparatively but few Romans among them. This young lady passed several nights there.

Should I never return,—and sometimes I despair of doing so, it seems so far off, so difficult, I am caught in such a net of ties here,—if ever you know of my life here, I think you will only wonder at the constancy with which I have sustained myself; the degree of profit to which, amid great difficulties, I have put the time, at least in the way of observation. Meanwhile, love me all you can; let me feel, that, amid the fearful agitations of the world, there are pure hands, with healthful, even pulse, stretched out toward me, if I claim their grasp.

I feel profoundly for Mazzini; at moments I am tempted to

say, "Cursed with every granted prayer,"—so cunning is the dæmon. He is become the inspiring soul of his people. He saw Rome, to which all his hopes through life tended, for the first time as a Roman citizen, and to become in a few days its ruler. He has animated, he sustains her to a glorious effort, which, if it fails, this time, will not in the age. His country will be free. Yet to me it would be so dreadful to cause all this bloodshed, to dig the graves of such martyrs.

Then Rome is being destroyed; her glorious oaks; her villas, haunts of sacred beauty, that seemed the possession of the world forever,—the villa of Raphael, the villa of Albani, home of Winkelmann, and the best expression of the ideal of modern Rome, and so many other sanctuaries of beauty,—all must perish, lest a foe should level his musket from their shelter. *I* could not, could not!

I know not, dear friend, whether I ever shall get home across that great ocean, but here in Rome I shall no longer wish to live. O, Rome, *my* country! could I imagine that the triumph of what I held dear was to heap such desolation on thy head!

Speaking of the republic, you say, do not I wish Italy had a great man? Mazzini is a great man. In mind, a great poetic statesman; in heart, a lover; in action, decisive and full of resource as Cæsar. Dearly I love Mazzini. He came in, just as I had finished the first letter to you. His soft, radiant look makes melancholy music in my soul; it consecrates my present life, that, like the Magdalen, I may, at the important hour, shed all the consecrated ointment on his head. There is one, Mazzini, who understands thee well; who knew thee no less when an object of popular fear, than now of idolatry; and who, if the pen be not held too feebly, will help posterity to know thee too.

TO W. H. C.

ROME, July 8, 1849.

I do not yet find myself tranquil and recruited from the painful excitements of these last days. But, amid the ruined hopes of Rome, the shameful oppressions she is beginning to suffer, amid these noble, bleeding martyrs, my brothers, I cannot fix my thoughts on anything else.

I write that you may assure mother of my safety, which in the last days began to be seriously imperilled. Say, that as soon as I can find means of conveyance, without an expense too enormous, I shall go again into the mountains. There I shall find pure, bracing air, and I hope stillness, for a time. Say, she need feel no anxiety, if she do not hear from me for some time. I may feel indisposed to write, as I do now; my heart is too full.

Private hopes of mine are fallen with the hopes of Italy. I have played for a new stake, and lost it. Life looks too difficult. But for the present I shall try to waive all thought of self and renew my strength.

After the attempt at revolution in France failed, could I have influenced Mazzini, I should have prayed him to capitulate, and yet I feel that no honorable terms can be made with such a foe, and that the only way is *never* to yield; but the sound of the musketry, the sense that men were perishing in a hopeless contest, had become too terrible for my nerves. I did not see Mazzini, the last two weeks of the republic. When the French entered, he walked about the streets, to see how the people bore themselves, and then went to the house of a friend. In the upper chamber of a poor house, with his life-long friends, —the Modenas,—I found him. Modena, who abandoned not only what other men hold dear,—home, fortune, peace,—but also endured, without the power of using the prime of his great artist-talent, a ten years' exile in a foreign land; his wife every way worthy of him,—such a woman as I am not.

Mazzini had suffered millions more than I could; he had borne his fearful responsibility; he had let his dearest friends perish; he had passed all these nights without sleep; in two short months, he had grown old; all the vital juices seemed exhausted; his eyes were all blood-shot; his skin orange; flesh he had none; his hair was mixed with white; his hand was painful to the touch; but he had never flinched, never quailed; had protested in the last hour against surrender; sweet and calm, but full of a more fiery purpose than ever; in him I revered the hero, and owned myself not of that mould.

You say truly, I shall come home humbler. God grant it may be entirely humble! In future, while more than ever deeply penetrated with principles, and the need of the martyr

spirit to sustain them, I will ever own that there are few worthy, and that I am one of the least.

A silken glove might be as good a gauntlet as one of steel, but I, infirm of mood, turn sick even now as I think of the past.

July, 1849.

I cannot tell you what I endured in leaving Rome; abandoning the wounded soldiers; knowing that there is no provision made for them, when they rise from the beds where they have been thrown by a noble courage, where they have suffered with a noble patience. Some of the poorer men, who rise bereft even of the right arm,—one having lost both the right arm and the right leg,—I could have provided for with a small sum. Could I have sold my hair, or blood from my arm, I would have done it. Had any of the rich Americans remained in Rome, they would have given it to me; they helped nobly at first, in the service of the hospitals, when there was far less need; but they had all gone. What would I have given that I could have spoken to one of the Lawrences, or the Phillipses; they could and would have saved the misery. These poor men are left helpless in the power of a mean and vindictive foe. You felt so oppressed in the slave-states; imagine what I felt at seeing all the noblest youth, all the genius of this dear land, again enslaved.

TO W. H. C.

RIETI, August 28, 1849.

You say, you are glad I have had this great opportunity for carrying out my principles. Would it were so! I found myself inferior in courage and fortitude to the occasion. I knew not how to bear the havoc and anguish incident to the struggle for these principles. I rejoiced that it lay not with me to cut down the trees, to destroy the Elysian gardens, for the defence of Rome; I do not know that I could have done it. And the sight of these far nobler growths, the beautiful young men, mown down in their stately prime, became too much for me. I forget the great ideas, to sympathize with the poor mothers, who had nursed their precious forms, only to see them all lopped and gashed. You say, I sustained them; often have they sustained my courage: one, kissing the pieces of bone that were so painfully extracted from his arm, hanging them round his neck to

be worn as the true relics of to-day; mementoes that he also had done and borne something for his country and the hopes of humanity. One fair young man, who is made a cripple for life, clasped my hand as he saw me crying over the spasms I could not relieve, and faintly cried, "Viva l'Italia." "Think only, *cara bona donna*," said a poor wounded soldier, "that I can always wear my uniform on *festas*, just as it is now, with the holes where the balls went through, for a memory." "God is good; God knows," they often said to me, when I had not a word to cheer them.

### THE WIFE AND MOTHER [1]

Beneath the ruins of the Roman Republic, how many private fortunes were buried! and among these victims was Margaret. In that catastrophe, were swallowed up hopes sacredly cherished by her through weary months, at the risk of all she most prized.

Soon after the entrance of the French, she wrote thus, to the resident envoy of the United States:

My dear Mr. Cass,—I beg you to come and see me, and give me your counsel, and, if need be, your aid, to get away from Rome. From what I hear this morning, I fear we may be once more shut up here; and I shall die, to be again separated from what I hold most dear. There are, as yet, no horses on the way we want to go, or we should post immediately.

You may feel, like me, sad, in these last moments, to leave this injured Rome. So many noble hearts I abandon here, whose woes I have known! I feel, if I could not aid, I might soothe. But for my child, I would not go, till some men, now sick, know whether they shall live or die.

Her child! Where was he? In Rieti—at the foot of the Umbrian Apennines—a day's journey to the northeast of Rome. Thither Margaret escaped with her husband, and thence she wrote the following letter:

Dearest Mother,—I received your letter a few hours before leaving Rome. Like all of yours, it refreshed me, and gave me

[1] The first part of this chapter is edited by R. W. E.; the remainder by W. H. C.

as much satisfaction as anything could, at that sad time. Its spirit is of eternity, and befits an epoch when wickedness and perfidy so impudently triumph, and the best blood of the generous and honorable is poured out like water, seemingly in vain.

I cannot tell you what I suffered to abandon the wounded to the care of their mean foes; to see the young men, that were faithful to their vows, hunted from their homes,—hunted like wild beasts; denied a refuge in every civilized land. Many of those I loved are sunk to the bottom of the sea, by Austrian cannon, or will be shot. Others are in penury, grief, and exile. May God give due recompense for all that has been endured!

My mind still agitated, and my spirits worn out, I have not felt like writing to any one. Yet the magnificent summer does not smile quite in vain for me. Much exercise in the open air, living much on milk and fruit, have recruited my health, and I am regaining the habit of sleep, which a month of nightly cannonade in Rome had destroyed.

Receiving, a few days since, a packet of letters from America, I opened them with more feeling of hope and good cheer, than for a long time past. The first words that met my eye were these, in the hand of Mr. Greeley:—"Ah, Margaret, the world grows dark with us! You grieve, for Rome is fallen; —I mourn, for Pickie is dead."

I have shed rivers of tears over the inexpressibly affecting letter thus begun. One would think I might have become familiar enough with images of death and destruction; yet somehow the image of Pickie's little dancing figure, lying, stiff and stark, between his parents, has made me weep more than all else. There was little hope he could do justice to himself, or lead a happy life in so perplexed a world; but never was a character of richer capacity,—never a more charming child. To me he was most dear, and would always have been so. Had he become stained with earthly faults, I could never have forgotten what he was when fresh from the soul's home, and what he was to me when my soul pined for sympathy, pure and unalloyed. The three children I have seen who were fairest in my eyes, and gave most promise of the future, were Waldo, Pickie, Hermann Clarke;—all nipped in the bud. Endless thoughts has this given me, and a resolve to seek the realization of all hopes and plans elsewhere, which resolve will weigh

with me as much as it can weigh before the silver cord is finally loosed. Till then, Earth, our mother, always finds strange, unexpected ways to draw us back to her bosom,—to make us seek anew a nutriment which has never failed to cause us frequent sickness.

This brings me to the main object of my present letter,—a piece of intelligence about myself, which I had hoped I might be able to communicate in such a way as to give you *pleasure*. That I cannot,—after suffering much in silence with that hope,—is like the rest of my earthly destiny.

The first moment, it may cause you a pang to know that your eldest child might long ago have been addressed by another name than yours, and has a little son a year old.

But, beloved mother, do not feel this long. I do assure you, that it was only great love for you that kept me silent. I have abstained a hundred times, when your sympathy, your counsel, would have been most precious, from a wish not to harass you with anxiety. Even now I would abstain, but it has become necessary, on account of the child, for us to live publicly and permanently together; and we have no hope, in the present state of Italian affairs, that we can do it at any better advantage, for several years, than now.

My husband is a Roman, of a noble but now impoverished house. His mother died when he was an infant; his father is dead since we met, leaving some property, but encumbered with debts, and in the present state of Rome hardly available, except by living there. He has three older brothers, all provided for in the Papal service,—one as Secretary of the Privy Chamber, the other two as members of the Guard Noble. A similar career would have been opened to him, but he embraced liberal principles, and, with the fall of the Republic, has lost all, as well as the favor of his family, who all sided with the Pope. Meanwhile, having been an officer in the Republican service, it was best for him to leave Rome. He has taken what little money he had, and we plan to live in Florence for the winter. If he or I can get the means, we shall come together to the United States, in the summer;—earlier we could not, on account of the child.

He is not in any respect such a person as people in general

would expect to find with me. He had no instructor except an old priest, who entirely neglected his education; and of all that is contained in books he is absolutely ignorant, and he has no enthusiasm of character. On the other hand, he has excellent practical sense; has been a judicious observer of all that passed before his eyes; has a nice sense of duty, which, in its unfailing, minute activity, may put most enthusiasts to shame; a very sweet temper, and great native refinement. His love for me has been unswerving and most tender. I have never suffered a pain that he could relieve. His devotion, when I am ill, is to be compared only with yours. His delicacy in trifles, his sweet domestic graces, remind me of E——. In him I have found a home, and one that interferes with no tie. Amid many ills and cares, we have had much joy together, in the sympathy with natural beauty,—with our child,—with all that is innocent and sweet.

I do not know whether he will always love me so well, for I am the elder, and the difference will become, in a few years, more perceptible than now. But life is so uncertain, and it is so necessary to take good things with their limitations, that I have not thought it worth while to calculate too curiously.

However my other friends may feel, I am sure that *you* will love him very much, and that he will love you no less. Could we all live together, on a moderate income, you would find peace with us. Heaven grant, that, on returning, I may gain means to effect this object. He, of course, can do nothing, while we are in the United States, but perhaps I can; and now that my health is better, I shall be able to exert myself, if sure that my child is watched by those who love him, and who are good and pure.

What shall I say of my child? All might seem hyperbole, even to my dearest mother. In him I find satisfaction, for the first time, to the deep wants of my heart. Yet, thinking of those other sweet ones fled, I must look upon him as a treasure only lent. He is a fair child, with blue eyes and light hair; very affectionate, graceful, and sportive. He was baptized, in the Roman Catholic Church, by the name of Angelo Eugene Philip, for his father, grandfather, and my brother. He inherits the title of marquis.

Write the name of my child in your Bible, ANGELO OSSOLI, *born September* 5, 1848. God grant he may live to see you, and may prove worthy of your love!

More I do not feel strength to say. You can hardly guess how all attempt to express something about the great struggles and experiences of my European life enfeebles me. When I get home,—if ever I do,—it will be told without this fatigue and excitement. I trust there will be a little repose, before entering anew on this wearisome conflict.

I had addressed you twice,—once under the impression that I should not survive the birth of my child; again during the siege of Rome, the father and I being both in danger. I took Mrs. Story, and, when she left Rome, Mr. Cass, into my confidence. Both were kind as sister and brother. Amid much pain and struggle, sweet is the memory of the generous love I received from William and Emelyn Story, and their uncle. They helped me gently through a most difficult period. Mr. Cass, also, who did not know me at all, has done everything possible for me.

A letter to her sister fills out these portraits of her husband and child.

About Ossoli [2] I do not like to say much, as he is an exceedingly delicate person. He is not precisely reserved, but it is not natural to him to talk about the objects of strong affection. I am sure he would not try to describe me to his sister, but would rather she would take her own impression of me; and, as much as possible, I wish to do the same by him. I presume that, to many of my friends, he will be nothing, and they will not understand that I should have life in common with him. But I do not think he will care;—he has not the slightest tinge of self-love. He has, throughout our intercourse, been used to my having many such ties. He has no wish to be anything to persons with whom he does not feel spontaneously bound, and when I am occupied, is happy in himself. But some of my friends and my family, who will see him in the details of practical life, cannot fail to prize the purity and simple strength of his character; and, should he continue to love me as he has

[2] Giovanni Angelo Ossoli.

done, his companionship will be an inestimable blessing to me. I say *if*, because all human affections are frail, and I have experienced too great revulsions in my own, not to know it. Yet I feel great confidence in the permanence of his love. It has been unblemished so far, under many trials; especially as I have been more desponding and unreasonable, in many ways, than I ever was before, and more so, I hope, than I ever shall be again. But at all such times, he never had a thought except to sustain and cheer me. He is capable of the sacred love,—the love passing that of woman. He showed it to his father, to Rome, to me. Now he loves his child in the same way. I think he will be an excellent father, though he could not speculate about it, nor, indeed, about anything.

Our meeting was singular,—fateful, I may say. Very soon he offered me his hand through life, but I never dreamed I should take it. I loved him, and felt very unhappy to leave him; but the connection seemed so every way unfit, I did not hesitate a moment. He, however, thought I should return to him, as I did. I acted upon a strong impulse, and could not analyze at all what passed in my mind. I neither rejoice nor grieve;—for bad or for good, I acted out my character. Had I never connected myself with any one, my path was clear; now it is all hid; but, in that case, my development must have been partial. As to marriage, I think the intercourse of heart and mind may be fully enjoyed without entering into this partnership of daily life. Still, I do not find it burdensome. The friction that I have seen mar so much the domestic happiness of others does not occur with us, or, at least, has not occurred. Then, there is the pleasure of always being at hand to help one another.

Still, the great novelty, the immense gain, to me, is my relation with my child. I thought the mother's heart lived in me before, but it did not;—I knew nothing about it. Yet, before his birth, I dreaded it. I thought I should not survive; but if I did, and my child did, was I not cruel to bring another into this terrible world? I could not, at that time, get any other view. When he was born, that deep melancholy changed at once into rapture; but it did not last long. Then came the prudential motherhood. I grew a coward, a caretaker, not only for the morrow, but, impiously faithless, for twenty or thirty

years ahead. It seemed very wicked to have brought the little tender thing into the midst of cares and perplexities we had not feared in the least for ourselves. I imagined everything;—he was to be in danger of every enormity the Croats were then committing upon the infants of Lombardy;—the house would be burned over his head; but, if he escaped, how were we to get money to buy his bibs and primers? Then his father was to be killed in the fighting, and I to die of my cough, &c. &c.

During the siege of Rome, I could not see my little boy. What I endured at that time, in various ways, not many would survive. In the burning sun, I went, every day, to wait, in the crowd, for letters about him. Often they did not come. I saw blood that had streamed on the wall where Ossoli was. I have a piece of a bomb that burst close to him. I sought solace in tending the suffering men; but when I beheld the beautiful fair young men bleeding to death, or mutilated for life, I felt the woe of all the mothers who had nursed each to that full flower, to see them thus cut down. I felt the *consolation*, too,—for those youths died worthily. I was a Mater Dolorosa, and I remembered that she who helped Angelino into the world came from the sign of the Mater Dolorosa. I thought, even if he lives, if he comes into the world at this great troubled time, terrible with perplexed duties, it may be to die thus at twenty years, one of a glorious hecatomb, indeed, but still a sacrifice! It seemed then I was willing he should die.

Angelino's birthplace is thus sketched:

My baby saw mountains when he first looked forward into the world. RIETI,—not only an old classic town of Italy, but one founded by what are now called the Aborigines,—is a hive of very ancient dwellings with red brown roofs, a citadel and several towers. It is in a plain, twelve miles in diameter one way, not much less the other, and entirely encircled with mountains of the noblest form. Casinos and hermitages gleam here and there on their lower slopes. This plain is almost the richest in Italy, and full of vineyards. Rieti is near the foot of the hills on one side, and the rapid Velino makes almost the circuit of its walls, on its way to Terni. I had my apartment shut out from the family, on the bank of this river, and saw

the mountains, as I lay on my restless couch. There was a piazza, too, or, as they call it here, a loggia, which hung over the river, where I walked most of the night, for I could not sleep at all in those months. In the wild autumn storms, the stream became a roaring torrent, constantly lit up by lightning flashes, and the sound of its rush was very sublime. I see it yet, as it swept away on its dark green current the heaps of burning straw which the children let down from the bridge. Opposite my window was a vineyard, whose white and purple clusters were my food for three months. It was pretty to watch the vintage,—the asses and wagons loaded with this wealth of amber and rubies,—the naked boys, singing in the trees on which the vines are trained, as they cut the grapes,—the nut-brown maids and matrons, in their red corsets and white head-clothes, receiving them below, while the babies and little children were frolicking in the grass.

In Rieti, the ancient Umbrians were married thus. In presence of friends, the man and maid received together the gifts of fire and water; the bridegroom then conducted to his house the bride. At the door, he gave her the keys, and, entering, threw behind him nuts, as a sign that he renounced all the frivolities of boyhood.

I intend to write all that relates to the birth of Angelino, in a little book, which I shall, I hope, show you sometime. I have begun it, and then stopped;—it seemed to me he would die. If he lives, I shall finish it, before the details are at all faded in my mind. Rieti is a place where I should have liked to have him born, and where I should like to have him now,—but that the people are so wicked. They are the most ferocious and mercenary population of Italy. I did not know this, when I went there, and merely expected to be solitary and quiet among poor people. But they looked on the "Marchioness" as an ignorant *Inglese*, and they fancy all *Inglesi* have wealth untold. Me they were bent on plundering in every way. They made me suffer terribly in the first days.

### THE PRIVATE MARRIAGE

The high-minded friend, spoken of with such grateful affection by Margaret, in her letter to her mother, thus gracefully narrates the romance of her marriage; and the narrative is a

noble proof of the heroic disinterestedness with which, amidst her own engrossing trials, Margaret devoted herself to others. Mrs. Story writes as follows:

"During the month of November, 1847, we arrived in Rome, purposing to spend the winter there. At that time, Margaret was living in the house of the Marchesa ———, in the Corso, *Ultimo Piano*. Her rooms were pleasant and cheerful, with a certain air of elegance and refinement, but they had not a sunny exposure, that all-essential requisite for health, during the damp Roman winter. Margaret suffered from ill health this winter, and she afterwards attributed it mainly to the fact, that she had not the sun. As soon as she heard of our arrival, she stretched forth a friendly, cordial hand, and greeted us most warmly. She gave us great assistance in our search for convenient lodgings, and we were soon happily established near her. Our intercourse was henceforth most frequent and intimate, and knew no cloud nor coldness. Daily we were much with her, and daily we felt more sensible of the worth and value of our friend. To me she seemed so unlike what I had thought her to be in America, that I continually said, 'How have I misjudged you,—you are not at all such a person as I took you to be.' To this she replied, 'I am not the same person, but in many respects another;—my life has new channels now, and how thankful I am that I have been able to come out into larger interests,—but, partly, you did not know me at home in the true light.' It was true, that I had not known her much personal'y, when in Boston; but through her friends, who were mine also, I had learned to think of her as a person on intellectual stilts, with a large share of arrogance, and little sweetness of temper. How unlike to this was she now!—so delicate, so simple, confiding, and affectionate; with a true womanly heart and soul, sensitive and generous, and, what was to me a still greater surprise, possessed of so broad a charity, that she could cover with its mantle the faults and defects of all about her.

"We soon became acquainted with the young Marquis Ossoli, and met him frequently at Margaret's rooms. He appeared to be of a reserved and gentle nature, with quiet, gentleman-like manners, and there was something melancholy in

the expression of his face, which made one desire to know more of him. In figure, he was tall, and of slender frame, with dark hair and eyes; we judged that he was about thirty years of age, possibly younger. Margaret spoke of him most frankly, and soon told us the history of her first acquaintance with him, which, as nearly as I can recall, was as follows:—

"She went to hear vespers, the evening of 'Holy Thursday,' soon after her first coming to Rome, in the spring of 1847, at St. Peter's. She proposed to her companions that some place in the church should be designated, where, after the services, they should meet,—she being inclined, as was her custom always in St. Peter's, to wander alone among the different chapels. When, at length, she saw that the crowd was dispersing, she returned to the place assigned, but could not find her party. In some perplexity, she walked about, with her glass carefully examining each group. Presently, a young man of gentlemanly address came up to her, and begged, if she were seeking any one, that he might be permitted to assist her; and together they continued the search through all parts of the church. At last, it became evident, beyond a doubt, that her party could no longer be there, and, as it was then quite late, the crowd all gone, they went out into the piazza to find a carriage, in which she might go home. In the piazza, in front of St. Peter's, generally may be found many carriages; but, owing to the delay they had made, there were then none, and Margaret was compelled to walk, with her stranger friend, the long distance between the Vatican and the Corso. At this time, she had little command of the language for conversational purposes, and their words were few, though enough to create in each a desire for further knowledge and acquaintance. At her door, they parted, and Margaret, finding her friends already at home, related the adventure."

This chance meeting at vesper service in St. Peter's prepared the way for many interviews; and it was before Margaret's departure for Venice, Milan, and Como, that Ossoli first offered her his hand, and was refused. Mrs. Story continues:

"After her return to Rome, they met again, and he became her constant visitor; and as, in those days, Margaret watched

with intense interest the tide of political events, his mind was also turned in the direction of liberty and better government. Whether Ossoli, unassisted, would have been able to emancipate himself from the influence of his family and early education, both eminently conservative and narrow, may be a question; but that he did throw off the shackles, and espouse the cause of Roman liberty with warm zeal, is most certain. Margaret had known Mazzini in London, had partaken of his schemes for the future of his country, and was taking every pains to inform herself in regard to the action of all parties, with a view to write a history of the period. Ossoli brought her every intelligence that might be of interest to her, and busied himself in learning the views of both parties, that she might be able to judge the matter impartially.

" Here I may say, that, in the estimation of most of those who were in Italy at this time, the loss of Margaret's history and notes is a great and irreparable one. No one could have possessed so many avenues of direct information from both sides. While she was the friend and correspondent of Mazzini, and knew the springs of action of his party; through her husband's family and connections, she knew the other view; so that, whatever might be the value of her deductions, her facts could not have been other than of highest worth. Together, Margaret and Ossoli went to the meetings of either side; and to her he carried all the flying reports of the day, such as he had heard in the café, or through his friends.

" In a short time, we went to Naples, and Margaret, in the course of a few months, to Aquila and Rieti. Meanwhile, we heard from her often by letter, and wrote to urge her to join us in our villa at Sorrento. During this summer, she wrote constantly upon her history of the Italian movement, for which she had collected materials through the past winter. We did not again meet, until the following spring, March, 1849, when we went from Florence back to Rome. Once more we were with her, then, in most familiar every-day intercourse, and as at this time a change of government had taken place,—the Pope having gone to Molo di Gaeta,—we watched with her the great movements of the day. Ossoli was now actively interested on the liberal side; he was holding the office of captain in the

*Guardia Civica,* and enthusiastically looking forward to the success of the new measures.

"During the spring of 1849, Mazzini came to Rome. He went at once to see Margaret, and at her rooms met Ossoli. After this interview with Mazzini, it was quite evident that they had lost something of the faith and hopeful certainty with which they had regarded the issue, for Mazzini had discovered the want of singleness of purpose in the leaders of the Provisional Government. Still zealously Margaret and Ossoli aided in everything the progress of events; and when it was certain that the French had landed forces at Civita Vecchia, and would attack Rome, Ossoli took station with his men on the walls of the Vatican gardens, where he remained faithfully to the end of the attack. Margaret had, at the same time, the entire charge of one of the hospitals, and was the assistant of the Princess Belgioioso, in charge of '*dei Pellegrini*,' where, during the first day, they received seventy wounded men, French and Romans.

"Night and day, Margaret was occupied, and, with the princess, so ordered and disposed the hospitals, that their conduct was truly admirable. All the work was skilfully divided, so that there was no confusion or hurry, and, from the chaotic condition in which these places had been left by the priests,—who previously had charge of them,—they brought them to a state of perfect regularity and discipline. Of money they had very little, and they were obliged to give their time and thoughts, in its place. From the Americans in Rome, they raised a subscription for the aid of the wounded of either party; but, besides this, they had scarcely any means to use. I have walked through the wards with Margaret, and seen how comforting was her presence to the poor suffering men. 'How long will the Signora stay?' 'When will the Signora come again?' they eagerly asked. For each one's peculiar tastes she had a care: to one she carried books; to another she told the news of the day; and listened to another's oft-repeated tale of wrongs, as the best sympathy she could give. They raised themselves up on their elbows, to get the last glimpse of her as she was going away. There were some of the sturdy fellows of Garibaldi's Legion there, and to them she listened, as they spoke with delight of their chief, of his courage and

skill; for he seemed to have won the hearts of his men in a remarkable manner.

"One incident I may as well narrate in this connection. It happened, that, some time before the coming of the French, while Margaret was travelling quite by herself, on her return from a visit to her child, who was out at nurse in the country, she rested for an hour or two at a little wayside *osteria*. While there, she was startled by the *padrone*, who, with great alarm, rushed into the room, and said, 'We are quite lost! here is the Legion Garibaldi! These men always pillage, and, if we do not give all up to them without pay, they will kill us.' Margaret looked out upon the road, and saw that it was quite true, that the legion was coming thither with all speed. For a moment, she said, she felt uncomfortably; for such was the exaggerated account of the conduct of the men, that she thought it quite possible that they would take her horses, and so leave her without the means of proceeding on her journey. On they came, and she determined to offer them a lunch at her own expense; having faith that gentleness and courtesy was the best protection from injury. Accordingly, as soon as they arrived, and rushed boisterously into the *osteria*, she rose, and said to the *padrone*, 'Give these good men wine and bread on my account; for, after their ride, they must need refreshment.' Immediately, the noise and confusion subsided; with respectful bows to her, they seated themselves and partook of the lunch, giving her an account of their journey. When she was ready to go, and her *vettura* was at the door, they waited upon her, took down the steps, and assisted her with much gentleness and respectfulness of manner, and she drove off, wondering how men with such natures could have the reputation they had. And, so far as we could gather, except in this instance, their conduct was of a most disorderly kind.

"Again, on another occasion, she showed how great was her power over rude men. This was when two *contadini* at Rieti, being in a violent quarrel, had rushed upon each other with knives. Margaret was called by the women bystanders, as the Signora who could most influence them to peace. She went directly up to the men, whose rage was truly awful to behold, and, stepping between them, commanded them to separate. They parted, but with such a look of deadly revenge, that Mar-

garet felt her work was but half accomplished. She therefore sought them out separately, and talked with each, urging forgiveness; it was long, however, before she could see any change of purpose, and only by repeated conversations was it, that she brought about her desire, and saw them meet as friends. After this, her reputation as peace-maker was great, and the women in the neighborhood came to her with long tales of trouble, urging her intervention. I have never known anything more extraordinary than this influence of hers over the passion and violence of the Italian character. Repeated instances come to my mind, when a look from her has had more power to quiet excitement, than any arguments and reasonings that could be brought to bear upon the subject. Something quite superior and apart from them, the people thought her, and yet knew her as the gentle and considerate judge of their vices.

"I may also mention here, that Margaret's charities, according to her means, were larger than those of any other whom I ever knew. At one time, in Rome, while she lived upon the simplest, slenderest fare, spending only some ten or twelve cents a day for her dinner, she lent, unsolicited, her last fifty dollars to an artist, who was then in need. That it would ever be returned to her, she did not know; but the doubt did not restrain the hand from giving. In this instance, it was soon repaid her; but her charities were not always towards the most deserving. Repeated instances of the false pretences, under which demands for charity are made, were known to her after she had given to unworthy objects; but no experience of this sort ever checked her kindly impulse to give, and being once deceived taught her no lesson of distrust. She ever listened with ready ear to all who came to her in any form of distress. Indeed, to use the language of another friend, 'the prevalent impression at Rome, among all who knew her, was, that she was a mild saint and a ministering angel.'

"I have, in order to bring in these instances of her influence on those about her, deviated from my track. We return to the life she led in Rome during the attack of the French, and her charge of the hospitals, where she spent daily some seven or eight hours, and, often, the entire night. Her feeble frame was a good deal shaken by so uncommon

a demand upon her strength, while, at the same time, the anxiety of her mind was intense. I well remember how exhausted and weary she was; how pale and agitated she returned to us after her day's and night's watching; how eagerly she asked for news of Ossoli, and how seldom we had any to give her, for he was unable to send her a word for two or three days at a time. Letters from the country there were few or none, as the communication between Rieti and Rome was cut off.

"After one such day, she called me to her bedside, and said that I must consent, for her sake, to keep the SECRET she was about to confide. Then she told me of her marriage; where her child was, and where he was born; and gave me certain papers and parchment documents which I was to keep; and, in the event of her and her husband's death, I was to take the boy to her mother in America, and confide him to her care, and that of her friend, Mrs. —— ——.

"The papers thus given me, I had perfect liberty to read; but after she had told me her story, I desired no confirmation of this fact, beyond what her words had given. One or two of the papers she opened, and we together read them. One was written on parchment, in Latin, and was a certificate, given by the priest who married them, saying that Angelo Eugene Ossoli was the legal heir of whatever title and fortune should come to his father. To this was affixed his seal, with those of the other witnesses, and the Ossoli crest was drawn in full upon the paper. There was also a book, in which Margaret had written the history of her acquaintance and marriage with Ossoli, and of the birth of her child. In giving that to me, she said, 'If I do not survive to tell this myself to my family, this book will be to them invaluable. Therefore keep it for them. If I live, it will be of no use, for my word will be all that they will ask.' I took the papers, and locked them up. Never feeling any desire to look into them, I never did; and as she gave them to me, I returned them to her, when I left Rome for Switzerland.

"After this, she often spoke to me of the necessity there had been, and still existed, for her keeping her marriage a secret. At the time, I argued in favor of her making it public, but subsequent events have shown me the wisdom of her

decision. The *explanation* she gave me of the secret marriage was this:

"They were married in December, soon after,—as I think, though I am not positive—the death of the old Marquis Ossoli. The estate he had left was undivided, and the two brothers, attached to the Papal household, were to be the executors. This patrimony was not large, but, when fairly divided, would bring to each a little property—an income sufficient, with economy, for life in Rome. Every one knows, that law is subject to ecclesiastical influence in Rome, and that marriage with a Protestant would be destructive to all prospects of favorable administration. And besides being of another religious faith, there was, in this case, the additional crime of having married a liberal,—one who had publicly interested herself in radical views. Taking the two facts together, there was good reason to suppose, that, if the marriage were known, Ossoli must be a beggar, and a banished man, under the then existing government; while, by waiting a little, there was a chance,—a fair one, too,—of an honorable post under the new government, whose formation every one was anticipating. Leaving Rome, too, at that time, was deserting the field wherein they might hope to work much good, and where they felt that they were needed. Ossoli's brothers had long before begun to look jealously upon him. Knowing his acquaintance with Margaret, they feared the influence she might exert over his mind in favor of liberal sentiments, and had not hesitated to threaten him with the Papal displeasure. Ossoli's education had been such, that it certainly argues an uncommon elevation of character, that he remained so firm and single in his political views, and was so indifferent to the pecuniary advantages which his former position offered, since, during many years, the Ossoli family had been high in favor and in office, in Rome, and the same vista opened for his own future, had he chosen to follow their lead. The Pope left for Molo di Gaeta, and then came a suspension of all legal procedure, so that the estate was never divided, before we left Italy, and I do not know that it has ever been.

"Ossoli had the feeling, that, while his own sister and family could not be informed of his marriage, no others should

know of it; and from day to day they hoped on for the favorable change which should enable them to declare it. Their child was born; and, for his sake, in order to defend him, as Margaret said, from the stings of poverty, they were patient waiters for the restored law of the land. Margaret felt that she would, at any cost to herself, gladly secure for her child a condition above want; and, although it was a severe trial,—as her letters to us attest,—she resolved to wait, and hope, and keep her secret. At the time when she took me into her confidence, she was so full of anxiety and dread of some shock, from which she might not recover, that it was absolutely necessary to make it known to some friend. She was living with us at the time, and she gave it to me. Most sacredly, but timidly, did I keep her secret; for, all the while, I was tormented with a desire to be of active service to her, and I was incapacitated from any action by the position in which I was placed.

"Ossoli's post was one of considerable danger, he being in one of the most exposed places; and, as Margaret saw his wounded and dying comrades, she felt that another shot might take him from her, or bring him to her care in the hospital. Eagerly she watched the carts, as they came up with their suffering loads, dreading that her worst fears might be confirmed. No argument of ours could persuade Ossoli to leave his post to take food or rest. Sometimes we went to him, and carried a concealed basket of provisions, but he shared it with so many of his fellows, that his own portion must have been almost nothing. Haggard, worn, and pale, he walked over the Vatican grounds with us, pointing out, now here, now there, where some poor fellow's blood sprinkled the wall; Margaret was with us, and for a few moments they could have an anxious talk about their child.

"To get to the child, or to send to him, was quite impossible, and for days they were in complete ignorance about him. At length a letter came; and in it the nurse declared that unless they should immediately send her, in advance-payment, a certain sum of money, she would altogether abandon Angelo. It seemed, at first, impossible to forward the money, the road was so insecure, and the bearer of any parcel was so likely to be seized by one party or the other, and to

be treated as a spy. But finally, after much consideration, the sum was sent to the address of a physician, who had been charged with the care of the child. I think it did reach its destination, and for a while answered the purpose of keeping the wretched woman faithful to her charge."

### AQUILA AND RIETI

Extracts from Margaret's and Ossoli's letters will guide us more into the heart of this home-tragedy, so sanctified with holy hope, sweet love, and patient heroism. They shall be introduced by a passage from a journal written many years before.

"My Child! O, Father, give me a bud on my tree of life, so scathed by the lightning and bound by the frost! Surely a being born wholly of my being, would not let me lie so still and cold in lonely sadness. This is a new sorrow; for always, before, I have wanted a superior or equal, but now it seems that only the feeling of a parent for a child could exhaust the richness of one's soul. All powerful Nature, how dost thou lead me into thy heart and rebuke every factitious feeling, every thought of pride, which has severed me from the Universe! How did I aspire to be a pure flame, ever pointing upward on the altar! But these thoughts of consecration, though true to the time, are false to the whole. There needs no consecration to the wise heart, for all is pervaded by One Spirit, and the Soul of all existence is the Holy of Holies. I thought ages would pass, before I had this parent feeling, and then, that the desire would rise from my fulness of being. But now it springs up in my poverty and sadness. I am well aware that I ought not to be so happy. I do not deserve to be well beloved in any way, far less as the mother by her child. I am too rough and blurred an image of the Creator, to become a bestower of life. Yet, if I refuse to be anything else than my highest self, the true beauty will finally glow out in fulness."

At what cost, were bought the blessings so long pined for! Early in the summer of 1848, Margaret left Rome for Aquila, a small old town, once a baronial residence, perched

among the mountains of Abruzzi. She thus sketches her retreat:

"I am in the midst of a theatre of glorious, snow-crowned mountains, whose pedestals are garlanded with the olive and mulberry, and along whose sides run bridle-paths, fringed with almond groves and vineyards. The valleys are yellow with saffron flowers; the grain fields enamelled with the brilliant blue corn-flower and red poppy. They are of intoxicating beauty, and like nothing in America. The old genius of Europe has so mellowed even the marbles here, that one cannot have the feeling of holy virgin loneliness, as in the New World. The spirits of the dead crowd me in most solitary places. Here and there, gleam churches or shrines. The little town, much ruined, lies on the slope of a hill, with the houses of the barons gone to decay, and unused churches, over whose arched portals are faded frescoes, with the open belfry, and stone wheel-windows, always so beautiful. Sweet little paths lead away through the fields to convents,—one of Passionists, another of Capuchins; and the draped figures of the monks, pacing up and down the hills, look very peaceful. In the churches still open are pictures, not by great masters, but of quiet, domestic style, which please me much, especially one of the Virgin offering her breast to the child Jesus. There is often sweet music in these churches; they are dressed with fresh flowers, and the incense is not oppressive, so freely sweeps through them the mountain breeze."

Here Margaret remained but a month, while Ossoli was kept fast by his guard duties in Rome. "*Addio, tutto caro,*" she writes; "I shall receive you with the greatest joy, when you can come. If it were only possible to be nearer to you! for, except the good air and the security, this place does not please me." And again: "How much I long to be near you! You write nothing of yourself, and this makes me anxious and sad. Dear and good! I pray for thee often, now that it is all I can do for thee. We must hope that Destiny will at last grow weary of persecuting. Ever thy affectionate." Meantime Ossoli writes: "Why do you not send me tidings of yourself, every post-day? since the post leaves

Aquila three times a week. I send you journals or letters every time the post leaves Rome. You should do the same. Take courage, and thus you will make me happier also; and you can think how sad I must feel in not being near you, dearest, to care for all your wants."

By the middle of July, Margaret could bear her loneliness no longer, and, passing the mountains, advanced to Rieti, within the frontier of the Papal States. Here Ossoli could sometimes visit her on a Sunday, by travelling in the night from Rome. "Do not fail to come," writes Margaret. "I shall have your coffee warm. You will arrive early, and I can see the diligence pass the bridge from my window." But now threatened a new trial, terrible under the circumstances, yet met with the loving heroism that characterized all her conduct. The civic guard was ordered to prepare for marching to Bologna. Under date of August 17th, Ossoli writes: "*Mia Cara!* How deplorable is my state! I have suffered a most severe struggle. If your condition were other than it is, I could resolve more easily; but, in the present moment, I cannot leave you! Ah, how cruel is destiny! I understand well how much you would sacrifice yourself for me, and am deeply grateful; but I cannot yet decide." Margaret is alone, without a single friend, and not only among strangers, but surrounded by people so avaricious, cunning, and unscrupulous, that she has to be constantly on the watch to avoid being fleeced; she is very poor, and has no confidant, even in Rome, to consult with; she is ill, and fears death in the near crisis; yet thus, with true Roman greatness, she counsels her husband: "It seems, indeed, a marvel how all things go contrary to us! That, just at this moment, you should be called upon to go away. But do what is for your honor. If honor requires it, go. I will try to sustain myself. I leave it to your judgment when to come,—if, indeed, you can ever come again! At least, we have had some hours of peace together, if now it is all over. Adieu, love; I embrace thee always, and pray for thy welfare. Most affectionately, adieu."

From this trial, however, she was spared. Pio Nono hesitated to send the civic guard to the north of Italy. Then Margaret writes: "On our own account, love, I shall be

most grateful, if you are not obliged to go. But how unworthy, in the Pope! He seems now a man without a heart. And that traitor, Charles Albert! He will bear the curse of all future ages. Can you learn particulars from Milan? I feel sad for our poor friends there; how much they must suffer! * * * I shall be much more tranquil to have you at my side, for it would be sad to die alone, without the touch of one dear hand. Still, I repeat what I said in my last; if duty prevents you from coming, I will endeavor to take care of myself." Again, two days later, she says: "I feel, love, a profound sympathy with you, but am not able to give perfectly wise counsel. It seems to me, indeed, the worst possible moment to take up arms, except in the cause of duty, of honor; for, with the Pope so cold, and his ministers so undecided, nothing can be well or successfully done. If it is possible for you to wait for two or three weeks, the public state will be determined,—as will also mine,—and you can judge more calmly. Otherwise, it seems to me that I ought to say nothing. Only, if you go, come here first. I must see you once more. Adieu, dear. Our misfortunes are many and unlooked for. Not often does destiny demand a greater price for some happy moments. Yet never do I repent of our affection; and for thee, if not for me, I hope that life has still some good in store. Once again, adieu! May God give thee counsel and help, since they are not in the power of thy affectionate Margherita."

On the 5th of September, Ossoli was "at her side," and together, with glad and grateful hearts, they welcomed their boy; though the father was compelled to return the next day to Rome. Even then, however, a new chapter of sorrows was opening. By indiscreet treatment, Margaret was thrown into violent fever, and became unable to nurse her child. Her waiting maid, also, proved so treacherous, that she was forced to dismiss her, and wished "never to set eyes on her more;" and the family, with whom she was living, displayed most detestable meanness. Thus helpless, ill, and solitary, she could not even now enjoy the mother's privilege. Yet she writes cheerfully: "My present nurse is a very good one, and I feel relieved. We must have courage; but it is a great care, alone and ignorant, to guard an infant in its first

days of life. He is very pretty for his age; and, without knowing what name I intended giving him, the people in the house call him *Angiolino,* because he is so lovely." Again: "He is so dear! It seems to me, among all disasters and difficulties, that if he lives and is well, he will become a treasure for us two, that will compensate us for everything." And yet again: "This —— is faithless, like the rest. Spite of all his promises, he will not bring the matter to inoculate Nino, though, all about us, persons are dying with small-pox. I cannot sleep by night, and I weep by day, I am so disgusted; but you are too far off to help me. The baby is more beautiful every hour. He is worth all the trouble he causes me,—poor child that I am,—alone here, and abused by everybody.

Yet new struggles, new sorrows! Ossoli writes: "Our affairs must be managed with the utmost caution imaginable, since my thought would be to keep the baby out of Rome for the sake of greater secrecy, if only we can find a good nurse who will take care of him like a mother." To which Margaret replies: "He is always so charming, how can I ever, ever leave him! I wake in the night,—I look at him. I think: Ah, it is impossible! He is so beautiful and good, I could die for him!" Once more: "In seeking rooms, do not pledge me to remain in Rome, for it seems to me, often, I cannot stay long without seeing the boy. He is so dear, and life seems so uncertain. It is necessary that I should be in Rome a month, at least, to write, and also to be near you. But I must be free to return here, if I feel too anxious and suffering for him. O, love! how difficult is life! But thou art good! If it were only possible to make thee happy!" And, finally, "Signora speaks very highly of ——, the nurse of Angelo, and says that her aunt is an excellent woman, and that the brothers are all good. Her conduct pleases me well. This consoles me a little, in the prospect of leaving my child, if that is necessary."

So, early in November, Ossoli came for her, and they returned together. In December, however, Margaret passed a week more with her darling, making two fatiguing and perilous journeys, as snows had fallen on the mountains, and the streams were much swollen by the rains. And then, from

the combined motives of being near her husband, watching and taking part in the impending struggle of liberalism, earning support by her pen, preparing her book, and avoiding suspicion, she remained for three months in Rome. "How many nights I have passed," she writes, "entirely in contriving possible means, by which, through resolution and effort on my part, that one sacrifice could be avoided. But it was impossible. I could not take the nurse from her family; I could not remove Angelo, without immense difficulty and risk. It is singular, how everything has worked to give me more and more sorrow. Could I but have remained in peace, cherishing the messenger dove, I should have asked no more, but should have felt overpaid for all the pains and bafflings of my sad and broken life." In March, she flies back to Rieti, and finds "our treasure in the best of health, and plump, though small. When first I took him in my arms, he made no sound, but leaned his head against my bosom, and kept it there, as if he would say, How could you leave me? They told me, that all the day of my departure he would not be comforted, always looking toward the door. He has been a strangely precocious infant, I think, through sympathy with me, for I worked very hard before his birth, with the hope that all my spirit might be incarnated in him. In that regard, it may have been good for him to be with these more instinctively joyous natures. I see that he is more serene, is less sensitive, than when with me, and sleeps better. The most solid happiness I have known has been when he has gone to sleep in my arms. What cruel sacrifices have I made to guard my secret for the present, and to have the mode of disclosure at my own option! It will, indeed, be just like all the rest, if these sacrifices are made in vain."

At Rieti, Margaret rested till the middle of April, when, returning once more to Rome, she was, as we have seen, shut up within the beleaguered city.

The siege ended, the anxious mother was free to seek her child once more, in his nest among the mountains. Her fears had been but too prophetic. "Though the physician sent me reassuring letters," she writes, "I yet often seemed to hear Angelino calling to me amid the roar of the cannon,

and always his tone was of crying. And when I came, I found mine own fast waning to the tomb. His nurse, lovely and innocent as she appeared, had betrayed him, for lack of a few *scudi!* He was worn to a skeleton; his sweet, childish grace all gone! Everything I had endured seemed light to what I felt when I saw him too weak to smile, or lift his wasted little hand. Now, by incessant care, we have brought him back,—who knows if that be a deed of love?—into this hard world once more. But I could not let him go, unless I went with him; and I do hope that the cruel law of my life will, at least, not oblige us to be separated. When I saw his first returning smile,—that poor, wan, feeble smile!—and more than four weeks we watched him night and day, before we saw it,—new resolution dawned in my heart. I resolved to live, day by day, hour by hour, for his dear sake. So, if he is only treasure lent,—if he too must go, as sweet Waldo, Pickie, Hermann, did,—as all *my* children do!—I shall at least have these days and hours with him."

How intolerable was this last blow to one stretched so long on the rack, is plain from Margaret's letters: "I shall never again," she writes, "be perfectly, be religiously generous, so terribly do I need for myself the love I have given to other sufferers. When you read this, I hope your heart will be happy; for I still like to know that others are happy,—it consoles me." Again her agony wrung from her these bitter words,—the bitterest she ever uttered,—words of transient madness, yet most characteristic: "Oh, God! help me, is all my cry. Yet I have little faith in the Paternal love I need, so ruthless or so negligent seems the government of this earth. I feel calm, yet sternly, towards Fate. This last plot against me has been so cruelly, cunningly wrought, that I shall never acquiesce. I submit, because useless resistance is degrading, but I demand an explanation. I see that it is probable I shall never receive one, while I live here, and suppose I can bear the rest of the suspense, since I have comprehended all its difficulties in the first moments. Meanwhile, I live day by day, though not on manna." But now comes a sweeter, gentler strain: "I have been the object of great love from the noble and the humble; I have felt it towards both. Yet I am *tired out*,—tired of thinking and hoping,—tired of seeing men

err and bleed. I take interest in some plans,—Socialism for instance,—but the interest is shallow as the plans. These are needed, are even good; but man will still blunder and weep, as he has done for so many thousand years. Coward and footsore, gladly would I creep into some green recess, where I might see a few not unfriendly faces, and where not more wretches should come than I could relieve. Yes! I am weary, and faith soars and sings no more. Nothing good of me is left except at the bottom of the heart, a melting tenderness:—'She loves much.'"

### CALM AFTER STORM

Morning rainbows usher in tempests, and certainly youth's romantic visions had prefigured a stormy day of life for Margaret. But there was yet to be a serene and glowing hour before the sun went down. Angelo grew strong and lively once more; rest and peace restored her elasticity of spirit, and extracts from various letters will show in what tranquil blessedness, the autumn and winter glided by. After a few weeks' residence at Rieti, the happy three journeyed on, by way of Perugia, to Florence, where they arrived at the end of September. Thence, Margaret writes:

It was so pleasant at Perugia! The pure mountain air is such perfect elixir, the walks are so beautiful on every side, and there is so much to excite generous and consoling feelings! I think the works of the Umbrian school are never well seen except in their home;—they suffer by comparison with works more rich in coloring, more genial, more full of common life. The depth and tenderness of their expression is lost on an observer stimulated to a point out of their range. Now, I can prize them. We went every morning to some church rich in pictures, returning at noon for breakfast. After breakfast, we went into the country, or to sit and read under the trees near San Pietro. Thus I read Nicolo di' Lapi, a book unenlivened by a spark of genius, but interesting, to me, as illustrative of Florence.

Our little boy gained strength rapidly there;—every day he was able to go out with us more. He is now full of life

and gayety. We hope he will live, and grow into a stout man yet.

Our journey here was delightful;—it is the first time I have seen Tuscany when the purple grape hangs garlanded from tree to tree. We were in the early days of the vintage: the fields were animated by men and women, some of the latter with such pretty little bare feet, and shy, soft eyes, under the round straw hat! They were beginning to cut the vines, but had not done enough to spoil any of the beauty.

Here, too, I feel better pleased than ever before. Florence seems so cheerful and busy, after ruined Rome, I feel as if I could forget the disasters of the day, for a while, in looking on the treasures she inherits.

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To-day we have been out in the country, and found a little chapel, full of *contadine*, their lovers waiting outside the door. They looked charming in their black veils,—the straw hat hanging on the arm,—with shy, glancing eyes, and cheeks pinched rosy by the cold; for it is cold here as in New England. On foot, we have explored a great part of the environs; and till now I had no conception of their beauty. When here before, I took only the regular drives, as prescribed for all lady and gentlemen travellers. This evening we returned by a path that led to the banks of the Arno. The Duomo, with the snowy mountains, were glorious in the rosy tint and haze, just before sunset. What a difference it makes to come home to a child!—how it fills up all the gaps of life, just in the way that is most consoling, most refreshing! Formerly, I used to feel sad at that hour; the day had not been nobly spent, I had not done my duty to myself and others, and I felt so lonely! Now I never feel lonely; for, even if my little boy dies, our souls will remain eternally united. And I feel *infinite* hope for him,—hope that he will serve God and man more loyally than I have done; and, seeing how full he is of life,—how much he can afford to throw away,—I feel the inexhaustibleness of nature, and console myself for my own incapacities.

FLORENCE, October 14, 1849.

Weary in spirit, with the deep disappointments of the last year, I wish to dwell little on these things for the moment, but

seek some consolation in the affections. My little boy is quite well now, and I often am happy in seeing how joyous and full of activity he seems. Ossoli, too, feels happier here. The future is full of difficulties for us, but, having settled our plans for the present, we shall set it aside while we may. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof;" and if the good be not always sufficient, in our case it is; so let us say grace to our dinner of herbs.

FLORENCE, November 7th.

Dearest Mother,—Of all your endless acts and words of love, never was any so dear to me as your last letter;—so generous, so sweet, so holy! What on earth is so precious as a mother's love; and who has a mother like mine!

I was thinking of you and my father, all that first day of October, wishing to write, only there was much to disturb me that day, as the police were threatening to send us away. It is only since I have had my own child that I have known how much I always failed to do what I might have done for the happiness of you both; only since I have seen so much of men and their trials, that I have learned to prize my father as he deserved; only since I have had a heart daily and hourly testifying to me its love, that I have understood, too late, what it was for you to be deprived of it. It seems to me as if I had never sympathized with you as I ought, or tried to embellish and sustain your life, as far as is possible, after such an irreparable wound.

It will be sad for me to leave Italy, uncertain of return. Yet when I think of you, beloved mother; of brothers and sisters, and many friends, I wish to come. Ossoli is perfectly willing. He leaves in Rome a sister, whom he dearly loves. His aunt is dying now. He will go among strangers; but to him, as to all the young Italians, America seems the land of liberty. He hopes, too, that a new revolution will favor return, after a number of years, and that then he may find really a home in Italy. All this is dark;—we can judge only for the present moment. The decision will rest with me, and I shall wait till the last moment, as I always do, that I may have all the reasons before me.

I thought, to-day, ah, if she could only be with us now! But who knows how long this interval of peace will last? I

have learned to prize such, as the halcyon prelude to the storm. It is now about a fortnight, since the police gave us leave to stay, and we feel safe in our little apartment. We have no servant except the nurse, with occasional aid from the porter's wife, and now live comfortably so, tormented by no one, helping ourselves. In the evenings, we have a little fire now;—the baby sits on his stool between us. He makes me think how I sat on mine, in the chaise, between you and father. He is exceedingly fond of flowers;—he has been enchanted, this evening, by this splendid Gardenia, and these many crimson flowers that were given me at Villa Correggi, where a friend took us in his carriage. It was a luxury, this ride, as we have entirely renounced the use of a carriage for ourselves. How enchanted you would have been with that villa! It seems now as if, with the certainty of a very limited income, we could be so happy! But I suppose, if we had it, one of us would die, or the baby. Do not you die, my beloved mother;—let us together have some halcyon moments, again, with God, with nature, with sweet childhood, with the remembrance of pure trust and good intent; away from perfidy and care, and the blight of noble designs.

Ossoli wishes you were here, almost as much as I. When there is anything really lovely and tranquil, he often says, "Would not '*La Madre*' like that?" He wept when he heard your letter. I never saw him weep at any other time, except when his father died, and when the French entered Rome. He has, I think, even a more holy feeling about a mother, from having lost his own, when very small. It has been a life-long want with him. He often shows me a little scar on his face, made by a jealous dog, when his mother was caressing him as an infant. He prizes that blemish much.

FLORENCE, December 1, 1849.

I do not know what to write about the baby, he changes so much,—has so many characters. He is like me in that, for his father's character is simple and uniform, though not monotonous, any more than are the flowers of spring flowers of the valley. Angelino is now in the most perfect rosy health,—a very gay, impetuous, ardent, but sweet-tempered child. He seems to me to have nothing in common with

his first babyhood, with its ecstatic smiles, its exquisite sensitiveness, and a distinction in the gesture and attitudes that struck everybody. His temperament is apparently changed by taking the milk of these robust women. He is now come to quite a knowing age,—fifteen months.

In the morning, as soon as dressed, he signs to come into our room; then draws our curtain with his little dimpled hand, kisses me rather violently, pats my face, laughs, crows, shows his teeth, blows like the bellows, stretches himself, and says "*bravo*." Then, having shown off all his accomplishments, he expects, as a reward, to be tied in his chair, and have his playthings. These engage him busily, but still he calls to us to sing and drum, to enliven the scene. Sometimes he summons me to kiss his hand, and laughs very much at this. Enchanting is that baby-laugh, all dimples and glitter, —so strangely arch and innocent! Then I wash and dress him. That is his great time. He makes it last as long as he can, insisting to dress and wash me the while, kicking, throwing the water about, and full of all manner of tricks, such as, I think, girls never dream of. Then comes his walk; —we have beautiful walks here for him, protected by fine trees, always warm in mid-winter. The bands are playing in the distance, and children of all ages are moving about, and sitting with their nurses. His walk and sleep give me about three hours in the middle of the day.

I feel so refreshed by his young life, and Ossoli diffuses such a power and sweetness over every day, that I cannot endure to think yet of our future. Too much have we suffered already, trying to command it. I do not feel force to make any effort yet. I suppose that very soon now I must do something, and hope I shall feel able when the time comes. My constitution seems making an effort to rally, by dint of much sleep. I had slept so little, for a year and a half, and, after the birth of the child, I had such anxiety and anguish when separated from him, that I was consumed as by nightly fever. The last two months at Rome would have destroyed almost any woman. Then, when I went to him, he was so ill, and I was constantly up with him at night, carrying him about. Now, for two months, we have been tranquil. We have resolved to enjoy being together as much as we can, in

this brief interval,—perhaps all we shall ever know of peace. It is very sad we have no money, we could be so quietly happy a while. I rejoice in all Ossoli did; but the results, in this our earthly state, are disastrous, especially as my strength is now so impaired. This much I hope, in life or death, to be no more separated from Angelino.

Last winter, I made the most vehement efforts at least to redeem the time, hoping thus good for the future. But, of at least two volumes written at that time, no line seems of any worth. I had suffered much constraint,—much that was uncongenial, harassing, even torturing, before; but this kind of pain found me unprepared;—the position of a mother separated from her only child is too frightfully unnatural.

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The Christmas holidays interest me now, through my child, as they never did for myself. I like to go out to watch the young generation who will be his contemporaries. On Monday, we went to the *Cascine*. After we had taken the drive, we sat down on a stone seat in the sunny walk, to see the people pass;—the Grand Duke and his children; the elegant Austrian officers, who will be driven out of Italy when Angelino is a man; Princess Demidoff; Harry Lorrequer; an absurd brood of fops; many lovely children; many little frisking dogs, with their bells, &c. The sun shone brightly on the Arno; a barque moved gently by; all seemed good to the baby. He laid himself back in my arms, smiling, singing to himself, and dancing his feet. I hope he will retain some trace in his mind of the perpetual exhilarating picture of Italy. It cannot but be important in its influence, while yet a child, to walk in these stately gardens, full of sculpture, and hear the untiring music of the fountains.

Christmas-eve we went to the Annunziata, for midnight mass. Though the service is not splendid here as in Rome, we yet enjoyed it;—sitting in one of the side chapels, at the foot of a monument, watching the rich crowds steal gently by, every eye gleaming, every gesture softened by the influence of the pealing choir, and the hundred silver lamps swinging their full light, in honor of the abused Emanuel.

But far finest was it to pass through the Duomo. No one

was there. Only the altars were lit up, and the priests, who were singing, could not be seen by the faint light. The vast solemnity of the interior is thus really felt. The hour was worthy of Brunelleschi. I hope he walked there so. The Duomo is more divine than St. Peter's, and worthy of genius pure and unbroken. St. Peter's is, like Rome, a mixture of sublimest heaven with corruptest earth. I adore the Duomo, though no place can now be to me like St. Peter's, where has been passed the splendidest part of my life. My feeling was always perfectly regal, on entering the piazza of St. Peter's. No spot on earth is worthier the sunlight;—on none does it fall so fondly.

. . . . . .

You ask me, how I employ myself here. I have been much engaged in writing out my impressions, which will be of worth so far as correct. I am anxious only to do historical justice to facts and persons; but there will not, so far as I am aware, be much thought, for I believe I have scarce expressed what lies deepest in my mind. I take no pains, but let the good genius guide my pen. I did long to lead a simple, natural life, *at home*, learning of my child, and writing only when imperatively urged by the need of utterance; but when we were forced to give up the hope of subsisting on a narrow independence, without tie to the public, we gave up the peculiar beauty of our lives, and I strive no more. I only hope to make good terms with the publishers.

Then, I have been occupied somewhat in reading Louis Blanc's Ten Years, Lamartine's Girondists, and other books of that class, which throw light on recent transactions.

I go into society, too, somewhat, and see several delightful persons, in an intimate way. The Americans meet twice a week, at the house of Messrs. Mozier and Chapman, and I am often present, on account of the friendly interest of those resident here. With our friends, the Greenoughs, I have twice gone to the opera. Then I see the Brownings often, and love and admire them both, more and more, as I know them better. Mr. Browning enriches every hour I pass with him, and is a most cordial, true, and noble man. One of my most highly prized Italian friends, also, Marchioness Arconati

Visconti, of Milan, is passing the winter here, and I see her almost every day.

. . . . . .

My love for Ossoli is most pure and tender, nor has any one, except my mother or little children, loved me so genuinely as he does. To some, I have been obliged to make myself known; others have loved me with a mixture of fancy and enthusiasm, excited by my talent at embellishing life. But Ossoli loves me from simple affinity;—he loves to be with me, and to serve and soothe me. Life will probably be a severe struggle, but I hope I shall be able to live through all that is before us, and not neglect my child or his father. He has suffered enough since we met;—it has ploughed furrows in his life. He has done all he could, and cannot blame himself. Our outward destiny looks dark, but we must brave it as we can. I trust we shall always feel mutual tenderness, and Ossoli has a simple, childlike piety, that will make it easier for him.

### MARGARET AND HER PEERS

Pure and peaceful as was the joy of Margaret's Florence winter, it was insured and perfected by the fidelity of friends, who hedged around with honor the garden of her home. She had been called to pass through a most trying ordeal, and the verdict of her peers was heightened esteem and love. With what dignified gratitude she accepted this well-earned proof of confidence, will appear from the following extracts:

### TO MRS. E. S.

Thus far, my friends have received news that must have been an unpleasant surprise to them, in a way that, *á moi*, does them great honor. None have shown littleness or displeasure, at being denied my confidence while they were giving their own. Many have expressed the warmest sympathy, and only one has shown a disposition to trangress the limit I myself had marked, and to ask questions. With her, I think, this was because she was annoyed by what people said, and wished to be able to answer them. I replied to her, that I had communicated already all I intended, and should not go

into detail;—that when unkind things were said about me, she should let them pass. Will you, dear E——, do the same? I am sure your affection for me will prompt you to add, that you feel confident whatever I have done has been in a good spirit, and not contrary to *my* ideas of right. For the rest, you will not admit for me,—as I do not for myself,—the rights of the social inquisition of the United States to know all the details of my affairs. If my mother is content; if Ossoli and I are content; if our child, when grown up, shall be content; that is enough. You and I know enough of the United States to be sure that many persons there will blame whatever is peculiar. The lower-minded persons, everywhere, are sure to think that whatever is mysterious must be bad. But I think there will remain for me a sufficient number of friends to keep my heart warm, and to help me earn my bread;—that is all that is of any consequence. Ossoli seems to me more lovely and good every day; our darling child is well now, and every day more gay and playful. For his sake I shall have courage; and hope some good angel will show us the way out of our external difficulties.

TO W. W. S.

It was like you to receive with such kindness the news of my marriage. A less generous person would have been displeased, that, when we had been drawn so together,—when we had talked so freely, and you had shown towards me such sweet friendship,—I had not told you. Often did I long to do so, but I had, for reasons that seemed important, made a law to myself to keep this secret as rigidly as possible, up to a certain moment. That moment came. Its decisions were not such as I had hoped; but it left me, at least, without that painful burden, which I trust never to bear again. Nature keeps so many secrets, that I had supposed the moral writers exaggerated the dangers and plagues of keeping them; but they cannot exaggerate. All that can be said about mine is, that I at least acted out, with, to me, tragic thoroughness, "The wonder, a woman keeps a secret." As to my not telling *you*, I can merely say, that I was keeping the information from my family and dearest friends at home; and, had you remained

near me a very little later, you would have been the very first person to whom I should have spoken, as you would have been the first, on this side of the water, to whom I should have written, had I known where to address you. Yet I hardly hoped for your sympathy, dear W——. I am very glad if I have it. May brotherly love ever be returned unto you, in like measure. Ossoli desires his love and respect to be testified to you both.

### TO THE MARCHIONESS VISCONTI ARCONATI

Reading a book called "The Last Days of the Republic in Rome," I see that my letter, giving my impressions of that period, may well have seemed to you strangely partial. If we can meet as once we did, and compare notes in the same spirit of candor, while making mutual allowance for our different points of view, your testimony and opinions would be invaluable to me. But will you have patience with my democracy, — my revolutionary spirit? Believe that in thought I am more radical than ever. The heart of Margaret you know,—it is always the same. Mazzini is immortally dear to me;—a thousand times dearer for all the trial I saw made of him in Rome;—dearer for all he suffered. Many of his brave friends perished there. We who, less worthy, survive, would fain make up for the loss, by our increased devotion to him, the purest, the most disinterested of patriots, the most affectionate of brothers. You will not love me less than I am true to him.

Then, again, how will it affect you to know that I have united my destiny with that of an obscure young man,—younger than myself; a person of no intellectual culture, and in whom, in short, you will see no reason for my choosing; yet more, that this union is of long standing; that we have with us our child, of a year old, and that it is only lately I acquainted my family with the fact?

If you decide to meet with me as before, and wish to say something about the matter to your friends, it will be true to declare that there have been pecuniary reasons for this concealment. But *to you*, in confidence, I add, this is only half the truth; and I cannot explain, or satisfy my dear friend

further. I should wish to meet her independent of all relations, but, as we live in the midst of "society," she would have to inquire for me now as Margaret Ossoli. That being done, I should like to say nothing more on the subject.

However you may feel about all this, dear Madame Arconati, you will always be the same in my eyes. I earnestly wish you may not feel estranged; but, if you do, I would prefer that you should act upon it. Let us meet as friends, or not at all. In all events, I remain ever yours,

MARGARET.

TO THE MARCHIONESS VISCONTI ARCONATI

My loved friend,—I read your letter with greatest content. I did not know but that there might seem something offensively strange in the circumstances I mentioned to you. Goethe says, "There is nothing men pardon so little as singular conduct, for which no reason is given;" and, remembering this, I have been a little surprised at the even increased warmth of interest with which the little American society of Florence has received me, with the unexpected accessories of husband and child,—asking no questions, and seemingly satisfied to find me thus accompanied. With you, indeed, I thought it would be so, because you are above the world; only, as you have always walked in the beaten path, though with noble port, and feet undefiled, I thought you might not like your friends to be running about in these blind alleys. It glads my heart, indeed, that you do not care for this, and that we may meet in love.

You speak of our children. Ah! dear friend, I do, indeed, feel we shall have deep sympathy there. I do not believe mine will be a brilliant child, and, indeed, I see nothing peculiar about him. Yet he is to me a source of ineffable joys,—far purer, deeper, than anything I ever felt before,—like what Nature had sometimes given, but more intimate, more sweet. He loves me very much; his little heart clings to mine. I trust, if he lives, to sow there no seeds which are not good, to be always growing better for his sake. Ossoli, too, will be a good father. He has very little of what is called intellectual development, but unspoiled instincts, affections

pure and constant, and a quiet sense of duty, which, to me,—who have seen much of the great faults, in characters of enthusiasm and genius,—seems of highest value.

When you write by post, please direct "Marchesa Ossoli," as all the letters come to that address. I did not explain myself on that point. The fact is, it looks to me silly for a radical like me to be carrying a title; and yet, while Ossoli is in his native land, it seems disjoining myself from him, not to bear it. It is a sort of thing that does not naturally belong to me, and, unsustained by fortune, is but a *souvenir* even for Ossoli. Yet it has appeared to me, that for him to drop an inherited title would be, in some sort, to acquiesce in his brothers' disclaiming him, and to abandon a right he may passively wish to maintain for his child. How does it seem to you? I am not very clear about it. If Ossoli should drop the title, it would be a suitable moment to do so on becoming an inhabitant of Republican America.

TO MRS. C. T.

What you say of the meddling curiosity of people repels me, it is so different here. When I made my appearance with a husband and a child of a year old, nobody did the least act to annoy me. All were most cordial; none asked or implied questions. Yet there were not a few who might justly have complained, that, when they were confiding to me all their affairs, and doing much to serve me, I had observed absolute silence to them. Others might, for more than one reason, be displeased at the choice I made. All have acted in the kindliest and most refined manner. An Italian lady, with whom I was intimate,—who might be qualified in the Court Journal, as one of the highest rank, sustained by the most scrupulous decorum,—when I wrote, "Dear friend, I am married; I have a child. There are particulars, as to my reasons for keeping this secret, I do not wish to tell. This is rather an odd affair; will it make any difference in our relations?"—answered, "What difference can it make, except that I shall love you more, now that we can sympathize as mothers?" Her first visit here was to me; she adopted at once Ossoli and the child to her love.

—— wrote me that —— was a little hurt, at first, that I did not tell him, even in the trying days of Rome, but left him to hear it, as he unluckily did, at the *table d'hôte* in Venice; but his second and prevailing thought was regret that he had not known it, so as to soothe and aid me,—to visit Ossoli at his post,—to go to the child in the country. Wholly in that spirit was the fine letter he wrote me, one of my treasures. The little American society have been most cordial and attentive; one lady, who has been most intimate with me, dropped a tear over the difficulties before me, but she said, "Since you have seen fit to take the step, all your friends have to do, now, is to make it as easy for you as they can."

TO MRS. E. S.

I am glad to have people favorably impressed, because I feel lazy and weak, unequal to the trouble of friction, or the pain of conquest. Still, I feel a good deal of contempt for those so easily disconcerted or reässured. I was not a child; I had lived in the midst of that New England society, in a way that entitled me to esteem, and a favorable interpretation, where there was doubt about my motives or actions. I pity those who are inclined to think ill, when they might as well have inclined the other way. However, let them go; there are many in the world who stand the test, enough to keep us from shivering to death. I am, on the whole, fortunate in friends whom I can truly esteem, and in whom I know the kernel and substance of their being too well to be misled by seemings.

TO MRS. C. T.

I had a letter from my mother, last summer, speaking of the fact, that she had never been present at the marriage of one of her children. A pang of remorse came as I read it, and I thought, if Angelino dies,[3] I will not give her the pain of knowing that I have kept this secret from her;—she shall hear of this connection, as if it were something new. When I found he would live, I wrote to her and others. It half killed me to write those few letters, and yet, I know, many are wondering that I did not write more, and more particu-

[3] This was when Margaret found Nino so ill at Rieti.

larly. My mother received my communication in the highest spirit. She said, she was sure a first object with me had been, now and always, to save her pain. She blessed us. She rejoiced that she should not die feeling there was no one left to love me with the devotion she thought I needed. She expressed no regret at our poverty, but offered her feeble means. Her letter was a noble crown to her life of disinterested, purifying love.

# ADVANCE OF THE PRETENDER ON EDINBURGH AND DERBY

BY

John Heneage Jesse

## JOHN HENEAGE JESSE

1815—1874

John Heneage Jesse, writer of historical memoirs, was born in 1815 and died in 1874. He was the son of Edward Jesse, a writer on natural history, and was educated at Eton College. Being compelled in consequence of some wild prank to leave Eton suddenly, he went with a friend to Norway. On his return he was given a minor post in the Admiralty, where he remained many years. He early developed a taste for literature. His first historical memoir, in which field his distinction lies, was on the court of the Stuarts, and was published in 1840. Its success impelled him to develop that phase of literature still further, and his "Memoirs of George III" met with great success. His attempts at poetry and the drama never evinced any particular genius along those lines, and it is as a writer of historical memoirs that he is now and will be remembered. In character he was most amiable, in person tall and striking, and it is said that he was noted for the persuasiveness of his manners. His memoirs are remarkable for the keenness of observation they evince, as well as for their valuable historical data.

# ADVANCE OF THE PRETENDER

THE determination of the authorities of Edinburgh to defend the city to the last was for many reasons an extremely unpopular measure with the great majority of the inhabitants. Somewhat previous, it may be mentioned, to the unfortunate affair at Colt Bridge—when the great question of to "defend or not defend" the city was one of paramount interest and of general discussion—an incident occurred which increased still more the general impression which prevailed against the policy of exposing the city, either to the hazardous and uncertain issue of a protracted siege, or to the horrors which would probably attend a successful assault. While the provost and magistrates were engaged in discussing the merits of this important question, a Mr. Alves suddenly made his appearance, and, on the plea of having important tidings to communicate, obtained permission to present himself before them. He had by accident, he declared, found himself in the midst of the rebel army, where he had held a conversation with the Duke of Perth, with whom he had formerly been personally acquainted. "The duke," he said, "desired me to inform the citizens of Edinburgh that, if they opened their gates, their town should be favorably treated; but that, if they attempted resistance, they must expect military execution; and his Grace ended by addressing a young man near him with the title of Royal Highness, and desiring to know if such were not his pleasure, to which the other assented." For his imprudence, or, it may be, treason, in so publicly communicating his message instead of confiding it to the private ear of the first magistrate, Mr. Alves was immediately committed to prison. The nature, however, of his mission soon became known to the people of Edinburgh, and the effect which it produced on the public mind was such as had been eagerly anticipated by the

Jacobites. The inhabitants, whose minds were already strongly excited on the subject, were now heard redoubling their outcry against the adoption of this unpopular measure.

At this crisis, the provost of Edinburgh came to the determination of calling a meeting, which it was proposed should consist of the magistracy of the city and of the Crown officers. The meeting, such as it was, was convened forthwith; but it was found, when the assembly met, that the officers of the Crown had already secured their safety by a prudent retreat. The meeting, moreover, was attended by a number of unauthorized persons, who not only vehemently insisted that the insurgent army should be admitted within the city walls, but also, by their clamorous and senseless vociferations, entirely drowned the voices of those who argued in favor of the adoption of a different policy.

It was in the midst of this din that a letter was handed in at the door, addressed to the lord provost, magistrates, and town council of Edinburgh. It was immediately opened by one of the council, who at once proclaimed the important fact that it contained the superscription, "Charles, P. R." The provost instantly rose to address the meeting, and, after strongly but vainly protesting against so treasonable a document being received or read in the presence of the King's officers, took his departure, accompanied by several members of the town council, to the Goldsmith's Hall. The letter, however, in spite of the objections raised by the principal magistrate, was eventually read to the meeting, and proved to be as follows:

"From our Camp, 16th September, 1745.

"Being now in a condition to make our way into the capital of his Majesty's ancient kingdom of Scotland, we hereby summon you to receive us, as you are in duty bound to do; and in order to it, we hereby require you, upon receipt of this, to summon the town council, and take proper measures for securing the peace and quiet of the city, which we are very desirous to protect. But if you suffer any of the usurper's troops to enter the town, or any of the cannon, arms, or ammunition now in it (whether belonging to the public or private persons) to be carried off, we shall take it as a breach of your duty, and a heinous offence against the King and us, and shall

resent it accordingly. We promise to preserve all the rights and liberties of the city, and the particular property of every one of his Majesty's subjects. But if any opposition be made to us, we cannot answer for the consequences, being firmly resolved at any rate to enter the city; and, in that case, if any of the inhabitants are found in arms against us, they must not expect to be treated as prisoners of war.

"CHARLES, P. R."

In consequence of the receipt of this communication, it was decided that a deputation should forthwith wait upon the prince, in order to negotiate the terms of a capitulation; but with instructions to delay as long as possible the final ratification of the treaty, with the view of gaining time till Cope should have disembarked his troops at Dunbar, and be on his march to the rescue of the capital.

Accordingly, the deputation, consisting of Baillie Hamilton and other members of the council, set out on their mission to wait on the Prince at Gray's Mill. Charles received them with his usual courtesy, but, evidently aware of the motives which induced them to seek delay, he returned them the kind of answer which they ought to have anticipated. He appealed, he said, to his own and his father's declarations, as a sufficient guarantee both for the safeguard of the rights and liberties, as well as the individual property, of the people of Edinburgh. His present demands, he added, were to be received into the city, and there to be obeyed as the son and representative of the King, his father; and lastly, he peremptorily demanded to be informed of their final resolution before two o'clock in the morning.

It was ten o'clock at night when the deputation, wearied and dispirited, rejoined their friends at Edinburgh. The frightened magistrates were again summoned to the council. The time allowed them for deliberation was sufficiently short, and as no new or more feasible line of policy was suggested by anyone present, it was decided, as a last but vain resource, that the deputation should again wait upon the Prince, and once more use their endeavors to procure delay. Their object at this particular moment, according to Home, was "to beg a suspension of hostilities till nine o'clock in the morning, that

the magistrates might have an opportunity of conversing with the citizens, most of whom were gone to bed." Another of their instructions was to obtain from Charles an explanation of what was meant by requiring them to receive him as "Prince Regent." Even to the most obtuse, the object and intention of such a requisition must have appeared sufficiently clear; but even had it been otherwise, it was extremely unlikely that at such a moment the Prince would have condescended to enter into the desired explanation. At two o'clock in the morning the civil functionaries again set out for Gray's Mill. The result of their second negotiation was even less satisfactory than their first. They were formally reminded of the Prince's former assurance to them that he had given them his final answer, and they were further informed that they could on no account be again admitted to his presence.

This eventful night—the eve of the triumphal entry of Charles into the capital of the ancient kingdom of his forefathers—was passed by the young adventurer on the ground, and with a respite of only two hours' repose. Fully aware, as we have already mentioned, of the object of the magistrates of Edinburgh in negotiating for delay, he had already sent forward a body of eight hundred Highlanders, under the command of the celebrated Lochiel, who were furnished with a sufficient quantity of gunpowder to blow up the gates of the city if necessary, and whose orders were to make themselves masters of Edinburgh before daybreak, either by storm or surprise, according as their leader might deem fit.

This party was confided to the guidance of Murray of Broughton, who had been selected for the duty on account of his intimate knowledge of the localities. They lay in ambush for some time in the vicinity of the Netherbow Port, their leaders being engaged in discussing a variety of projects for making themselves masters of the city, when, about five o'clock in the morning, the gates were suddenly opened, in order to give egress to the hackney-coach which had conveyed the second deputation to Gray's Mill, and which, having carried the deputies to their homes, was now peacefully returning to its owner's quarters without the walls.

Not a moment was lost in taking advantage of this favorable occurrence. In an instant, 800 Highlanders, headed

by Lochiel, rushed through the gateway, and made themselves masters of the city. "It was about five o'clock in the morning," says Home, "when the rebels entered Edinburgh. They immediately sent parties to all the other gates, and to the town guard, who, making the soldiers upon duty prisoners, occupied their posts as quietly as one guard relieves another. When the inhabitants of Edinburgh awaked in the morning, they found that the Highlanders were masters of the city." The first person, it may be mentioned, who entered the city was a Captain Evan Macgregor, grandson of Sir Evan Murray Macgregor, a Scottish baronet. Charles was so delighted with the daring gallantry of the young man that the same night, at Holyrood House, he promoted him to the rank of major.

The day had only just dawned when, to the astonishment of the inhabitants, Lochiel and his gallant Camerons were seen drawn up in military array, in the open space which surrounded the famous Cross of Edinburgh. Alas! that venerable and interesting relic of the past—associated with so many memorable and romantic scenes in Scottish history—has since been removed by the sacrilegious orders of the civic authorities of Edinburgh! Opposite the cross—surrounded by the armed and picturesque-looking Highlanders—stood the heralds and pursuivants in their splendid and courtly dresses, who solemnly proclaimed "King James VIII," and concluded the ceremony by reading the royal declarations and the commission which conferred the regency on the Prince.

Perhaps the most remarkable figure in this striking scene was that of a beautiful and enthusiastic woman, Mrs. Murray of Broughton, who, seated on horseback and with a drawn sword in her hand, was seen distributing to the bystanders the white ribbon—the famous emblem of devotion to the cause of the Stuarts. The scene altogether was one of heart-stirring and extraordinary interest. No sooner had the heralds concluded their task than the bystanders are said to have rent the air with their acclamations, which, uniting with the wild and exhilarating notes of the bagpipe, completed the enthusiasm of the moment. "In the windows," says one who seems to have been a witness of the scene, "a number of ladies strained their voices with acclamations, and their arms with waving

white handkerchiefs, in honor of the day." In the surrounding crowd, indeed, there were to be seen many countenances who "showed their dislike by a stubborn silence"; but these constituted by far the minority, and could only have served to add to the picturesque effect of a memorable scene, which the painter might well take delight in committing to the canvas.

While these events were passing in Edinburgh, Charles, having learned the success of his manœuvre, was on his way at the head of his army, to take possession of the seat of government. It may be mentioned that, at the very time when he was employed in breaking up his camp at Gray's Mill, Sir John Cope was actively engaged in landing his troops at Dunbar, with the view of marching to the relief of the capital.

In order to avoid the fire of the guns from the castle of Edinburgh, Charles advanced toward Holyrood by a southerly and circuitous route. Leaving his army encamped in a spot known as the Hunter's Bog—a hollow site between Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags—he rode forward, attended by the Duke of Perth on one side, and by Lord Elcho on the other, till he reached an eminence below St. Anthony's Well, where, for the first time, he saw extended before him in full view the ancient palace of his forefathers, with all its surrounding scenery, every foot of which was intimately connected with the pastimes, the sorrows, and the triumphs of his ill-fated race.

Of the Prince's feelings at this moment no particular account has been handed down to us, but they must have been of such a nature as to be much more easily imagined than described. The simple fact has been recorded that, on reaching this spot, he alighted from his horse, and, for a short space of time, continued silently gazing on the interesting scene. Let us pause, indeed, for a moment, to consider how extraordinary was the change which had taken place within a few short weeks, in the destinies of the young and daring adventurer. He had parted from his father at Rome animated by high hopes and gallant resolves; but he had then received an invitation from the first power in Europe to enlist himself beneath its banners: he had hoped to be the companion in arms of the great Saxe, to fight by the side of that celebrated man, and to be borne by the mighty legions of France in triumph to Whitehall. These hopes had been signally and miserably disappointed.

Instead of the triumph which he had anticipated, he found, on reaching France, that a different and adverse policy influenced the counsels of Louis XV; he was doomed to encounter at every step the cold looks of the courtiers of Versailles, and discovered, but too late, that he was the mere dupe of the Machiavelian policy of the French ministers.

It was then that the young and the gallant Prince came to the determination of trusting to the resources of his own genius, and of playing that great game of which the stakes were a coffin or a crown. Without pecuniary resources, without military stores, and almost without friends, we have seen him landing among the desolate rocks of the Western Islands; we have seen him by his own native powers of eloquence and persuasion overcoming the scruples of a proverbially cautious race, rendering himself almost an idol, not only with the enthusiastic and the young, but with the wary and the old; arraying himself with a band as gallant and as devoted as had ever fought in the cause of his family beneath the glorious banners of Montrose or Dundee; and now, in less than the short space of two months, we find him taking quiet possession of the ancient capital of Scotland and of the venerable palace of his forefathers. And yet Charles was at this period only in his twenty-fifth year!

The Prince entered the King's Park, near Priestfield, where a breach had been made in the wall to admit of a free ingress for him and his suite. At this spot he was met by a vast concourse of people, by whom he was received with loud and continued acclamations. Unquestionably, many of these persons were confirmed Jacobites; but by far the majority seem to have consisted of the fickle and senseless multitude, who, captivated by the novelty of the scene, by the charm which usually attaches itself to the sight of royalty, by the gallantry of the exploit, and, perhaps, by the graceful horsemanship and the fine bearing of the young and handsome Prince, contributed loudly to the rapturous welcome which invited Charles to take possession of the palace of his ancestors. According to a contemporary journalist, "he came to the royal palace at the Abbey of Holyrood House amid a vast crowd of spectators, who from town and country flocked together to see this uncommon sight, expressing their joy and surprise together by long and loud

huzzas. Indeed, the whole scene, as I have been told by many, was rather like a dream, so quick and amazing seemed the change, though no doubt wise people saw well enough we had much to do still."

According to another contemporary writer—the celebrated John Home, the author of "Douglas," who was himself a spectator of the scene—"the park was full of people—among whom was the author of this history—all of them impatient to see this extraordinary person. The figure and presence of Charles Stuart were not ill-suited to his lofty pretensions. He was in the prime of youth, tall and handsome, of a fair complexion; he had a light-colored periwig, with his own hair combed over the front; he wore the Highland dress, that is, a tartan short coat without the plaid, a blue bonnet on his head, and on his breast the star of the Order of St. Andrew. Charles stood some time in the park to show himself to the people; and then, though he was very near the palace, mounted his horse, either to render himself more conspicuous or because he rode well and looked graceful on horseback. The Jacobites were charmed with his appearance; they compared him to Robert Bruce, whom he resembled, they said, in his figure as in his fortune. The Whigs looked upon him with other eyes. They acknowledged that he was a goodly person, but they observed that, even in that triumphant hour, when he was about to enter the palace of his fathers, the air of his countenance was languid and melancholy; that he looked like a gentleman and a man of fashion, but not like a hero or a conqueror." Such, in describing the triumphant progress of Charles Edward toward Holyrood, is the language of one of the stanchest partisans of the house of Brunswick, one, however, who, notwithstanding his Whig principles, it is evident was in no slight degree infected with the prevailing enthusiasm of the moment.

Charles proceeded through the park to Holyrood by way of the Duke's Walk, so called from having been the favorite retreat of his grandfather, James II, during his residence in Scotland. The mob followed him during his progress with repeated acclamations, pressing forward to kiss his hands, and "dimming his boots with their kisses and tears," while numbers were compelled to retire satisfied with having been able to touch his clothes. Never since the accession of the house of

Hanover in 1714 had any scion of that foreign family—even in their pride of power and pomp of place and circumstance—been received with a tithe of that rapturous enthusiasm which now welcomed the young and proscribed representative of the house of Stuart to the desolate halls of his family.

"When Charles," says Home, "came to the palace, he dismounted and walked along the piazza toward the apartment of the Duke of Hamilton. When he was near the door, which stood open to receive him, a gentleman stepped out of the crowd, drew his sword, and, raising his arm aloft, walked upstairs before Charles." The person who rendered himself thus conspicuous was James Hepburn of Keith, a gentleman of high accomplishment, who had been out during the rebellion of 1715, and who had ever since continued a stanch adherent of the house of Stuart. Though opposed to the government of James II and to the principles which had lost that monarch his crown—moreover, though by no means an advocate of the indefeasible and divine right of kings—yet so great was his abhorrence of the Act of Union between England and Scotland, and his repugnance to the German sovereigns who had usurped the place of the Stuarts, that he determined on adopting the cause of the adventurer, and chose this singular mode of displaying his dislike of, and opposition to, the existing government. "He was idolized," says Home, "by the Jacobites, and beloved by some of the best Whigs, who regretted that this accomplished gentleman, the model of ancient simplicity, manliness, and honor, should sacrifice himself to a visionary idea of the independence of Scotland."

At the moment when Charles made his appearance in front of Holyrood Palace a cannon-shot was fired at him from the guns of the castle. It struck a portion of the building known as James V's Tower, and fell into the courtyard below, occasioning no more mischief than scattering a quantity of rubbish which fell with it in its descent. The incident altered not for a moment the countenance of Charles, who, apparently perfectly unconcerned, passed into the palace without taking any notice of it whatever.

At night Charles gave that celebrated ball in the gallery of Holyrood which has derived immortality from the pen of the great modern master of romance, and which, perhaps, was the

first that had enlivened its deserted saloons since the days of Queen Mary and David Rizzio. That gay and memorable scene was never forgotten by those who were present. The ladies of the North were loud in their applause of the Prince's handsome person and of the grace with which he moved in the dance. By far the majority of the women of Scotland were already but too well disposed to his cause; nor did it require any ocular demonstration of his personal graces and accomplishments to add, either to the romantic enthusiasm which they conceived for him in the days of his greatness, or to the sympathy which his sufferings awakened in them when the star of his splendor was set, and when he was skulking a proscribed and hunted fugitive among the wild fastnesses of the Highlands.

Previous to his arrival at Holyrood Charles had derived a considerable accession of strength, in consequence of having been joined by several persons of influence and note. Among these were the Earl of Kellie, Lord Balmerino, Sir Stuart Threipland, Sir David Murray, and the younger Lockhart of Carnwath. The day also after his arrival at Edinburgh his standard was joined by Lord Nairn, with about five hundred men of the clan MacLauchlan, and on the following day by a party of the Grants of Glenmoriston. It may be mentioned also that from the military magazine of Edinburgh he obtained a thousand stand of arms, which proved of the greatest service to him in the present emergency.

Having spent an entire day at Holyrood, Charles, on the night of the nineteenth of September, retraced his steps to the village of Duddingstone, in the immediate neighborhood of which place his small army was bivouacking. It having been by this time ascertained that Sir John Cope was on his march from the North to give him battle, the Prince on the same night summoned a council of the Highland chieftains, when he proposed that they should break up their encampment the next morning and march in the direction of the enemy, with the object of forcing Cope to an immediate engagement.

This proposition having met with the unanimous approbation of the Highland chieftains, Charles next inquired significantly of them in what manner they conceived their retainers would behave when brought into action with regular troops.

The chiefs, having consulted together for a short time, requested permission to name Macdonald of Keppoch as their spokesman, that gentleman, they said, being the best qualified to deliver an opinion on the subject, not only from his having served in the French army, but also from his knowledge of the Highland character, which rendered him peculiarly competent to judge of what was likely to be the issue of an encounter between the undisciplined mountaineers and a regular force. On this, Keppoch addressed himself to the Prince. As the country, he said, had been long at peace, few, if any, of the private men had ever been in action, and therefore it was not easy to conjecture in what manner they would conduct themselves. He added, however, that he could venture to assure his Royal Highness that the Highland gentlemen, at least, would be found in the thickest of the combat; and, inasmuch as the private men loved the cause in which they had embarked, and were warmly devoted to their several chieftains, it was certain they would stand by their leaders to the last.

This opinion having been deemed sufficiently satisfactory, the Prince next expressed his determination of charging at the head of his army. It was then that, for the first time, the chieftains opposed themselves to his wishes. Should any accident, they said, befall him, they were ruined and undone; inasmuch as, to them at least, victory and defeat would lead to the same result, and would alike expose them to the tender mercies of the government. Charles still continuing to persist in his original resolution, the chieftains even went so far as firmly, though respectfully, to express their determination to return to their own homes, and there make the best terms they could for themselves with the government. The Prince, it is needless to add, was eventually compelled to yield to their united threats and entreaties. He still, however, insisted on a compromise, and expressed his fixed determination of leading the second line.

At an early hour on the following morning, the twentieth of September, the Highland army, full of high hope and elated by the promise of adventure, commenced its march in a column of very narrow front, having only three men in each rank. Charles, placing himself at their head, drew his sword amid their enthusiastic shouts, and exclaimed: "Gentlemen, I have

flung away the scabbard." The army, emerging from Duddingstone Park, crossed the River Esk at the bridge of Musselburgh, the same bridge which two centuries before had been traversed by the Scottish army on their way to the field of Pinkie. They then proceeded along the post-road till they came to Edge Bucklin Brae. As they defiled along, "a lady," says a modern writer, "who in early youth had seen them pass, was able in 1827 to describe the memorable pageant. The Highlanders strode on with their squalid clothes and various arms, their rough limbs and uncombed hair, looking around them with an air of fierce resolution. The Prince rode amid his officers, at a little distance from the flank of the column, preferring to amble over the dry stubble fields beside the road. My informant remembered, as yesterday, his graceful carriage and comely looks, his long, light hair straggling below his neck, and the flap of his tartan coat thrown back by the wind, so as to make the star dangle for a moment clear in the air by its silken ribbon. He was viewed with admiration by the simple villagers; and even those who were ignorant of his claims, or who rejected them, could not help wishing him good fortune, and at least no calamity." [1]

Leaving the town of Musselburgh to the left, the insurgent army proceeded by way of the old Kirk road to Inveresk, and crossing the street of Newbigging again entered the post-road to the south of the Pinkie Gardens. It was at this place, that Lord George Murray, who commanded the van, ascertained that Sir John Cope was encamped with his army a few miles in advance, in the neighborhood of Preston. Desirous of securing for the Highlanders the advantage of fighting on rising ground, where they were secure from the attacks of cavalry, and might pour down with greater force on their opponents, he advanced for some distance up Fawside Hill, and then, diverging to the left, led his forces downhill in the direction of Tranent, where he halted them by the side of the post-road, a little to the west of that place. It may be mentioned that the last two miles of the march were performed in full view of the enemy. The latter, on the first appearance of the Highlanders, raised a loud shout, which was responded to with vehement alacrity by the other party. When the Highland army halted

[1] The lady was the late Mrs. Handasyde, of Fisherrow.

at Tranent, the two opposing forces were separated by scarcely more than half a mile from each other.

It now becomes necessary to trace the steps of Sir John Cope, in his short progress from Dunbar to Preston, a distance only of about twenty miles. Having completed the disembarkation of his troops on the 18th, he commenced his march on the following day in the direction of Edinburgh. "His little army," says Home, "made a great show, the cavalry, the infantry, the cannon, with a long train of baggage carts, extended for several miles along the road. The people of the country, long unaccustomed to war and arms, flocked from all quarters, to see an army going to fight a battle in East Lothian; and, with infinite concern and anxiety for the event, beheld this uncommon spectacle." At Inverness, Cope had been re-enforced by 200 of Lord Loudon's men, and at Dunbar he was rejoined by the two regiments of dragoons who had fled before the insurgent army at Colt Bridge.

At Dunbar, also, Cope had been met on his landing by the judges and other civil officers of the Crown, who had quitted Edinburgh on the evening before the capture of the capital. A few Lowland gentlemen—the most considerable of whom was the Earl of Home, who held a commission in the guards—had hastened to join the general on his landing; but they were attended only by a very few followers, and, except that their example might possibly influence others, were likely to prove of little service to the cause of the government. It was curious, indeed, to observe the extraordinary change which had taken place within a few years, as regarded the feudal system in the Lowlands. Scarcely a century since, the ancestor of Lord Home had been enabled to greet Charles I at the head of 600 retainers; and yet now, when his descendant would fain have exhibited a similar display of zeal in the cause of the house of Brunswick, he was compelled to make his way to Cope at Dunbar attended by only two servants!

During the night of the 19th Cope lay encamped with his army in a field to the west of Haddington, about sixteen miles east of Edinburgh. As there existed the possibility of the Highlanders effecting one of their rapid marches and surprising the royal army in the night, the general selected sixteen young men, chiefly from among the Edinburgh volunteers, who

willingly promised their services to patrol the different roads which led to the Highland camp, and whose instructions were to return alternately, two by two, and make their reports to the officer who commanded the picket. Among these individuals was Home, the author of "Douglas," of whose valuable narrative of the rebellion we have so often availed ourselves. That writer informs us, somewhat ominously, that two of his companions "never came back to Haddington." These persons were, in after life, sufficiently well known as Lord Gardenstone and General Cunninghame, the former having risen to distinction in a civil, and the latter in a military, capacity. As the story of their disappearance on the eve of the battle of Preston Pans is somewhat curious, and as we are enabled to narrate it in the language of Sir Walter Scott, we may perhaps be pardoned for the passing digression.

"On approaching Musselburgh," says Sir Walter, "they avoided the bridge to escape observation, and crossed the Esk, it being then low water, at a place nigh its conjunction with the sea. Unluckily there was, at the opposite side, a snug thatched tavern, kept by a cleanly old woman called Luckie F——, who was eminent for the excellence of her oysters and sherry. The patrol were both *bon vivants*; one of them, whom we remember in the situation of a senator, was unusually so, and a gay, witty, agreeable companion besides. Luckie's sign, and the heap of oyster-shells deposited near her door, proved as great a temptation to this vigilant forlorn hope as the wine-house to the Abbess of Andouillet's muleteer." They had scarcely got settled at some right *pandores*, with a bottle of sherry as an accompaniment, when, as some Jacobite devil would have it, an unlucky North-country lad, a writer's (that is, attorney's) apprentice, who had given his indentures the slip and taken the white cockade, chanced to pass by on his errand to join Prince Charlie. He saw the two volunteers through the window, knew them, and guessed their business; he saw the tide would make it impossible for them to return along the sands as they had come. He therefore placed himself in ambush upon the steep, narrow, impracticable bridge, which was then, and for many years afterward, the only place of crossing the Esk: and how he contrived it I could never learn, but the courage and assurance of his province are proverbial, and the Norland

whipper-snapper surrounded and made prisoners of the two unfortunate volunteers before they could draw a trigger." They were carried, it seems, to the Highland camp at Duddingstone, and handed over to the custody of the officer in command of the Prince's body-guard, who instantly denounced them as spies, and proposed to hang them accordingly. Fortunately, they were recognized by an old acquaintance, a Mr. Colquhoun Grant, afterward a respectable writer to the signet in Edinburgh, who vouched for their innocence, and subsequently contrived the means by which they effected their escape.

On the morning of the 20th Cope resumed his march toward Edinburgh, proceeding along the post-road till he reached Huntington, when he turned off and took the low road by St. Germains and Seaton. "In this march," says Home, "the officers assured the spectators, of whom no small number attended them, that there would be no battle, for, as the cavalry and infantry were joined, the Highlanders would not venture to wait the attack of so complete an army." As the van of the royal army was entering the flat piece of land which lies between Seaton and Preston, Cope learned for the first time that the insurgents were in full march to meet him. The plain before him appeared to be well suited to serve as the scene of an engagement, and accordingly, after advancing a short distance farther, he gave the order for his army to halt, and not long after he had taken his ground the insurgent forces appeared in view.

Cope had anticipated that the Highlanders would march to meet him from the west, and accordingly had arranged his front toward that quarter. The reader, however, will remember that the Highland army had adopted a circuitous route, and accordingly, when they suddenly made their appearance to the southward, this unexpected movement entirely disconcerted the plans of the English general. He immediately changed the order of battle, and, moving around his front to the south so as to face the enemy, placed his foot in the centre of the line. Each wing was flanked by a regiment of dragoons and by three pieces of artillery. His right was covered by Colonel Gardiner's park wall and by the village of Preston; on his left, though at some distance, stood the village of Seaton and the sea; in his rear were the villages of Preston Pans and Cocken-

zie, and in his front the town of Tranent and the Highland army.

In point of numbers the two opposing armies were pretty equally matched, that of Charles numbering about 2,500 men, and the force under Cope amounting to about 2,300. In every other respect, however, the English general had greatly the advantage. Not only was he at the head of regular and well-disciplined troops, but he was also supported by cavalry and artillery, of which the latter, at this period, was held in unusual awe by the rude Highlanders. On the other hand, few if any of the insurgent army had ever been under fire; their cavalry, if such it could be termed, consisted of fifty mounted gentlemen and their retainers; and their artillery comprised a single iron gun, which was of no other service than to be fired as the signal of march, and which one who saw it describes as "a small gun without a carriage drawn by a little Highland horse."

Charles, when he commenced his march from Duddingstone, had proposed leaving this useless piece of lumber behind him. To his surprise, however, the chieftains interposed in its behalf. Their men, they said, attached so extraordinary a degree of importance to the possession of the "musket's mother" (as cannon was then denominated by them), that it would probably dispirit them not a little were it left behind, and accordingly it was allowed to encumber them on their march. In addition to these inefficient means for carrying on a successful warfare, it may be mentioned that many of the Highlanders were without firearms; that some had only a broadsword, others only a dirk or pistol; and that the only weapon of numbers —formidable as it afterward proved—was the blade of a scythe affixed to the handle of a pitchfork.

It has already been mentioned that, when Charles halted with his forces at Tranent, a distance of scarcely more than half a mile separated the two armies from each other. The ground which divided them consisted of a deep morass, over which it was doubtful whether the Highlanders could be conducted with safety. As the latter expressed the utmost eagerness to be led immediately against the enemy, and as Charles was naturally willing to gratify their impatience, and to take advantage of the fiery enthusiasm of the moment, the question became one

which it was of the greatest importance to solve without delay. In this emergency, a gallant officer, Colonel Ker, of Gradon, volunteered his services to decide the doubtful point. Mounted on a little white pony, he rode with the utmost coolness over the ground which separated the two armies, and, apparently utterly regardless of the shots which were fired at him, he carefully and deliberately examined the nature of the ground. Encountering a stone dike in his way, he quietly dismounted, and, having removed a stone or two, he led his horse over it and calmly continued his survey, to the admiration of his Highland friends. On his return, having pronounced the passage of the morass to be in the highest degree hazardous, if not impracticable, Charles and his friends came to the unpalatable determination of deferring the attack till the following day, and, in the meantime, it was decided that the Highland army should pass the night on the ground.

The night was a cold and frosty one. By Sir John Cope it was passed in cheerful quarters at Cockenzie, but by the unfortunate descendant of Robert Bruce on a bed of pea straw, and in the open field, surrounded by his humble but devoted retainers. It may be mentioned that, in the course of this day, Charles had dined with the Duke of Perth and another of his officers at a small inn in the village of Tranent. Their food consisted only of the coarse kail, or common broth of the country. Two wooden spoons were compelled to suffice for the three, and only a butcher's knife was produced for them to cut their meat, which they were forced to eat with their fingers. The landlady, it is said, being ignorant of their rank, had carefully concealed her pewter, from the fear in which she stood of the predatory habits of the Highlanders.

At night Charles summoned a council of war, which sat in deliberation till a late hour. It was then unanimously agreed that, notwithstanding the difficulties of their position, an attack should be made at break of day, by passing the morass where it presented the fewest dangers.

There was present at the council a gentleman, Mr. Anderson, of Whitburgh, who, from the unromantic circumstance of his having been accustomed to shoot snipes over the surrounding country, was intimately acquainted with its dangers and local peculiarities. Modesty had kept him silent during the debate,

but the council had no sooner broken up than he waited, in the first instance, on Hepburn of Keith, and subsequently on Lord George Murray, whom he found asleep in his quarters, and communicated to them the important fact that, not only could he enable the Highland army to pass the morass without being exposed to the fire of the enemy, but also without even being seen by them.

To the intelligence afforded by Anderson may perhaps be attributed the successful result of the battle of Preston Pans. He was immediately conducted by Lord George Murray to the presence of Charles, who sat up in his bed of pea straw and listened eagerly to the grateful intelligence. The night was now far advanced, but Lochiel and the other chieftains were instantly sent for, and after a short deliberation it was unanimously agreed that, with Anderson for their guide, an attack should immediately be made on the royal forces. The Highlanders, who were sleeping in clusters around, wrapped in their plaids, were easily aroused, and, unencumbered with baggage or artillery, commenced their rapid and stealthy march. The night was extremely dark; not a whisper was heard among the mountaineers during their advance; and when the morning at length dawned they had the satisfaction of finding themselves still concealed from the enemy by a frosty mist. The morass was nearly passed when their approach was at length discovered by a party of dragoons. The latter, however, contented themselves with firing off their pistols, almost at random, and then galloped off rapidly to communicate the alarm to the main body of the royalists.

It required but a short space of time to array the Highlanders in order of battle, and only a few words to urge them to their accustomed and furious onset. Some delay, indeed, took place, in consequence of the great clan of Macdonald insisting on preferring their claim to form the right of the line. This claim (which was founded principally on a tradition that Robert Bruce had conferred that honor on them at the battle of Bannockburn) was violently contested by the Camerons and Stuart; and it was not till some time had elapsed that the two latter clans yielded to the personal entreaties of Charles, and reluctantly consented to withdraw their claims. The Prince placed himself gallantly at the head of the second line. "Fol-

low me, gentlemen," he said, "and, by the blessing of God, I will this day make you a free and happy people."

Sir John Cope no sooner learned that the Highlanders were on their way to attack him, than he exerted all his energies to prepare for their reception. He has been accused of having suffered his men to become disheartened by keeping them on the defensive, but with the single exception of this oversight, if so it may be termed, there is no reason for questioning, in a military point of view, either the propriety of the position which he took up, or of the measures which he adopted to insure success.

The two armies had approached within a short distance of each other, when the morning mist gradually passed away, and revealed to them their respective strength and positions. It was a sight which was calculated to inspirit the one, as much as it was to intimidate the other. Cope, indeed, and his disciplined forces might well have surveyed with contempt the rude mass which had the audacity to confront him; while the Highlanders had every reason to feel dismay at the sight of the firm front of the British infantry, so proverbially famous in the military annals of England, and at the prospect of encountering the sweeping blast of the dreaded artillery, of which they stood in such extraordinary awe. "Some of the rebel officers," says Home, "have since acknowledged that, when they first saw the King's army, which made a most gallant appearance, both horse and foot, with the sun shining on their arms, and then looked at their own line, which was broken into clumps and clusters, they expected that the Highland army would be defeated in a moment, and swept from the field."

So rapid had been the advance of the Highlanders, that Sir John Cope had only time to ride once along the front of his lines, and to address a few words of exhortation to his followers, when, on the mist clearing away, he beheld the clans preparing for the charge. Lord George Murray—determined that the royalists should have no time to recover from their surprise—instantly issued the welcome order to his followers to engage. Taking their bonnets from their heads, the Highlanders paused for a moment to utter a brief prayer, and then, once more drawing their bonnets over their brows, they rushed im-

petuously forward, uniting their famous war-cry with the clamor of the wild and heart-stirring pibroch.

The Camerons were the first who reached the enemy's lines. Rushing forward with headlong rapidity, they fired their pieces as soon as they came within musket-length of their opponents, and then throwing away their firearms, they drew their long swords, and, grasping in their left hands the national dirk and target, they darted forward through the smoke in which they had enveloped themselves. In this manner, many of the Camerons and Stuarts rushed directly against the muzzles of the cannon; and with such effect, that almost instantaneously the whole of the frightened artillerymen were seen flying before them. The dragoons were immediately ordered to advance to their support, but it was only to share the same fate. The Highlanders, previous to the engagement, had been strictly enjoined to aim at the noses of the horses with their swords, it being rightly conjectured that a horse so wounded would immediately wheel about, and thus, it was hoped, the whole army might be thrown into confusion. These injunctions were implicitly obeyed by the Highlanders. The cavalry made but one charge, and such was the steady and galling fire with which they were received by their opponents, that the former reeled around, and, after wavering for a few seconds, were seen galloping in all directions from the field.

No longer supported by artillery, and disheartened by the sight of the flying dragoons, the English infantry showed but little inclination to prolong the conflict. For a moment, indeed, they seemed resolute in maintaining their ancient character for steadiness and endurance, and poured a well-directed fire into the centre of the Highland forces. No sooner, however, did they perceive the large masses of wild Highlanders pouring forward to grapple with them in close combat, than they were soon overtaken by the same panic which had seized their companions; and, throwing down their arms lest they should impede them in their flight, they fled in the utmost confusion from the field. "Thus," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, who was present in the battle, "in less than five minutes we obtained a complete victory, with a terrible carnage on the part of the enemy. It was gained with such rapidity, that in the second line, where I was by the side of the Prince, not having been

able to find Lord George, we saw no other enemy on the field of battle than those who were lying on the ground killed and wounded, though we were not more than fifty paces behind our first line, running always as fast as we could to overtake them, and near enough never to lose sight of them. The Highlanders made a terrible slaughter of the enemy, particularly at the spot where the road begins to run between the two enclosures, as it was soon stopped up by the fugitives; as also along the walls of the enclosures, where they killed without trouble those who attempted to climb them."

During the engagment, one good and gallant man, the long-lamented Colonel Gardiner, upheld almost alone the tarnished character of his countrymen. Although he had been twice severely wounded in his attempts to lead his dragoons against the enemy, he still persisted in remaining on the field, and, notwithstanding the pain which he suffered, and his weakness from loss of blood, was seen to lay more than one of the insurgents dead at his feet. The feelings of this high-minded man, on witnessing the disgraceful flight of his companions, may be readily imagined. Deserted by his followers, and left almost alone on the field, he was pausing to consider in what manner his duty to his sovereign required him to act, when he chanced to perceive a small party of the royal infantry, without any officer to command them, fighting gallantly within a few paces of him. "Those brave fellows," he exclaimed, "will be cut to pieces for want of a commander." "Immediately," says his biographer, Doctor Doddridge, "he rode up to them, and cried out aloud, 'Fire on, my lads, and fear nothing!' but just as the words were out of his mouth, a Highlander advanced toward him with a scythe fastened to a long pole, with which he gave him such a deep wound on his right arm that his sword dropped out of his hand; and at the same time several others coming about him, while he was thus dreadfully entangled with that cruel weapon, he was dragged from off his horse.

"The moment he fell, another Highlander, whose name was M'Naught, and who was executed about a year after, gave him a stroke, either with a broadsword or a Lochaber axe, on the hinder part of his head, which was the mortal blow. All that his faithful attendant saw further at that time was that his hat was fallen off; he took it in his left hand and waved it as a

signal to him to retreat, and added (which were the last words he ever heard him speak), 'Take care of yourself'; upon which the servant retired, and immediately fled to a mill at the distance of about two miles from the spot of ground on which the colonel fell, where he changed his dress, and, disguised like a miller's servant, returned with a cart as soon as possible, which was not till near two hours after the engagement.

"The hurry of the action was then pretty well over, and he found his much-honored master, not only plundered of his watch and other things of value, but also stripped of his upper garments and boots, yet still breathing; and though not capable of speech, yet, on taking him up, he opened his eyes, which makes it something questionable whether he were altogether insensible. In this condition and in this manner he conveyed him to the church of Tranent, from whence he was immediately taken into the minister's house, and laid in bed, where he continued breathing and frequently groaning till about eleven in the forenoon, when he took his final leave of pain and sorrow, and undoubtedly rose to those distinguished glories which are reserved for those who have been so eminently and remarkably faithful unto death.

"The remains of this Christian hero were interred the Tuesday following, September 24th, at the parish church of Tranent, where he had usually attended divine service, with great solemnity. His obsequies were honored with the presence of some persons of distinction, who were not afraid of paying that last piece of respect to his memory, though the country was then in the hands of the enemy." [2]

Nothing could be more complete than the victory obtained by Charles at Preston Pans. Not only did the greater number of the enemy's standards, and the whole of their artillery, fall into the hands of the insurgents, but they obtained possession also of the military chest, containing about £2,500. Their loss, also, on the field of battle was inconsiderable, the slain numbering only three officers and thirty common men, and not more

[2] Doddridge's "Life of Colonel Gardiner." "A large thorn-tree, in the centre of the battle-ground, marks the spot where Gardiner fell. He was buried in the northwest corner of the church of Tranent, where eight of his children had been previously interred. Some years ago, on the memorable mould being incidentally disturbed, his head was found marked by the stroke of the scythe which despatched him, and still adnered to by his military club, which, bound firmly with silk, and dressed with powder and pomatum, seemed as fresh as it could have been on the day he died."

than seventy or eighty being wounded. The greater number of the wounded of both armies were conveyed to the neighboring residence of the ill-fated Colonel Gardiner, where, it is said, the dark outlines of the forms of the tartaned warriors, caused by their bloody garments, may still be traced on the oaken floors of that interesting mansion. Of the royal army, only 170 of the infantry escaped; about 400 fell on the field of battle or in the subsequent pursuit, and the remainder were taken prisoners.

The dragoons, whose cowardice may perhaps be considered as the primary cause of the loss of the battle of Preston by the royalists, met—owing to the insurgents having no cavalry with which to pursue them—with a far better fate than they deserved. Flying in all directions, the majority eventually took the road to Coldstream, near which town they were with difficulty rallied by Sir John Cope, with the assistance of the Earls of Loudon and Home. So excessive were their fears that, when once or twice they were induced to halt during their flight, their ears no sooner caught the shouts of the dreaded Highlanders or the distant sound of an occasional musket shot, than they again galloped off in the utmost terror and confusion. Only a small party of the craven dragoons took the road to Edinburgh, and, passing in full gallop up the High Street, never paused for a moment till they found themselves at the gates of the castle. Here they met with the reception which they deserved: the governor not only refused to admit them, but added that, if they did not immediately take their departure, he would open the guns upon them as cowards who had deserted their colors.

No words, indeed, could exaggerate the overwhelming and unaccountable panic which seized the royal army. "They threw down their arms," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "that they might run with more speed, thus depriving themselves by their fears of the only means of arresting the vengeance of the Highlanders. Of so many men, in a condition, from their numbers, to preserve order in their retreat, not one thought of defending himself. Terror had taken entire possession of their minds. I saw a young Highlander, about fourteen years of age, scarcely formed, who was presented to the Prince as a prodigy, having killed, it was said, fourteen of the enemy. The

Prince asked him if this was true. 'I do not know,' replied he, 'if I killed them; but I brought fourteen soldiers to the ground with my sword.' Another Highlander brought ten soldiers to the Prince, whom he had made prisoners, driving them before him like a flock of sheep. This Highlander, from a rashness without example, having pursued a party to some distance from the field of battle, along the road between the two enclosures, struck down the hindermost with a blow of his sword, calling at the same time, 'Down with your arms!' The soldiers, terror-struck, threw down their arms without looking behind them; and the Highlander, with a pistol in one hand and a sword in the other, made them do exactly as he pleased. The rage and despair of these men, on seeing themselves made prisoners by a single individual, may be easily imagined. These were, however, the same English soldiers who had distinguished themselves at Dettingen and Fontenoy, and who might justly be ranked among the bravest troops of Europe." It may be mentioned that Sir John Cope, in consequence of his adopting the expedient of wearing the white cockade, passed unharmed and unquestioned through the midst of the Highland clans, and was the first to carry to England the news of his own defeat.

The moderation and humanity displayed by Charles (not only after the battle of Preston Pans, but also on every subsequent occasion on which he found himself a victor) have not only been freely admitted even by his enemies, but, moreover, present a pleasing and redeeming contrast to the frightful barbarities which, at a later period, were so wantonly exercised by the " butcher " Duke of Cumberland after the battle of Culloden. After the battle of Preston Pans—when one of the Prince's followers congratulated him on the victory which he had obtained, and, pointing to the field of battle, exclaimed, " Sir, there are your enemies at your feet! "—Charles is said not only to have refrained from joining in the exultation of the moment, but to have warmly expressed the sincerest compassion for those whom he termed " his father's deluded subjects." Previous to the battle, he had strongly exhorted his followers to adopt the side of mercy; and when the victory was gained, his first thoughts were for the unhappy sufferers, and his first hours employed in providing for the comfort of his

wounded adversaries as well as his friends. His exhortations and example produced the happiest effects. In the words of one of his gallant followers, "Not only did I often hear our common clansmen ask the soldiers if they wanted quarter, and not only did we, the officers, exert our utmost pains to save those who were stubborn or who could not make themselves understood, but I saw some of our private men, after the battle, run to Port Seton for ale and other liquors to support the wounded. As one proof for all, of my own particular observation, I saw a Highlander, carefully and with patient kindness, carry a poor wounded soldier on his back into a house, where he left him with a sixpence to pay his charges. In all this we followed not only the dictates of humanity, but also the orders of our Prince, who acted in everything as the true father of his country."

Of the conduct of Charles immediately after his victory at Preston Pans, some other and interesting traits have been recorded. After the pursuit was at an end, finding himself accidentally at the head of the clan Macgregor, "the Prince," says Duncan Macpharig, "came up, and successively took Glencairnaig and Major Evan in his arms, congratulating them upon the result of the fight. He then commanded the whole of the clan Gregor to be collected in the middle of the field; and a table being covered, he sat down with Glencairnaig and Major Evan to refresh himself, all the rest standing around as a guard, and each receiving a glass of wine and a little bread." Andrew Henderson also observes: "I saw the chevalier, after the battle, standing by his horse, dressed like an ordinary captain, in a coarse plaid and large blue bonnet, with a narrow plain gold lace about it, his boots and knees much dirtied, the effects of his having fallen in a ditch. He was exceedingly merry, and twice cried out with a hearty laugh, 'My Highlanders have lost their plaids!' After this, he refreshed himself upon the field, and with the greatest composure ate a slice of cold beef and drank a glass of wine." Having conducted the labors and duties of the day, Charles proceeded on horseback to Pinkie House, the seat of the Marquis of Tweeddale, where he passed the night.

The victory of Preston Pans, or, as it was designated by the Highlanders, of Gladsmuir, rendered the young adventurer for

a season almost the undisputed master of Scotland. It produced, moreover, the desired effect of raising the reputation of his arms, and of inducing many among his wavering and cautious partisans to declare themselves openly in his favor. By the Jacobites, the tidings of this decisive victory were everywhere received with the most extravagant outbreakings of triumph and joy. Blessings, even from the pulpit, were publicly invoked on the head of the young hero; and the Jacobite gentlemen, no longer giving utterance to their treasonable toasts in language of safe and doubtful import, quaffed deeply and enthusiastically to the health of their young and beloved Prince, who, in the words of one of their own convivial sentiments, "could eat a dry crust, sleep on pea straw, take his dinner in four minutes, and win a battle in five."

It was only three hours after the victory that the Camerons re-entered Edinburgh to the exhilarating sound of their own bagpipes, and bearing with them in proud triumph the standards which they had wrested from the recreant dragoons. The remainder of the clans delayed their return till the following day, when they marched into the Northern capital in long military array, parading through the principal streets to the favorite Jacobite air, "The King shall enjoy his own again." Their wild appearance, their picturesque dresses, the number of their prisoners, and the quantity of captured artillery and baggage which brought up the rear, added to the variety of standards which floated in the air—comprising the colors of their respective chieftains as well as those which had been captured from the royal army—rendered it a sight so remarkable and imposing as not easily to be forgotten either by the adherents of the Government or by the delighted partisans of the house of Stuart. As the Highlanders passed through the streets of Edinburgh, some of them, in the excess of their triumphant feelings, amused themselves with firing their muskets in the air. It happened that one of them had incautiously loaded his piece with ball, which, passing over the heads of the crowd, grazed the forehead of a Miss Nairn, a devoted Jacobite, who was at the moment waving her handkerchief from one of the adjacent balconies. The young lady was stunned for a few moments, but, on recovering her senses, her first words were those of thankfulness, not so much for her life having been preserved, but

that the darling cause of her adoption stood no risk of being injured by the circumstance. "Thank God," she said, "that the accident has happened to me, whose principles are known! Had it befallen a Whig, they would have said it was done on purpose."

In the course of the evening of this day, Charles returned to Holyrood House, in his progress to which place he was followed, according to the "Caledonian Mercury," "by the loudest acclamations of the people." This fact is corroborated by the testimony of the Chevalier de Johnstone. "The Prince," he says, "returned to Edinburgh, where he was received with the loudest acclamations of the populace, who are always," adds the chevalier significantly, "equally inconstant in every country of the world."

The return of Charles to Edinburgh was followed by the issue of several important proclamations. In one of these, qualified by certain provisos, he granted a general amnesty for all treasons, rebellions, or offences whatever, which had been committed against him or his predecessors since the abdication of his grandfather, James II, in 1688. In another he issued a promise of protection, both to the inhabitants of Edinburgh and to the country people, "from all insults, seizures, injuries, and abuses," on the part of his followers; and in a third proclamation—alluding to a strong wish that had been expressed by many of his friends, that he should celebrate his recent victory by public rejoicings—he strongly deprecated a show of triumph, which, he said, had been purchased at the expense of the blood of his father's subjects. How much is it to be regretted, that this generous and noble example of forbearance was not followed by George II, or rather his butcher-son, the Duke of Cumberland, when the latter found himself a victor on the field of Culloden! "In so far," proceeds the manifesto of Charles, "as the late victory has been obtained by the effusion of the blood of his Majesty's subjects, and has involved many unfortunate people in great calamity, we hereby forbid any outward demonstrations of public joy; admonishing all true friends to their King and country to return thanks to God for his goodness toward them, as we hereby do for ourselves."

The fact is an indisputable one that, during his brief career of triumph, Charles never missed the opportunity of taking the

side of mercy, and on all occasions showed the strongest disposition to make allowances for his adversaries, and to commiserate and forgive. Considering the rancor which has ever proverbially been the characteristic of civil contests, there is, perhaps, in the page of history, no instance in which a young prince, flushed with success and victory, has displayed more praiseworthy forbearance and humanity. Those even who were most violently opposed to his principles and to his cause did justice to the excellent qualities of his heart, uniting gracefully as they did with his gallantry on the field of battle and with the charm of his personal demeanor and address. "Everybody," says Maxwell of Kirkconnel, in his memoir of the campaign, "was mightily taken with the Prince's figure and personal behavior. There was but one voice about them. Those whom interest or prejudice made a runaway to his cause could not help acknowledging that they wished him well in all other respects, and could hardly blame him for his present undertaking. Sundry things had concurred to raise his character to the highest pitch, besides the greatness of the enterprise and the conduct that had hitherto appeared in the execution of it. There were several instances of good-nature and humanity that made a great impression on people's minds."

The conduct of the Scottish clergy, when they found themselves subjected for a time to the temporal rule of Charles and his Highland chieftains, has been strongly and deservedly reprehended. With a pusillanimity for which they were afterward severely censured even by their own friends, they persisted in absenting themselves altogether from the performance of their religious duties, a circumstance which, though it seems to have been the result merely of individual timidity, yet had very nearly the effect of being as detrimental to the cause of the adventurer as if it had resulted from a deliberate policy.

On the part of the adherents of the Stuarts there was certainly no slight ground for fearing that the example set by the Presbyterian clergy in Edinburgh might produce a disagreeable effect on the minds of their respective congregations. No one, indeed, knew better than Charles himself that the battle which he had to fight, both in Scotland and England, was not so much against the military legions of the house of Hanover as against the prejudices which attached to his cause from

the recollection of the overweening bigotry of his grandfather, James II, to whom, when compared with his object of enslaving the religious principles of his subjects, the loss of three crowns had appeared light in the scale. In Scotland, more especially, the name of James II, ever since the revolution of 1688, had invariably been denounced from the pulpit as the bugbear of Protestantism; and therefore it is not to be wondered at that his descendants, who unfortunately inherited from him the same religious principles, should have shared the stigma which had so long attached itself to the dreaded bigotry of their predecessor.

Whether Charles Edward, had he succeeded in establishing himself on the throne of his ancestors, would have proved himself sincere in his professions of securing to his subjects that religious toleration which (in the halcyon days when he was a candidate for their suffrages and support) he had so freely promised them, may, perhaps, be doubted, but of course can never be proved. During the brief annals of the reign of James II England had learned a lesson which it might still be fatal for her to forget; neither can it be doubted—so long, at least, as the Roman Catholic clergy continues sedulously to insinuate its wily and ambitious policy alike into the closets of kings and the cottages of the poor—that it would be dangerous to intrust the liberties of a free and great people to a monarch who, under the domineering influence of an intriguing priesthood, might be induced to renew the insane and tyrannical line of policy which was enacted by the second James. That such was the opinion of the great majority of the people of England, no one was more fully aware than the Prince himself, nor how important it was that the public mind should be disabused of the idea that he was treading in the steps of his grandfather. As a first step, therefore, toward accomplishing this object, it was deemed of the utmost consequence that the Presbyterian clergy should be induced to return to the discharge of their religious duties, lest their absence from their respective pulpits might be ingeniously construed into an act of oppression and intolerance on the part of the Prince.

Charles, therefore, issued a solemn proclamation, in which he invited the Presbyterian clergy to resume the performance of public worship in their respective churches, promising them

that they should receive no interruption in the fulfilment of their duties, but, on the contrary, that they should be upheld by his protection and support. The proclamation concluded: "If, notwithstanding hereof, any shall be found neglecting their duty in that particular, let the blame lie entirely at their own door, as we are resolved to inflict no penalty that may possibly look like persecution." Again, in another proclamation of a similar character, the Prince affirms it to be the solemn intention of the King, his father, to reinstate all his subjects in the full enjoyment of their religion, laws, and liberties. "Our present attempt," he says, "is not undertaken in order to enslave a free people, but to redress and remove the encroachments made upon them; not to impose upon any a religion which they dislike, but to secure them all in the enjoyment of those which are respectively at present established among them, either in England, Scotland, or Ireland."

Notwithstanding, however, these repeated exhortations, the clergy still persisted in absenting themselves from their religious duties; and only one of their body, by name Macvicar—notwithstanding many of the Highlanders were in the habit of forming a part of his congregation—continued not only to preach as usual, but even was bold enough to pray openly for King George. His loyalty, however, was usually clothed in language of dubious though significant import. "Bless the King," was one of his prayers, "thou knowest what King I mean, and may the crown sit long easy on his head; and for the man that is come among us to seek an earthly crown, we beseech thee in mercy take him to thyself and give him a crown of glory."

Of the habits of Charles, during the brief period that he held his court in the ancient palace of Holyrood, some interesting particulars have been handed down to us. "In order," says Home, "to carry on business with the appearance of royalty, he appointed a council to meet in Holyrood House every day at ten o'clock." This council consisted of the two lieutenant-generals, the Duke of Perth and Lord George Murray; the quartermaster-general, O'Sullivan; Lord Elcho, colonel of the Prince's horse-guards; Secretary Murray, Lords Ogilvie, Pitsligo, Nairn, and Lewis Gordon, brother of the Duke of Gordon, Sir Thomas Sheridan, and all the Highland chiefs.

"When the council rose," says Home, "which often sat very long—for his councillors frequently differed in opinion with one another and sometimes with him—Charles dined in public with his principal officers. After dinner he rode out with his life-guards, and usually went to Duddingstone, where his army lay. In the evening he returned to Holyrood House, and received the ladies who came to his drawing-room; he then supped in public, and generally there was music at supper and a ball afterward."

An Englishman, who was sent about this period from York to Edinburgh to be a spy upon the Prince's actions, has left us some additional particulars relating to the habits of Charles during the time he held his court at Holyrood. "I was introduced to him," he says, "on the seventeenth [October], when he asked me several questions as to the number of the troops, and the affections of the people of England. The audience lasted for a quarter of an hour, and took place in the presence of two other persons. The young chevalier is about five feet eleven inches high, very proportionably made, wears his own hair, has a full forehead, a small but lively eye, a round, brown-complexioned face; nose and mouth pretty small; full under the chin; not a long neck; under his jaw a pretty many pimples. He is always in a Highland habit, as are all about him. When I saw him he had a short Highland plaid (tartan) waistcoat, breeches of the same, a blue garter on, and a St. Andrew's cross hanging by a green ribbon at his buttonhole, but no star. He had his boots on, as he always has. He dines every day in public. All sorts of people are permitted to see him then. He constantly practises all the arts of condescension and popularity, talks familiarly to the meanest Highlanders, and makes them very fair promises."

At his balls, which were held in the long gallery at Holyrood, Charles, we are told, was usually dressed with great care and elegance, "in a habit of fine silk tartan with crimson velvet breeches, and at other times in an English court-dress, with the ribbon, star, and Order of the Garter." The balls given by Charles at Holyrood are described as having been unusually gay and splendid; of the ladies of rank, however, who attended them, if we except the Duchess of Perth and Lady Pitsligo, there is no particular record.

Mention has already been made that by far the majority of the women of Scotland were enthusiastically devoted to the cause of the young and gallant Prince. Dazzled by the romance of the enterprise which he had so boldly undertaken and so bravely conducted, captivated by his polished manners, his insinuating address and handsome person, his high birth, and that grace and propriety for which he was so eminently distinguished, the women of Scotland gave him their suffrages and their prayers; and on many occasions, by inducing their lovers, and sometimes their husbands and brothers, to declare themselves in his favor, appear to have done essential service to his cause.

As an instance corroborative of this fact may be mentioned the case of a Miss Lumsden, who prevailed upon her lover, Robert Strange, afterward the celebrated line-engraver, to join the standard of the Prince on condition that he might hereafter claim her hand. Yielding to the entreaties of his mistress, he fortunately survived the dangers of the enterprise, and was subsequently made happy by receiving the promised reward. In the best families in Scotland the ladies were seen decorated with white ribbons and with the celebrated white cockade, in honor of the young and handsome hero. Thousands who were possessed of jewels and other female ornaments willingly sold or pledged them to relieve him in his pecuniary difficulties, while those to whom fortune had behaved more niggardly yielded to him at least their warmest wishes in the days of his prosperity, and their tears in the hour of his distress. Even the pensive and melancholy look—which, as in the case of his great-grandfather, Charles I, is said to have been the characteristic expression of his countenance even among the gayest scenes—increased, if possible, the deep interest with which he was regarded by the fair ladies of the North.

There was another class of persons to whose influence and attachment to his cause Charles was scarcely less indebted than to that of the fair sex. We allude to the national poets of Scotland, if so they may be styled, who, by those pathetic and heart-stirring melodies which, when listened to even at the present day, still bring a tear to the eye and awake romance in the heart, threw a magic charm over the cause of the unfortu-

nate Stuarts and assisted, in a considerable degree, in inflaming the spirit of popular enthusiasm which already prevailed on their behalf.

Charles, on his part, actuated partly perhaps by motives of deep policy, and partly by a feeling of gratitude to those who had risked everything in his cause, missed no opportunity of flattering the prejudices of the Scottish people, and rendering himself the object of their love. He was either delighted, or pretended to be, with everything national in, or peculiar to, Scotland. At the balls at Holyrood he was careful to call alternately for Highland and Lowland tunes, taking care to give no particular preference to either. He accommodated himself indifferently to all ages and to all ranks. He could be gallant with the fair, lively with the young, and grave with the old. At one hour of the day he was seen conversing familiarly with the humblest of his Highland followers at his camp at Duddingstone; at another he was engaged in deliberating in solemn council with his principal officers; and at night he was seen leading the dance, and dallying with the fair dames of Edinburgh in the old halls at Holyrood.

Such was the "bonnie Prince Charlie" of Scottish song; and when we remember the circumstances of his romantic expedition, and his own personal graces and accomplishments, can we wonder that a nation—so prudent, it may be, as the Scotch, but still so proverbially affectionate to their kindred—should have forgotten for a season their allegiance to their German masters, who ruled them with feelings of equal indifference from their palace at St. James's, or from their still more distant and more favorite retreat at Herrenhausen? Can we wonder that the greater portion of the Scottish nation should have hailed with affectionate pleasure the appearance of the representative of their ancient kings; that they should have been flattered and gratified by his identifying himself with their prejudices, and sedulously courting their esteem; that they should have been pleased at seeing their palaces, so long deserted by royalty, again becoming the scenes of the splendid and courtly hospitality of former days; and, in a word, animated as they were by the most generous feelings of admiration, compassion, and national pride, can we be surprised that they should have yielded up their homage and love, almost uncon-

ditionally, as it were, to the lineal and gallant descendant of Robert Bruce?

Another circumstance which tended to swell the ranks of Charles, and to render his cause a popular one, was the proclamation issued by him on the tenth of October. The credit of having drawn up this remarkable document has been given to Sir Thomas Sheridan and Sir James Stewart.[3] There seems, however, to be little doubt, from the resemblance which the language bears to the style of Charles's private letters, that it received several important touches from his pen, if it was not entirely his own composition. After dwelling on the misfortunes which had befallen the country, and Scotland in particular, in consequence of the misrule of the house of Hanover, and after explaining his own and his father's views as to the manner in which existing religious and political grievances ought to be remedied, Charles thus forcibly concludes his spirited exhortation: "Is not my royal father," he says, "represented as a bloodthirsty tyrant, breathing out nothing but destruction to all those who will not immediately embrace an odious religion? Or have I myself been better used? But listen only to the naked truth. I with my own money hired a vessel, ill-provided with money, arms, or friends; I arrived in Scotland attended by seven persons; I publish the King my father's declaration, and proclaim his title with pardon in one hand and in the other liberty of conscience, and the most solemn promises to grant whatever a free Parliament shall propose for the happiness of the people. I have, I confess, the greatest reason to adore the goodness of Almighty God, who has in so remarkable a manner protected me and my small army through the many dangers to which we were at first exposed, and who has led me in the way to victory, and to the capital of this ancient kingdom, amid the acclamations of the King my father's subjects. As to the outcries formerly raised against the royal family, whatever miscarriages might have given occasion for them have been

[3] Evidence of Murray, of Broughton, in his secret examination, August 13, 1746. Sir James Stewart, of Goostrees, was the author of the celebrated "Inquiry into the Principles of Political Economy," the result of the labor and research of eighteen years. He had formed an intimacy with Charles on the Continent, and joined the Prince's standard shortly after his arrival at Edinburgh. After the battle of Culloden he was fortunate enough to effect his escape to France, taking up his residence in the first instance at Sedan, and afterward in Flanders. In 1763, having received an assurance that he should not be molested by the Government, he returned to Scotland, where he died in November, 1780, at the age of sixty-seven.

more than atoned for since, and the nation has now an opportunity of being secured against the like for the future. That our family has suffered exile during these fifty-seven years everybody knows. Has the nation during that period of time been the more happy and flourishing? Have you found reason to love and cherish your governors as the fathers of the people of Great Britain and Ireland? Has a family, upon whom a faction unlawfully bestowed the diadem of a rightful prince, retained a due sense of so great a trust and favor? Have you found more humanity and condescension in those who were not born to a crown, than in my royal forefathers? Have they or do they consider only the interest of these nations? Have you reaped any other benefit from them than an immense load of debts? If I am answered in the affirmative, why has their government been so often railed at in all your public assemblies? Why has the nation been so long crying out for redress?

"The fears of the nation from the powers of France and Spain appear still more vain and groundless. My expedition was undertaken unsupported by either. But, indeed, when I see a foreign force brought by my enemies against me; and when I hear of Dutch, Danes, Hessians, and Swiss, the Elector of Hanover's allies, being called over to protect his government against the King's subjects, is it not high time for the King my father to accept also of assistance? Who has the better chance to be independent of foreign powers, he who, with the aid of his own subjects, can wrest the government out of the hands of an intruder, or he who cannot, without assistance from abroad, support his government, though established by all the civil power, and secured by a strong military force, against the undisciplined part of those he has ruled over for so many years? Let him, if he pleases, try the experiment; let him send off his foreign hirelings, and put all upon the issue of a battle, and I will trust only to the King my father's subjects."

During his stay in Edinburgh several of the Lowland gentlemen joined the standard of the Prince. Among these were Lord Ogilvie, eldest son of the Earl of Airly, at the head of 400 followers, and Lord Pitsligo, with about 120. The accession of the latter nobleman was of great importance to Charles. Lord Pitsligo was, indeed, far advanced in years; but not only,

from his high sense of honor and the charm of his personal character, had he won for himself as much love and influence in the Lowlands as Lochiel had obtained in the Highlands, but also, from his almost proverbial reputation for wariness, prudence, and strong sense, he was the occasion of his example being followed by many of his Lowland neighbors, who had taught themselves to believe that any act of Lord Pitsligo's must infallibly be right. "This peer," says Home, "who drew after him such a number of gentlemen, had only a moderate fortune; but he was much beloved and greatly esteemed by his neighbors, who looked upon him as a man of excellent judgment and of a wary and cautious temper; so that when he, who was deemed so wise and prudent, declared his purpose of joining Charles, most of the gentlemen in that part of the country where he lived, who favored the Pretender's cause, put themselves under his command, thinking they could not follow a better or a safer guide than Lord Pitsligo." Doctor King, also, who was well acquainted with Lord Pitsligo, observes: "I always observed him ready to defend any other person who was ill-spoken of in his company. If the person accused were of his acquaintance, my Lord Pitsligo would always find something good to say of him as a counterpoise. If he were a stranger, and quite unknown to him, my lord would urge in his defence the general corruption of manners, and the frailties and infirmities of human nature."

While at Edinburgh, also, Charles was joined by General Gordon, of Glenbucket, with 400 followers from the highlands of Aberdeenshire, and by Macpherson of Cluny, with 300 of his clan. Every effort and exertion was made by Charles and the leading chieftains to organize and discipline the insurgent army. Two troops of cavalry were enrolled with the utmost expedition, one of which was placed under the command of Lord Elcho, and the other intrusted to Lord Balmerino. A troop of horse-grenadiers was also enrolled, which was placed under the command of the unfortunate Lord Kilmarnock. The Prince paid a visit to his camp at Duddingstone nearly every day, for the purpose of reviewing or exercising his troops, and not unfrequently slept in the camp without taking off his clothes.[4]

[4] "The Prince's tent has been erected in the camp near Duddingstone, where his Royal Highness lies every night, wrapped up in his Highland plaid. He

It had been the darling wish of Charles, after obtaining his victory at Preston Pans, to march at once into England, where he hoped to be immediately joined by many of the most influential among the English Jacobites, and by their means be enabled to follow up his recent success by a still more decisive blow. To have adopted this measure, however, under existing circumstances, and with his present inefficient means, would have amounted pretty nearly to an act of insanity. Already the royal forces, under the command of Field-marshal Wade, were making head at Doncaster; and, moreover, many of the Prince's own followers had returned to their native mountains, in order, as was their custom, to deposit their booty with their families. Charles, also, had yet to be joined by many of the most powerful of the Highland chieftains, whose arrival at the head of their respective vassals he was anxiously expecting; and, moreover, had he marched at once into England, he must have abandoned all hope of receiving some important supplies of money and ammunition, which he trusted would be sent to him in a short time by the French Government, and which could only be landed with safety at Montrose, Dundee, or some other of the northeastern ports of Scotland.

At length, however, the hour arrived when Charles rightly judged that to remain any longer in supineness in Edinburgh—while Marshal Wade was rapidly concentrating a superior and perhaps overwhelming force—must inevitably lead to fatal results. We have seen that, since the battle of Preston Pans, the Prince had been joined by fresh and considerable accessions of strength both from the Highlands and Lowlands. Already the powerful clan of the Frasers was taking the field under the master of Lovat, and in Aberdeenshire the Gordons were being raised by Lord Lewis Gordon, brother of the duke.[5] In point of supplies, also, both of ammunition and money, the Prince's

takes the utmost pleasure in reviewing his people, and is highly beloved by them. There was yesterday a general review."

[5] "Yesternight, the Right Honorable Lord Lewis Gordon, third son of the deceased Alexander, Duke of Gordon, came and kissed the Prince's hand, and joined his Royal Highness's standard. His lordship was some time an officer in the navy. The court, which was very numerous and splendid, seemed in great joy on this occasion, as several gentlemen, not only of the name of Gordon, but many others in the shires of Aberdeen, Banff, and Murray, who had declined joining the Prince's standard, unless some one or other of the sons of the illustrious house of Gordon was to head them, will now readily come up and join the army."—"Edinburgh Mercury," October 16, 1745. Lord Lewis Gordon was promoted to the rank of lieutenant, August 1, 1744, and his name appears on the list of the navy till the month of June, 1746. He was attainted for his share in the rebellion, and died unmarried in 1754.

resources had been greatly augmented. From the city of Glasgow he had exacted the sum of £5,000, and from Edinburgh he had obtained 1,000 tents and 6,000 pair of shoes, beside various other useful articles for the service of his army. The public revenues and the King's rents had been levied in every part of Scotland where it was practicable; the goods were seized in the custom-houses at Leith and at other ports, and immediately converted into money; by a French ship, which arrived at Montrose, he received £5,000, and more recently three more ships had appeared off the northeastern coast, which brought him the additional sum of £1,000, besides 5,000 stand of arms, a train of six field-pieces, and several French and Irish officers.

Notwithstanding the improved condition of the Prince's affairs, the Highland chieftains displayed a singular and obstinate reluctance to be led into England. In vain did Charles argue on the absolute necessity of giving battle to Marshal Wade, before the latter could concentrate a still superior force; in vain did he insist that they had thrown away the scabbard; that all their hopes depended upon immediate action; that passiveness would be construed into pusillanimity; and that, though they might at present boast of being masters of Scotland, yet that the tenure even of that country, which contained all that they held dear in life, depended upon their also making themselves masters of England. Three several councils were summoned by Charles for the purpose of deliberating on this important question, and on each occasion he found himself vehemently opposed by the Highland chieftains. It ought to be the Prince's chief object, they said, to endeavor, by every possible means, to secure himself in the government of his ancient kingdom, and to defend himself against the armies of England, without attempting for the present to extend his views to that country. "This," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "was the advice which every one gave the Prince, and if he had followed it, he might still perhaps, have been in possession of that kingdom. By thus fomenting," adds the chevalier, "the natural hatred and animosity which the Scots have in all times manifested against the English, the war would have become national, and this would have been a most fortunate circumstance for the Prince." Such were the vain and absurd arguments insisted upon by the Highland chieftains—as if it were possible

that Scotland, with almost all her civil and military officers in favor of the house of Hanover, with a great portion of her Lowland population prejudiced on behalf of that family, and with the armies of England and her allies arrayed against her, could have held out beyond one or two unprofitable campaigns among the rugged fastnesses of the Highlands. Disgusted with this repeated opposition to his dearest wishes, Charles at length betrayed himself into a peremptoriness of language and manner which, according to Lord Elcho, he gave vent to on more occasions than one, when violently opposed by his council.[6] "I see, gentlemen," he exclaimed, "that you are determined to stay in Scotland, and defend your country, but I am not the less resolved to try my fate in England, though I should go alone." Charles, young as he was, had obtained a deep insight into human nature, and this speech, more than any other circumstance, is said to have shamed the chiefs into a reluctant concession, and accordingly a march across the border was at length definitively agreed upon.

On the thirty-first of October, at six o'clock in the evening, Charles bade farewell to the ancient capital of Scotland and the palace of his ancestors, and departed on his memorable expedition into England. At the head of his guards, and of Lord Pitsligo's regiment of horse, he proceeded to Pinkie House, where he passed the night. The next day, at noon, he rode to Dalkeith, where he was joined by the great body of his troops, which, at this period, are computed by Home and the best authorities to have amounted to about 5,600 men.[7] They were, generally speaking, well clothed, and well furnished with arms. Proper precautions had been taken for the transfer of their bag-

[6] "The Prince," says Lord Elcho, "used, in council, always first to declare what he himself was for, and then he asked everybody's opinion in their turn. There was one third of the council whose principles were that kings and princes can never either act or think wrong; so, in consequence, they always confirmed what the prince said. The other two thirds (who thought that kings and princes were sometimes like other men, and were not altogether infallible, and that this prince was no more so than others) begged leave to differ from him, when they could give sufficient reasons for their difference of opinion. This very often was no difficult matter to do; for as the Prince and his old governor, Sir Thomas Sheridan, were altogether ignorant of the ways and customs of Great Britain, and both much for the doctrine of absolute monarchy, they would very often, had they not been prevented, have fallen into blunders which might have hurt the cause. The Prince could not bear to hear anybody differ in sentiment from him, and took a dislike to everybody that did, for he had a notion of commanding the army as any general does a body of mercenaries, and so let them know only what he pleased, and expected them to obey without inquiring further about the matter." It is but fair to remind the reader that the above was written by Lord Elcho after he had had a violent quarrel with the Prince, and when his feelings were probably colored by his dislike.

[7] The following statement of the num-

gage, by means of wagons and sumpter-horses, and they carried with them provisions for four days.

On the first of November a large detachment of the Highland army commenced its march, by way of Peebles and Moffat, to Carlisle. Charles himself remained behind till the 3d of the month, passing the two intervening nights at the palace Dalkeith. On the morning of that day he commenced his march at the head of the remainder of his troops. Passing by Prestonhall Gate, he was informed that the Duchess of Gordon, who resided in the immediate neighborhood, had ordered a breakfast to be prepared for him and his suite—a pleasing compliment, but for which act of hospitality she is said to have lost a pension of £1,000 a year, which had been conferred upon her in consideration of her having brought up her children in the principles of the Protestant religion. A compliment of a similar character was paid to him on passing Fala Dams, where the ladies of Whitborough, sisters of one of his most valued adherents, Robert Anderson, had prepared a banquet for him and his suite in the open air. Previous to his departure, a touching request was made to him by the ladies for some trifling bequest which they might hereafter exhibit as having been presented to them by the gallant hero of 1745. Accordingly, Charles cut for

bers of the Highland army is given in "The Life of the Duke of Cumberland," 8vo, London, 1767:

CLAN REGIMENTS AND THEIR COMMANDERS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Lochiel | Cameron of Lochiel | 700 |
| Appin | Stuart of Ardshiel. | 200 |
| Clanranald | Macdonald of Clanranald | 300 |
| Keppoch | Macdonald of Keppoch | 200 |
| Kinlochmoidart | Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart | 100 |
| Glencoe | Macdonald of Glencoe | 120 |
| Macinnon | Macinnon of Macinnon | 120 |
| Macpherson | Macpherson of Cluny. | 120 |
| Glengary | Macdonald of Glengary | 300 |
| Glenbucket | Gordon of Glenbucket | 300 |
| Maclauchlan. | Maclauchlan of that ilk | 200 |
| Struan | Robertson of Struan | 200 |
| Glenmoriston | Grant of Glenmoriston | 100 |
| | | 2,960 |

LOWLAND REGIMENTS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Athol | Lord George Murray | 600 |
| Ogilvie | Lord Ogilvie, Angus men | 900 |
| Perth | Duke of Perth | 700 |
| Nairn. | Lord Nairn | 200 |
| Edinburgh | Roy Stuart | 450 |

HORSE

| | |
|---|---|
| Lord Elcho and Lord Balmerino | 120 |
| Lord Pitsligo | 80 |
| Earl of Kilmarnock | 60 |

them a piece of velvet from the hilt of his sword, a relic which is said to be still preserved at Whitborough with religious care.

On the fifth of November the Highland army arrived at Kelso, where they halted two days, and from thence proceeded in a direct route to Jedburgh. As Charles marched along at the head of his troops, he is said to have been received by marks of the most gratifying devotion by the Lowland inhabitants, but more especially by the women, who frequently ran out of their houses to snatch a kiss of his hand.[8]

Marching from Jedburgh, by way of Hawick and Hagiehaugh, Charles, on the eighth of November, for the first time set his foot in England at the small town of Brampton. The Highlanders, on finding themselves on the English side of the border, raised a loud shout of exultation, at the same time drawing their swords and flourishing them in the air. Lochiel, however, while in the act of drawing his weapon, had the misfortune to cut his hand, and the sight of their chieftain's blood is said to have thrown a sudden damp over the spirits of the Highlanders, by whom the circumstance was universally regarded as an evil omen.

If the march into England was distasteful to the Highland chieftains, it was still more unpopular with the humbler clansmen, who had a superstitious dread of being led across the border, and had conceived an idea that some fatal disaster must infallibly result from the measure. So great, indeed, was their aversion to it, that Charles is said to have passed an hour and a half before he could prevail on the great body of his followers to march forward; indeed, before they had advanced many miles into England, it was computed that they had lost a thousand men by desertion.

[8] "An old man, who died lately at Jedburgh, remembered having witnessed the departure of the insurgents from his native town. After the Prince had crossed the bridge, and was clear of the town, he rode back to see that none of his men had remained behind, and, on ascertaining that fact, galloped after the column, which he overtook at a little distance from the town. When the author was at Jedburgh, in November, 1826, he saw an ancient lady who had been seven years of age when the Highlanders passed her native town, and who distinctly remembered all the circumstances of the memorable pageant. According to her report, they had a great number of horses, which it was said they had taken from the dragoons at Preston. She saw some of them dressing these animals in a stable, and could mimic the strange uncouth jabber which they used in performing the duties of hostlers. In particular, she remembers hearing them call to the beasts, 'Stand about, Cope,' etc., the name of that unfortunate general having apparently been applied to all the horses taken from his army, by the way of testifying the contempt in which they held him. As at many other places, Charles was here saluted with marks of devout homage by many of the people as he passed, all the women running out to get a kiss of his hand."

In the meantime, a division of the Highland army, under the Duke of Perth, had made good its advance to Carlisle. The town and citadel made, in the first instance, some show of resistance; but on a battery being constructed, and a breach opened on the east side of the town, they surrendered upon certain easy conditions, and under an engagement not to serve against the Prince for the space of twelve months. The keys were delivered to Charles at Brampton by the mayor and aldermen on their knees.

On the seventeenth, Charles himself entered the town of Carlisle in triumph. He was received with coldness by the inhabitants, for they had little reason to be favorably disposed to his cause. "The rebels, while here," says Henderson, "made excessive demands. The cess, excise, and land-tax were exacted under the severest penalties; a contribution from the inhabitants, upon pain of military execution, was extorted; and the private men among them committed many outrages, which their chiefs could not prevent." At Carlisle, as at other places, Charles caused his father to be proclaimed King, and himself regent, with the usual formalities. Here also a considerable quantity of arms fell into his possession, which proved of great service to him.

Between Charles and the South was stationed Field-marshal Wade with 6,000 men. That general had made a demonstration, with the view of raising the siege of Carlisle, by marching across the country from Newcastle to Hexham. However, either from the irresolution which had increased with the advance of years, or, as he himself alleged, from his army being impeded by the heavy snowstorms and intense cold, he marched back, on learning the news of the capitulation of Carlisle, to his former quarters, leaving the roads to the South open to the Highland army.

On the twenty-first of November, Charles, leaving a garrison of about 300 men at Carlisle, took his departure from that city at the head of a force which was now reduced to 4,400 men only, and of which Lord George Murray, much to the dissatisfaction of the Duke of Perth, was appointed general in command under the Prince. The same evening they arrived at Penrith, where they halted for a single day.

During his march toward the South, Charles enforced the

strictest discipline and good order in his army. Every article was promptly paid for in the towns through which he passed, and it may be seen, on reference to his curious household book printed in the "Jacobite Memoirs," that he himself set the first example by the most punctual payment of all his personal expenses. So rigidly, indeed, were his orders enforced among his followers, that the Highlanders, far from indulging in their proverbial habits of pilfering and plunder, were seen at the doors of the houses and cottages which they passed by in their march, expressing the humblest gratitude for any slight refreshment that was given them.

The uncouth appearance, however, of the wild mountaineers, their strange dress and language, and their peculiar habits, led to their being regarded, in many places, with the greatest terror and aversion by the English inhabitants. Nothing surprised the English more than when they saw the Highlanders act like ordinary beings; the commonest show of gratitude or civility on their part was regarded with looks of astonishment: and to such an extent was this feeling of prejudice carried that, in a letter written at the period, the writer expresses his amusement and surprise at seeing them, before meat, taking off their bonnets, assuming a reverential air, and saying grace, "as if they had been Christians." The most wonderful stories, indeed, were related of their ferocity and bloodthirstiness, among other instances of which it may be mentioned that the women in the midland counties were in the habit of concealing their children at the approach of the Highlanders, from a belief that the flesh of infants constituted their favorite food. A curious instance of this prejudice occurred to the celebrated Lochiel. "The terror of the English," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "was truly inconceivable, and in many cases they seemed bereft of their senses. One evening, as Mr. Cameron of Lochiel entered the lodgings assigned to him, his landlady, an old woman, threw herself at his feet, and with uplifted hands and tears in her eyes supplicated him to take her life, but to spare her two little children. He asked her if she was in her senses, and told her to explain herself, when she answered that everybody said the Highlanders ate children, and made them their common food. Mr. Cameron having assured her that they would not injure her or her little children, or any person whatever, she

looked at him for some moments with an air of surprise, and then opened a press, calling out with a loud voice, 'Come out, children, the gentleman will not eat you.' The children immediately left the press, where she had concealed them, and threw themselves at his feet."

On the twenty-third the Highland army marched out of Penrith in two divisions, the one, consisting entirely of the Highland clans, being commanded by the Prince in person, and the other, comprising the different regiments which had been raised in the Lowlands, being headed by Lord George Murray. In the different towns through which they passed, they levied the public revenue, scrupulously, however, exacting no more than what was actually due to the government. In cases where money had already been subscribed for the service of the government, they were in the habit of levying a sum of equal value from the unlucky subscriber. The appearance of the army, as it defiled along, is described as peculiarly picturesque and striking, the Highland garb being worn indiscriminately by every infantry regiment which composed the insurgent force.

At the head of his own division marched the young and gallant Prince, clad in the Highland costume, and with his target slung across his shoulder. Insisting that Lord Pitsligo, on account of his age and infirmities, should take possession of the carriage which had been reserved for himself, he shared, in common with the humblest Highlander, the fatigues and privations of the march. Of dinner he was never known to partake, his principal meal being his supper, and as soon as it was over he was in the habit of throwing himself upon his bed about eleven o'clock, without undressing, and usually rose the next morning at four. He did not even carry with him a change of shoes; and it is said that, when in Lancashire, having worn a hole in one of those which he was in the habit of wearing, he stopped at a blacksmith's shop in the nearest village in order to have a thin plate of iron fastened to the bottom of the sole. The blacksmith having been paid for his job: "You are the first person, I believe," said Charles, "who was ever paid for having shod the son of a king." Among other incidents recorded of him during his march, it is mentioned that, on his reaching the River Mersey, the

bridges over which were all broken down, he forded the stream at the head of his division, though the water rose to his middle. Only on one occasion, when passing over the dreary district between Penrith and Shap, is Charles said to have discovered any symptoms of fatigue. In this instance, he is related to have walked for several miles, half asleep, leaning on the shoulder of one of the clan Ogilvie, in order to prevent himself from falling.

Passing by Shap and Kendal, the insurgent army advanced to Lancaster, and from thence marched by way of Garstang to Preston, where the two divisions met on the twenty-seventh. At the latter place the Highlanders were again overtaken by a superstitious panic, such as had occasioned so much desertion in their ranks when they first found themselves on the English side of the border. Bearing in mind the famous defeat of their countrymen under the Duke of Hamilton during the great rebellion, and the more recent disaster which had befallen Brigadier MacIntosh at Preston in 1715, the Highlanders had conceived a notion that this was the fatal boundary beyond which a Scottish army was never destined to pass. "To counteract this superstition," says Sir Walter Scott, "Lord George led a part of his troops across the Ribblebridge, a mile beyond Preston, at which town the chevalier arrived in the evening. The spell which arrested the progress of the Scottish troops was thus supposed to be broken, and their road to London was considered as laid open."

At Preston, and in many places throughout the road to Wigan, Charles was received with loud acclamations by the populace, who forgot their terrors of the wild-looking mountaineers, in their desire to catch a view of the gallant young chevalier and of so remarkable a sight as a Highland army passing by their quiet homes. Neither promises nor threats, however, could induce them to enlist beneath the Prince's standard; and when arms were pressed upon them, their usual answer was that they did not understand fighting. "One of my sergeants," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "named Dickson, whom I had enlisted from among the prisoners of war at Gladsmuir, a young Scotsman, as brave and intrepid as a lion, and very much attached to my interest, informed me, on the twenty-seventh, at Preston, that he had been beating up for re-

cruits all day without getting one; and that he was the more chagrined at this, as the other sergeants had had better success. He had quitted Preston in the evening, with his mistress and my drummer; and having marched all night, he arrived next morning at Manchester, which is about twenty miles distant from Preston, and immediately began to beat up for recruits for 'the yellow-haired laddie.'

"The populace at first did not interrupt him, conceiving our army to be near the town; but as soon as they knew that it would not arrive till evening, they surrounded him in a tumultuous manner, with the intention of taking him prisoner, alive or dead. Dickson presented his blunderbuss, which was charged with slugs, threatening to blow out the brains of those who first dared to lay hands on himself or the two who accompanied him; and by turning around continually, facing in all directions, and behaving like a lion, he soon enlarged the circle which a crowd of people had formed around them. Having continued for some time to manœuvre in this way, those of the inhabitants of Manchester who were attached to the house of Stuart took arms, and flew to the assistance of Dickson, to rescue him from the fury of the mob; so that he soon got 500 or 600 men to aid him, who dispersed the crowd in a very short time. Dickson now triumphed in his turn; and putting himself at the head of his followers, he proudly paraded undisturbed the whole day, with his drummer, enlisting for my company all who offered themselves. On presenting me with a list of 180 recruits, I was agreeably surprised to find that the whole amount of his expenses did not exceed three guineas.

"This adventure of Dickson gave rise to many a joke at the expense of the town of Manchester, from the singular circumstance of its having been taken by a sergeant, a drummer, and a girl. The circumstance may serve to show the enthusiastic courage of our army, and the alarm and terror with which the English were seized."[9] The incident here related is corroborated in a letter from Manchester, dated the twenty-second of November, which was forwarded by the Duke of Cumberland to the government. "Just now," says the writer,

[9] The chevalier afterward complains that these recruits were taken from him, and drafted into what was called the "Manchester Regiment."

" are come in two of the Pretender's men, a sergeant, a drummer, and a woman with them. I have seen them. The sergeant is a Scotchman, the drummer is a Halifax man, and they are now going to beat up. These two men and the woman, without any others, came into the town amid thousands of spectators. I doubt not but we shall have more to-night. They say we are to have the Pretender to-morrow. They are dressed in plaids and bonnets. The sergeant has a target."

On the twenty-ninth, the insurgent army marched into Manchester, in which town Charles had the gratification of finding his presence hailed with greater marks of good-will, and with a more open display of popular enthusiasm for his cause, than he had hitherto experienced since crossing the border. The populace received him with loud acclamations; the bells were rung in the different churches; bonfires were lighted at night in the streets; thousands of individuals openly wore the white cockade, and numbers thronged to kiss his hand, and to make him offers of service. The Prince himself entered the town on foot, about two o'clock in the afternoon, in the midst of a gallant band of Highland chieftains and gentlemen. His dress was a light tartan plaid, with a blue sash for a belt, and a blue velvet bonnet, ornamented with a knot of white ribbons in the form of a rose. He took up his quarters in a large house in Market Street, which for many years afterward continued to be designated as " The Palace." It was subsequently converted into an inn, and has recently been pulled down and replaced by another building.

The writer of the letter from which we have just quoted thus addresses himself to the Duke of Cumberland on the day following: " The two Highlanders who came in yesterday, and beat up for volunteers for him they call his Royal Highness, Charles, Prince of Wales, offered five guineas advance; many took on; each received one shilling, to have the rest when the Prince came! They do not appear to be such terrible fellows as has been represented. Many of the foot are diminutive creatures, but many clever men among them. The guards and officers are all in a Highland dress—a long sword, and stuck with pistols, their horses all sizes and colors. The bellman went to order all persons charged with excise, and innkeepers, forthwith to appear, and bring their last acquittance,

and as much ready cash as that contains, on pain of military execution. It is my opinion they will make all haste through Derbyshire, to avoid fighting Ligonier. I do not see that we have any person in town to give intelligence to the King's forces, as all our men of fashion are fled, and all officers under the government. A party came in at ten this morning, and have been examining the best houses, and fixed upon Mr. Dicconson's for the Prince's quarters. Several thousands came in at two o'clock. They ordered the bells to ring, and the bellman has been ordering us to illuminate our houses to-night, which must be done. The chevalier marched by my door in a Highland dress, on foot, at three o'clock, surrounded by a Highland guard; no music but a pair of bagpipes. Those that came in last night demanded quarters for 10,000 to-day."

Notwithstanding the apparent popularity of Charles and his cause, the inhabitants of Manchester, like those of Preston and other places, showed the strongest disinclination to take up arms on his behalf; and though a body of 200 men, styled magniloquently "the Manchester Regiment," were subsequently enrolled, they consisted almost entirely of the meanest of the rabble. Their officers, indeed, comprised some respectable merchants and tradesmen of the place; and Mr. Townley, who was appointed their colonel, was a Roman Catholic gentleman of ancient family, and, moreover, of considerable literary attainments.

On the first of December the army quitted Manchester, in two divisions, Charles, at the head of one division, fording the River Mersey at Stockport (all the bridges having been broken down by order of the government), and the other crossing the river lower down at Cheadle. The same night the two divisions reunited at Macclesfield. On his crossing the River Mersey, an affecting incident is said to have occurred to Charles, which is thus related by Lord Mahon, on the authority of the late Lord Keith: "On the opposite bank of the Mersey Charles found a few of the Cheshire gentry drawn up ready to welcome him, and among them Mrs. Skyring, a lady in extreme old age. As a child, she had been lifted up in her mother's arms to view the happy landing at Dover of Charles II. Her father, an old cavalier, had afterward to undergo not merely neglect, but oppression, from that thankless monarch;

still, however, he and his wife continued devoted to the royal cause, and their daughter grew up as devoted as they. After the expulsion of the Stuarts, all her thoughts, her hopes, her prayers, were directed to another restoration. Ever afterward she had, with rigid punctuality, laid aside one half of her yearly income to remit for the exiled family abroad, concealing only the name of the giver, which, she said, was of no importance to them, and might give them pain if they remembered the unkind treatment she had formerly received. She had now parted with her jewels, her plate, and every little article of value she possessed, the price of which, in a purse, she laid at the feet of Prince Charles, while, straining her dim eyes to gaze on his features, and pressing his hand to her shrivelled lips, she exclaimed, with affectionate rapture, in the words of Simeon: 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!' It is added that she did not survive the shock when, a few days afterward, she was told of the retreat. Such, even when misdirected in its object, or exaggerated in its force, was the old spirit of loyalty in England! Such were the characters which history is proud to record, and fiction loves to imitate!"

Marching through Congleton, Leek, and Ashbourn, the Highland army, early on the fourth of December, entered the town of Derby, situated only 127 miles from the capital of England. At Congleton Charles had received the important and unexpected intelligence that the King's army (headed by the Duke of Cumberland, and amounting to 12,700 men, composed chiefly of veteran regiments) was at Newcastle-under-Lyne, only nine miles to the southwest of him. Nearly at the same time, one Weir, a spy of the Duke of Cumberland, was taken prisoner and carried to the Prince. Many of the Highland chieftains insisted that he should be ordered for immediate execution; but he was rescued from the gallows by Lord George Murray, who, in return for this good office, obtained from him much important and useful information, relative to the numbers and movements of the Duke of Cumberland's army. It may be mentioned that, as the Highland army advanced more southerly, they were received by the English with very equivocal signs of sympathy and good-will, and indeed in many places with marks of positive aversion.

The entry into Derby was made with much state. The first person who entered the town was Lord Elcho, who rode in on horseback, at the head of the life-guards, attended by a small band of Highland and Lowland gentlemen, "making a very respectable appearance." In the course of the day the main body of the army marched in, in different detachments, their colors flying and bagpipes playing. Charles himself entered on foot, and took up his quarters in the house of the Earl of Exeter. The bells were rung in the different churches, and at night there were bonfires and an illumination. Charles, as usual, caused his father to be proclaimed King, and himself regent. It was intended that the ceremony should be performed in the presence of the magistrates, who were ordered to attend in their official robes. It was found, however, that they had taken the precaution of sending them out of the town, and consequently their attendance was dispensed with, and the proclamations were made by the common crier.

There can be little question that the feeling which pervaded the majority of the people of England at this period was indifference. If they exhibited no extraordinary regard for the cause of the Stuarts, they at least showed an equal unconcern for the interests of the reigning family; and as there appeared no immediate likelihood of their lives or fortunes being affected by a change of dynasty, they seem to have been perfectly indifferent whether George II or the chevalier should hereafter fill the throne. Gray, the poet, writes to Horace Walpole from Cambridge, third of February, 1746: "Here we had no more sense of danger than if it were the battle of Cannæ. I heard three sensible middle-aged men, when the Scotch were said to be at Stamford, and actually were at Derby, talking of hiring a chaise to go to Caxton (a place on the high-road) to see the Pretender and Highlanders as they passed." "London," says another contemporary, "lies open as a prize to the first comers, whether Scotch or Dutch."

In London, however, where the rebels were expected shortly to arrive, the case was widely different, and for a season the most extraordinary panic prevailed. "There never," writes Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, "was so melancholy a town; no kind of public place open but the playhouses, and they look as if the rebels had just driven away the company.

Nobody but has some fear for themselves, for their money, or for their friends in the army; of this number am I." "When the Highlanders," says Fielding, "by a most incredible march, got between the duke's army and the metropolis, they struck a terror into it scarce to be credited"; and the Chevalier de Johnstone also observes in his memoirs: "Our arrival at Derby was known at London on the fifth of December; and the following day (called by the English 'Black Monday') the intelligence was known throughout the whole city, which was filled with terror and consternation. Many of the inhabitants fled to the country, with their most precious effects, and all the shops were shut. People thronged to the bank to obtain payment of its notes, and it only escaped bankruptcy by a stratagem. Payment was not indeed refused; but as those who came first were entitled to priority of payment, the bank took care to be continually surrounded by agents with notes, who were paid in sixpences in order to gain time. These agents went out at one door with the specie they had received, and brought it back by another, so that the *bonâ fide* holders of notes could never get near enough to present them; and the bank, by this artifice, preserved its credit and literally faced its creditors. It being known at London that our army was within a few miles of that of the Duke of Cumberland, the news of a battle, for the result of which they were in the greatest alarm, was expected every moment; and they dreaded to see our army enter London in triumph in two or three days. King George ordered his yachts, in which he had embarked all his most precious effects, to remain at the Tower quay, in readiness to sail at a moment's warning."

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